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ADAM SMITH LL.D.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PIECES,

and

SELECTIONS FROM PERFORMANCES OF MERIT,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,

A Work calculated to disseminate useful Knowledge among all ranks
of people at a small expence.

BY

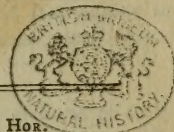
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FRS. FAS. S.

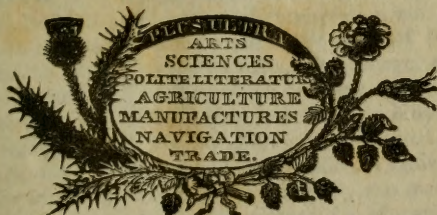
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London; of the Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres, Dijon; and Correspondent
Member of the Royal Society of Agriculture, Paris; Author of several Performances.

VOLUME THIRD.

APIS MATINE MORE MODOQUE.



HOR.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, PARLIAMENT STAIRS.

MDCCXCI. Vol. III.

THE BEE

of

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCE

CONSTITUTED

OF AN ARTS

and

SELECTIONS FROM PERFORMANCES OF MERIT

FOR THE WEEK



NUMBER THREE

AND LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCE

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PRINTED BY

JOHN W. BARNARD, 10, NASSAU ST.

NEW YORK

THE BEE,

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LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1791.

Anecdotes tending to throw light on the character and opinions of the late Adam Smith, L L D,—author of the wealth of nations, and several other well-known performances.

It has been often observed, that the history of a literary person consists chiefly of his works. The works of Dr. Adam Smith are so generally known, as to stand in need neither of enumeration nor encomium in this place;—nor could a dry detail of the dates when he entered to such a school or college, or when he obtained such or such a step of advancement in rank or fortune, prove interesting. It is enough, if our readers be informed, that Mr. Smith having discharged for some years, with great applause, the important duties of professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, was made choice of as a proper person to superintend the education of the Duke of Buccleugh, and to accompany him in his tour

to Europe. In the discharge of this duty, he gave so much satisfaction to all the parties concerned, as to be able, by their interest, to obtain the place of commissioner of customs and salt-duties in Scotland; with the emoluments arising from which office, and his other acquirements, he was enabled to spend the latter part of his life in a state of independent tranquillity. Before his death, he burnt all his manuscripts, except one, which, we hear, contains a history of Astronomy, which will probably be laid before the public by his executors in due time.

Instead of a formal drawn character of this great man, which often tends to prejudice rather than to inform, the Editor believes his readers will be much better pleased to see some features of his mind fairly delineated by himself, as in the following pages, which were transmitted to him under the strongest assurances of authenticity;—concerning which, indeed, he entertained no doubt after their perusal, from the coincidence of certain opinions here mentioned, with what he himself had heard maintained by that gentleman.

SIR,

In the year 1780, I had frequent occasion to be in company with the late well-known Dr. Adam Smith. When business ended, our conversation took a literary turn; I was then young, inquisitive, and full of respect for his abilities as an author. On his part, he was extremely communicative, and delivered himself, on every subject, with a freedom, and even boldness, quite opposite to the apparent reserve of his appearance. I took down notes of his conversation, and have here sent you an abstract of them. I have neither added, altered, nor diminished, but merely put them into such a shape as may fit them for the eye of your readers.

Of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Smith had a very contemptuous opinion. “I have seen that creature,” said he, “bolt up in the midst of a mixed company; and, without any previous notice, fall

“ upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord’s
 “ Prayer, and then resume his seat at table.—He has
 “ played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six
 “ times in the course of an evening. It is not hypo-
 “ crisy, but madness. Though an honest sort of man
 “ himself, he is always patronising scoundrels. *Sa-
 “ vage*, for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was
 “ but a worthless fellow; his pension of fifty pounds
 “ never lasted him longer than a few days. As a
 “ sample of his œconomy, you may take a circum-
 “ stance, that Johnson himself once told me. It was,
 “ at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks trim-
 “ med with gold lace; and the Doctor met him one
 “ day, just after he had got his pension, with one of
 “ these cloaks upon his back, while, at the same time,
 “ his naked toes were sticking through his shoes.”

He was no admirer of the Rambler or the Idler, and hinted, that he had never been able to read them.—He was averse to the contest with America, yet he spoke highly of Johnson’s political pamphlets: But, above all, he was charmed with that respecting Falkland’s Islands, as it displayed, in such forcible language, the madness of modern wars.

I inquired his opinion of the late Dr. Campbell, author of the Political Survey of Great Britain. He told me, that he never had been above once in his company; that the Doctor was a voluminous writer, and one of those authors who write from one end of the week to the other, without interruption. A gentleman, who happened to dine with Dr. Campbell in the house of a common acquaintance, remarked, that he would be glad to possess a complete set of the Doctor’s works. The hint was not lost; for next morning he was surprised at the appearance of a cart before his door. This cart was loaded with the books he had asked for;—the driver’s bill amounted to *seventy pounds*! As Dr. Campbell composed a part of the universal history, and of the Biographia Britannica, we may suppose, that these two ponderous articles

formed a great part of the cargo. The Doctor was in use to get a number of copies of his publications from the printer, and keep them in his house for such an opportunity. A gentleman who came in one day, exclaimed, with surprise, "Have you ever read all these books?"—"Nay," replied Doctor Campbell, laughing, "I have written them."

Of Swift, Dr. Smith made frequent and honourable mention. He denied, that the Dean could ever have written the Pindarics printed under his name. He affirmed, that he wanted nothing but inclination to have become one of the greatest of all poets. "But in place of this, he is only a gossip, writing merely for the entertainment of a private circle." He regarded Swift, both in style and sentiment, as a pattern of correctness. He read to me some of the short poetical addresses to Stella, and was particularly pleased with one Couplet.—"Say, Stella, feel you no content, reflecting on a life well-spent."—Though the Dean's verses are remarkable for ease and simplicity, yet the composition required an effort. To express this difficulty, Swift used to say, *that a verse came from him like a guinea*. Dr. Smith considered the lines on his own death, as the Dean's poetical master-piece. He thought that upon the whole, his poetry was correct, after he settled in Ireland, when he was, as he himself said, surrounded "only by humble friends."

The Doctor had some singular opinions. I was surprised at hearing him prefer Livy to all other historians, ancient and modern. He knew of no other who had even a pretence to rival him, if David Hume could not claim that honour. He regretted, in particular, the loss of his account of the civil wars in the age of Julius Cæsar; and when I attempted to comfort him by the library at Fez, he cut me short. I would have expected Polybius to stand much higher in his esteem than Livy, as having a much nearer resemblance to Dr. Smith's own manner of writing. Besides his miracles,

Livy contains an immense number of the most obvious and gross falsehoods.

He was no sanguine admirer of Shakespeare. "Voltaire, you know," says he, "calls Hamlet the dream of a drunken savage."—"He has good scenes, but not one good play." The Doctor, however, would not have permitted any body else to pass this verdict with impunity: For when I once afterwards, in order to sound him, hinted a disrespect for Hamlet, he gave a smile, as if he thought I would detect him in a contradiction, and replied, "Yes! but still Hamlet is full of fine passages."

He had an invincible contempt and aversion for blank verse, Milton's always excepted. "They do well," said he, to call it *blanké*, for blank it is; I myself, even I, who never could find a single rhyme in my life, could make blank verse as fast as I could speak; nothing but laziness hinders our tragic poets from writing, like the French, in rhyme. Dryden, had he possessed but a tenth part of Shakespeare's dramatic genius, would have brought rhyming tragedies into fashion here as well as they are in France, and then the mob would have admired them just as much as they now pretend to despise them."

Beattie's minstrel he would not allow to be called a poem; for it had, he said, no plan, no beginning, middle, or end. He thought it only a *series of verses*, but a few of them very happy. As for the translation of the Iliad, "They do well," he said "to call it *Popé's* Homer; for it is not Homer's Homer. It has no resemblance to the majesty and simplicity of the Greek." He read over to me *l' Allegro*, and *l' Penferoso*, and explained the respective beauties of each, but added, that all the rest of Milton's short poems were trash. He could not imagine what had made Johnson praise the poem on the death of Mrs. Killigrew, and compare it with Alexander's Feast. The criticiser had induced him to read it over, and with attention, twice, and he

could not discover even a spark of merit. At the same time, he mentioned Gray's odes, which Johnson has damned so completely, and in my humble opinion with so much justice, as the standard of lyric excellence. He did not much admire the Gentle Shepherd. He preferred the *Pastor Fido*, of which he spoke with rapture, and the Eclogues of Virgil. I pled as well as I could for Allan Ramsay, because I regard him as the single unaffected poet whom we have had since Buchanan.

Proximus huic longo, sed proximus intervallo.

He answered: "It is the duty of a poet to write like a gentleman. I dislike that homely stile which some think fit to call the language of nature and simplicity, and so forth. In Percy's reliques too, a few tolerable pieces are buried under a heap of rubbish. You have read perhaps Adam Bell Clym, of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudellie." I answered yes. "Well then," said he, "do you think that was worth printing." He reflected with some harshness on Dr. Goldsmith; and repeated a variety of anecdotes to support his censure.

They amounted to prove that Goldsmith loved a wench and a bottle; and that a lie, when to serve a special end; was not excluded from his system of morality. To commit these stories to print, would be very much in the modern taste; but such proceedings appear to me as an absolute disgrace to typography.

He never spoke but with ridicule and detestation of the *reviews*. He said that it was not easy to conceive in what contempt they were held in London. I mentioned a story I had read of Mr. Burke having seduced and dishonoured a young lady, under promise of marriage. "I imagine," said he, "that you have got that fine story out of some of the magazines. If any thing can be lower than the Reviews, they are so. They once had the impudence to publish a story of a gentleman's having debauched his own sister; and upon

"inquiry, it came out that the gentleman never had a sister. As to Mr. Burke, he is a worthy honest man. He married an accomplished girl, without a shilling of fortune." I wanted to get the Gentleman's Magazine excepted from his general censure; but he would not hear me. He never, he said, looked at a Review, nor even knew the names of the publishers.

He was fond of Pope, and had by heart many favourite passages; but he disliked the private character of the man. He was, he said, all affectation, and mentioned his letter to Arbuthnot, when the latter was dying, as a consummate specimen of canting; which to be sure it is. He had also a very high opinion of Dryden, and loudly extolled his fables. I mentioned Mr. Hume's objections; he replied, "You will learn more as to poetry by reading one good poem, than by a thousand volumes of criticism." He quoted some passages in Defoe, which breathed, as he thought, the true spirit of English verse.

He disliked Meikle's translation of the Lusiad, and esteemed the French version of that work as far superior. Meikle, in his preface, has contradicted with great frankness, some of the positions advanced in the Doctor's inquiry, which may perhaps have disgusted him; but in truth, Meikle is only an indifferent rhymers.

You have lately quoted largely from Lord Gardenstoun's Remarks on English Plays; and I observe, that this lively and venerable critic, damns by far the greater part of them. In this sentiment, Dr. Smith, agreed most heartily with his Lordship; he regarded the French theatre as the standard of dramatic excellence*.

He said, that at the beginning of the present reign,

* It is entertaining to observe men of abilities contradict each other on topics apparently simple. Dr. Smith admired as the very climax of dramatic excellence, Voltaire's Mahomet; on the other hand, Lord Gardenstoun pronounces, that every line in the play betrays a total want of genius, and even of taste for tragic composition. It is not my business to balance accounts between his Lordship and the Doctor,

the dissenting ministers had been in use to receive two thousand pounds a year from government; that the Earl of Bute had, as he thought, most improperly deprived them of this allowance, and that he supposed this to be the real motive of their virulent opposition to government.

If you think these notes worthy a place in your miscellany, they are at your service. I have avoided many personal remarks which the Doctor threw out, as they might give pain to individuals, and I commit nothing to your care, which I believe, that I could have much offended the Doctor by transmitting to the press.

I am, Sir, Yours &c.

AMICUS.

Glasgow }
April 9th, 1791. }

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

IN a busy country such as ours of Great Britain, I consider every man, woman, and child, who does not add to the public stock, by lucrative industry, as absolutely idle, though relatively, they may be exceedingly active both in body and mind. But there are men and women, whose rank, fortune and situation are such as to exempt them from the necessity of professional occupation; and some are almost precluded from productive employments, such as Peers, Peeresses, Archbishops, Bishops, Clergy, old Admirals and Generals; for whose use, and the instruction of the heirs of great estates, who think themselves entitled to be idle, these lucubrations are most humbly dedicated, by a man who has made considerable proficiency in the art of idleness, and is, with great respect, their most faithful and obedient servant,

ALBANICUS.

Essay on the Art of Idleness.

HAVING often observed with disgust, the hackneyed subjects of essayists in newspapers and magazines, not excepting those of the professed writers of periodical papers, in imitation of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, I had figured to myself, about a dozen of years ago, the possibility of entertaining and instructing the readers of such fugitive pieces, with a series of papers, on the art of employing leisure and fortune, by the idle and opulent.

When I was thus amusing my imagination with a project of future authorship, in the end of March 1777, I received from a worthy Baronet of my acquaintance, the following letter, which, as it will serve me for a text, I shall present a copy of it to my readers, and then proceed to make my reflections; and may the god or goddess of idleness, if there is, or ever was such a saint, bless my endeavours to be useful to my brethren and sisters!

SIR,

“ THIS morning only I received your letter of March 12th, so I find myself doubly a debtor, first for a visit, then for the letter; and I find it most for the convenience of my affairs, first to pay the last debt.

“ I find that time is passed with you, much in the same manner as at my residence.

“ I never had any ambition for the reputation of an author, yet I have frequently had it in my head, to write a treatise, which should be entitled *The Art of Idleness*.

“ The purport of it would be, to teach men, who had no regular business, and were above the necessity of pursuing some occupation, how to pass their time innocently, agreeably, and even usefully. I would begin by shewing that all gamesters, horseracers, with a

great *et cætera* of such useless and pernicious people, did not fall under the head of my treatise, as not being idle men, but ill employed ones, who have all the restlessness and anxiety of desires unsatisfied, and are therefore to be counted among men of business. My pupils seek amusements that are innocent, easy, always in their own power to procure; such as improve the mind, and fit it for farther enjoyment, and finally are beneficial to mankind. One of them having nothing to do, incloses ten barren acres worthy only a shilling per acre of yearly rent; and whilst he is pleasing himself with seeing his hedges grow, and to find a fresh verdure where there was only blasted heath before, he is agreeably surprised to find his ten acres now yield ten pounds a-year. If a rainy day confine him at home to his house, that is a day of high entertainment, for he will surely see some new beauty in Virgil, or other classic, that he had not observed before, find out the cause of some appearance in nature which he had not hitherto explored, feast on a dish of Tacitus, Hume, or Voltaire, or take his pen and write a letter that has nothing in it, to some one whom he hopes "*Suas esse aliquid putare nugas,*" and pleases himself before hand with the satisfaction he shall receive when he gets an answer. I would choose for the motto of this treatise, or rather, I should say the text for this sermon,

Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, et ardens exivit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti potuere.

"Observe, my beloved, how my text naturally divides itself into three heads, and how absolutely necessary it is that all three should concur to form the happy hero of idleness, whom I rather frame to myself in idea, than ever expect to meet with.

"1st. *Æquus amavit Jupiter.* He must have a happy natural disposition, as the foundation on which so magnificent a superstructure is to be raised.

“2dly, *Ardens Virtus*. It is impossible for a person to be happy if his mind is gnawed by reflections on an ill spent life, or distracted with unsatisfied desires, and disorderly passions.

“3dly, and lastly. *Dis geniti*, which was an expression used by the ancients to express what we more simply call, men of a good family. Though no descent, however illustrious, can compensate for want of personal merit, yet where that favourable circumstance concurs in a person that has the two foregoing necessary qualifications, it contributes much to elevate the mind, and assists it to condemn low pursuits. Such men too are generally so early initiated in the art of idleness, that it becomes habitual to them, and they enjoy it with an ease and elegance that can scarcely ever be attained by others.

“I have often known worthy men whose industry had raised them to a great fortune, who then purchased an estate in the country in hopes of enjoying that happy idleness that is the subject of my discourse. But the first visits of ceremony were scarce paid and received, when they and their neighbours were equally dissatisfied with one another, for no other reason, but because the parties on one side having been habituated to business, knew not how to enjoy their leisure with that ease the other could do who had been idle all their lives.

“I have made such a progress in this art, as is scarcely credible. I received some days ago a letter from a friend in London, telling me he had recovered two hundred pounds for me that I had despaired of, and that I might draw for it when I pleased. Most people would have gone to town immediately, but I put off my journey till to-morrow, when I must necessarily go however, and if it were not that I am obliged to pay away part of it, I would almost rather want the money than be at the trouble of negotiating the business at a

banker's. Do I not deserve a distinguished place among the favourite sons of idleness?

"I am, Sir, with regard, your faithful humble
Servant,

March 26th } J. F."
1777. }

As I propose, in the continuation of this Essay in some future Number of the Bee, to enter seriously into the discussion of the proper education and exercise of the legitimate sons and daughters of idleness, I shall content myself in this place to observe, that the idleness I describe is systematic; that it leads to tranquillity in the midst of variety; that it is epicurean in practice, but in principle stoic; that it is social, yet independent of external circumstances; that it is easy and gay, yet not slippant; multifarious, yet not irregular, or confused in its operations; that it enables its practitioners to be continually amusing to others without pressing upon their time, and more important occupations; that it is serviceable in town, in the country, at home and abroad; travels with you, and follows you in your night gown to your elbow-chair, leaves you not on your pillow, awakes with you in the morning, and carries you through all the vicissitudes of your existence.

A detached thought.

THE person we love is always more esteemed than he deserves; the person we do not love, we always esteem the least it is in our power; we even seek to despise him, and for ordinary succeed in it. At first, that contempt is not sincere; but insensibly it becomes more so; and at last we grow to hate in good earnest, to despise an estimable person against whom we have some cause of hatred: If, however, we are forced to esteem him, we hate him the more for that.

On the History of Authors by Profession.

No. II.

I HAVE attempted to establish in my last paper *, that *authors by profession*, or a class of men who derive their chief subsistence from literary exertion, have ever existed in society, among the rudest, as well as the most refined nations, under the most venerable, as well as the most contemned forms. *Homer* chaunting his ballads, or *Socrates* delivering his moral instructions, correspond in *this* particular with the unskilful bard of the most savage tribe, or the venal sophist of the most corrupted age. But it is to be remarked, that there are two distinct modes in which the *profession of letters* has existed,—either by *becoming objects of the munificence of individuals*, or by *ministering to the pleasure of the public*. The first is the state of *patronage*: The second that to which has been annexed the vulgar obloquy of *authorship*. Under no other form can the *literary profession* appear; and the alternation of these constitutes its history. It is not a little remarkable, that this alternation affords a new example of that circle in human affairs, that return to the point from which their progress began; which, in other provinces, has attracted the attention of enlightened observers.

Authorship is the form which appears in the earliest period of society; it is succeeded by *patronage*, which again, in a succession equally uniform and inevitable, gives place to *authorship*, the state which occupies the rudest and the most refined portions of the social progress. This may be obviously illustrated in detail. The bard must owe his subsistence to the grateful hospitality of his *whole tribe*. He is therefore completely in a state of *authorship*. He ministers pleasure to that pub-

* Vol. I. p. 62.

lic, from which he derives his reward. He passes from cabin to cabin, purchasing a share in their joys by the recital of his tale and his song. In that simple and equal state, no individual possesses opulence to become a *patron*; and perhaps no savage *amateur* could afford the luxury of sustaining, for a considerable length of time, his bard. Hence the necessity of successively exhibiting his talents to his whole tribe, of courting his little public, and becoming, in the modern sense, an author by profession.

But the inequality of property, which so early arises in society, produces speedy and important effects on the condition of the professors of a rude and scanty literature. The chief, who first outstrips his neighbours in opulence, courts with avidity the man whose traditional knowledge can give splendor to his lineage, or whose poetical powers can add renown to his exploits. The genealogist and the poet find a ready access to his board. They gladly abandon a precarious and desultory life, for an ease and a luxury, which it requires only flattery to purchase, and obsequiousness to ensure.

In this state, literature is not only invited to *dependence*, by the munificence of her patrons, but she is driven into it by the callous ignorance of a *public* no longer susceptible of her charms: For the same progress of inequality, which makes the *few* opulent enough to be patrons, degrades the *many* too much to be admirers. The ardent passion, and the frequent inaction of savage life exist no longer in the indigent drudgery of a civilized peasant. The care of subsistence absorbs feeling, and the sense of dependence extinguishes pride. They have no longer leisure or enthusiasm to listen with rapture to the song, or attend with anxious curiosity to the issue of the tale.

It is in this state, that bards and *fennachies* are the household officers of the great; an usage of which a remnant still remains to libel the English intellect, in the royal establishment of a *Poet Laureat*. The progress of society, however, changes this domestic into a more

distant dependence. The dissolution of those great households which are the channel of the expenditure of the opulent in a certain state of manners, gives patronage a new form. The patron still rewards the poet; but it is not by hospitality, it is by presents. He pays him in *money*, not in *kind*. This intercourse continues in a greater or less degree from the first appearance of moderate refinement to the meridian splendour of literature. Examine the first dawnings of polite letters in a country. There will always be found some *one* patron, of whose household all the professors of literature are but a sort of *extra* officers. A Leo X, a Francis I, a Cosmo de Medicis, will be found, though with less splendid reputation, in every country. But the diffusion of literature raises rival patrons, and the condition of the author still farther recedes from domestic dependence.—The habits of reading, at length, reach that portion of mankind, who form the *public*; and their collective patronage divides with individual munificence, the hopes and the homage of the author. Meantime, the suffrage of the public becomes daily more important, from the increase of its literary ardour; while the same cause increases the number of pretenders to a degree so formidable, as to deter patrons from the labour of *selection*, and to reduce them to a *dilemma* in which they must either launch into an expenditure too immense for their revenue, or attempt a discrimination too laborious for their indolence, and too arduous for their skill. They take refuge in indiscriminate rejection; patronage ceases, and the profession of letters is once more thrown on the public. *Authorship* thus closes as it had opened the progress.—*Authors had existed in the savage state, because there were too few patrons; and they revived in the most civilized, because there were too many authors.* The same principle operated in both cases. Whether there are too few *sources*, or too many *objects* of patronage, is in effect of the same amount.

Gleanings of Biography.

Marshal General Keith.

THE Russians and Turks, in their war before the last, having diverted themselves long enough in murdering one another, for the sake of variety, thought proper to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were, Marshal General Keith and the Turkish Grand Visier. These two personages met, and the interpreters of the Rufs and Turkish betwixt them. When all was concluded, they arose to separate; the Marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the Visier his salam, with turban on his head: But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Visier turned suddenly, and coming up to Keith, took him freely by the hand, and in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly, that it made him unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station. Keith stared with all his eyes; but at last the exclamation came, and the Visier told him, My father, said he, was bell-man of Kirkaldy in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother often occasionally passing.

This strange anecdote, I received some years ago from a respectable and learned Baronet of Scotland, who told me that he had it affirmed to him for truth, but did not remember his authority;—perhaps some of your readers may be able to solve this difficulty, or contradict the story upon good authority. I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,
A. B.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On the Utility of Law-suits.

SIR,

HAVING occasion lately to hear the minister of a neighbouring parish, I was somewhat staggered at the general intendment of his sermon, wherein he solicited, with a becoming fervour, his auditors to live in peace and harmony with each other, and to drop and forbear connection with lawyers and law-suits. The immediate corollary which I naturally drew from this doctrine, was, that he meant to starve the attorney. On the mind of one, who, from speculative principles, had receded from being a candidate for the clerical gown, and had betaken himself to the profession of the law, with a firm resolution to maintain his integrity, this earnest request of his ghostly director could not fail to make a deep impression. "If, says I to myself, if I am of a profession which the depravity of mankind has rendered indispensable in society, so is the parson. Law-suits must be founded in material justice, for their object is justice. The oppression of the petty-fogger extends to the purse, or at farthest to personal duress; but the zeal of the polemic and sectary has led him to the effusion of blood. Are the labours of the lawyer as serviceable to the community as the skill of the artist or the industry of the labourer?" Here I confess I was puzzled for an answer; but a little reflection made me exclaim, in the language of Falstaff, "It is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation."

The result of my researches was, that a multiplicity of law-suits is in several respects beneficial to mankind; and surely, he who contributes to promote the general welfare, merits the retribution of applause.

Meekness and charity are the striking traits of the Christian character. The haughty pagan trampled, with exultation, on his prostrate foe: But the humble votary of Christianity is taught to bewail the misfortune of an enemy. The mild precepts of our holy religion are calculated to refine the morals, to improve the understanding, and to better the heart: And perhaps it was owing to their intrinsic value, and superior tendency to civilize mankind, that the refinement and polished manners of the moderns have so far exceeded those of the ancient inhabitants of Italy and Greece.

What befits the man of morality, is not surely repugnant to the functions of a Christian. Both ought to feel the philanthropic glow; both ought to yield to the sympathetic sensations of friendship and benevolence. It is the duty of both to heal the differences of mankind: But surely neither can be justly censured for aiding the injured in their claims of redress of wrongs. That an individual has prostituted his profession; that hundreds have suffered by the chicanery of the terriers of the law, can no more be objected to the liberal professor, than the assumed prerogative of the Roman pontiff in the remission of sins, can vilify religion, or the petty larceny of a taylor can stamp a stigma on the trade.

Having thus premised, I shall proceed to state some of the advantages which mankind derive from law-suits: And,

1. Philosophers tell us, that man, in a state of nature, or in the first stages of civil life, is guided solely by his instincts and passions; and that the selfish and grosser affections predominate. The desires of the savage are limited to his food, his female, and sleep. If he is disturbed in the enjoyment of these by the intrusion of his neighbour; if the latter seizes the prey or the wives of the former, what is the consequence? the immediate forfeiture of life: The keenness of appetite or insatiate revenge prompts the one to butcher the o-

ther. After mankind have emerged from this wild state, but before the establishment of due subordination and regular government, if one man should make an attack on the possessions or person of another, where could the latter find redress, but in a similar return on the depredator? In the progress of civilization, and on mankind's emancipating themselves from anarchy and confusion, individuals were vested with judicial powers, and the determination of differences was submitted to their wisdom. Unimpassioned neutrality introduced the *lex talionis*, whereby the wrongs of the individual were redressed according to the immutable principles of natural equity, and also determined the punishment of him, who, by his dangerous machinations or actions had forfeited the protection of civil government. Instead of the dagger and the club, was introduced the erudition, the persuasive reasoning, and the pompous declamation of the lawyer; while the fury of conflicting parties now harmlessly evaporates in a Court of Justice. Thus, *law-suits are beneficial to the community*.

2. Self-interest, under the cloak of patriotism, has divided the British parliament into two illustrious factions, the ministerial party and the opposition. Politicians have regarded this disunion, and conflict of sentiments and interests, as the grand bulwark of our liberties. On the one hand, the encroachments of the royal prerogative are restrained, while, on the other, democratical licentiousness is repressed. A parliamentary dispute attracts and engages the attention of the nation; but a wary minister effects his purposes with more readiness and facility, by clandestine, than by open and avowed attempts. By the former, the nation is lulled into security, and their jealousy sleeps in peace; but by the latter, their minds are agitated, their passions inflamed, and their fears alarmed. During an exemption from foreign wars or intestine commotions, the human mind is, in some degree, enervated by tranquil-

lity; but nothing contributes more effectually to keep alive the spirit of freedom, than a multiplicity of law-suits. I have, in the preceding article, remarked the effects of dissention in a state of nature, and in the origin of civil society. The resentment of the illiterate and untutored barbarian is easily excited; and his arm is prompt; and prepared to glut his vengeance. But revenge is satisfied, when its object is no more; and the tempest of the passions soon subsides into a calm. An action in a Court of Justice preserves and continues an active spirit of opposition, whereby mankind are prepared to dispute and maintain their civil rights, and not to succumb under the pressure of arbitrary and imperious oppression. The injured remembers that he is a Briton, and, with undaunted firmness, demands redress. Does the grievance originate from the throne? A thousand arms are elevated to second him in his claim. Thus *law-suits are beneficial to the British constitution.*

3. When mankind have arranged themselves in communities, certain regulations and rules are instituted and promulgated, in order to promote the general good. An individual, by his residence in a particular society, tacitly consents to be governed by its laws. If these ordinances suit not his notions, his wishes, or his views, he has or ought to have the toleration of emigrating to another region: But while he is a resident, he is certainly, on every principle of justice, entitled to avail himself of the laws of his country.

When my neighbour solicits my advice in a suit at law, I give it him as becomes an honest man. Does he request me, notwithstanding my contrary opinion, to try? I do so, and act as an honest man. Is he cast in costs? It is perhaps, fortunately for him, a lesson of wisdom; but still I was his friend, and not an enemy to a fellow-citizen or the laws.

Does another illegally enjoy your possession and estate? does he disturb your tranquillity, or murder your peace? does he deprive you of a benefit, or har-

rafs you with inquiries? does he impofe on your credulity, or cheat you with confidence? does he refufe fulfilment of his obligations, or unjuftly claim the completion of yours? does the imperious fuperior plunder the faithful menial of his wages, of that humble pittance which his induftry had earned, and his frugality faved? does the proud practitioner, entrenched in property, bid defiance to juftice and to law? does he, by the perverfion of fenfe, and the contortion of truth, puzzle the underftanding of the judge? or, by fubterfuge and evasion, does he, Proteus-like, elude the vengeance of a juft decifion? Thefe are evils flowing from the corruption of our nature; evils which the moralift, and the man of benevolence, muft deplore; yet, in a court of juftice the unfortunate may find a friend, and the injured may find remedy. The wit hath faid, that among the practitioners of the law, we cannot count the men of generous principles and liberal views; but let him recollect the names of an Erskine, a Tait, and a Corbet.

Procraftination is the opprobrium of the profefſion; the law's delay may be alleviated; but, from the frailty of humanity, cannot be removed; and, like the abſence of the fun, it is a partial evil refulting from the neceffity of things. Thus law-fuits, as the means of rendering rights effectual, and of remedying wrongs, are *beneficial to individuals*.

Other arguments may be fuggelted by fuperior underftandings, and enforced by more learned pens; fuffice it to add, that the above are fufficient to remove the confcientious doubts of

T. R.

Observations on Bills of Mortality.

THE following may serve as a text for another lesson in the art of reasoning. It is extracted from the *Giornale Encyclopedica d'Italia*.

“ With regard to the augmentation or diminution of population in cities and towns, the result of a great many observations prove how much the first are unfavourable to the human species. Man, who, by an instinct of nature, is a sociable being, finds destruction in society itself, or, to speak more truly, in the abuse of society. In Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Berlin, the bills of births is always inferior to that of deaths. From thence it happens that in this last city, in a determined time, there were only 3855 births, while the deaths amounted to 5054. On the contrary, in the country, where the air is more pure, where agriculture flourishes, where the manners of the people are more simple, the propagation augments in a manner still more rapidly.”

Thus far the text; and the conclusions seem to be very fairly deducible from the facts; yet it will be no difficult matter to shew that these conclusions are extremely unjust. Not to mention here the difficulty of getting at a fair state of facts, respecting births or burials in any one place, which has been often remarked, and which greatly invalidates the force of any conclusions, I mean here to shew, that supposing these registers had been kept with the greatest possible accuracy, nothing like the conclusions above specified could be inferred from the facts here stated, unless many other particulars had been carefully marked, that have never been adverted to in any of these calculations.

It is, for example, inferred, that since the deaths in Berlin have regularly exceeded the births in that city

by near 1200 a year, that therefore Berlin must be a very unwholesome place, and greatly prejudicial to the increase of the human species; and that because in some country places the births always exceed the deaths in a great proportion, these must be proportionally favourable to it. But from this fact considered alone, it might have been quite the reverse. The town might perhaps be far more wholesome than the country.

Berlin, notwithstanding this amazing mortality, has been found to increase in population during the period above named. Hence our political calculators have *justly* inferred, that this augmentation must have been occasioned by an influx of inhabitants from some other part of the world. But here they have stopt. They had only to advance a single step farther; and then they must have seen, that of all those inhabitants who have come to Berlin from other parts, no one of their births could enter into the registers of that place, though all their deaths must be there recorded. Now, if 1200 people flocked to that town annually, and there took up their abode, it must of necessity happen, that on an average the deaths must exceed the births by that number, let the place be as favourable for the human race as you can suppose. In like manner, if these 1200 went from the country into the town, all their births must have appeared in the registers there, and none of their deaths; so that it would appear by these registers that the country was as surprisingly favourable, as the town was unfavourable for the human race. This, it is plain, is a mere fallacy; an argument that may tend to mislead, because the error is not extremely obvious, but which never ought to be employed by any one who pretends to philosophic precision.

The fact is, that in every situation, whether favourable for the human race, or the reverse, where the influx of strangers from other places is considerable, the deaths must be more numerous in proportion to the births, if the registers be accurate, than they would

have been, if no such influx had happened; and the greater that influx is, the greater must be that disproportion.

Hence it must necessarily happen, that if we are to judge of the increase or decrease of population from the bills of mortality only, our conclusion will be always exactly the reverse of what it would be, if we take an actual enumeration: For wherever, from an actual enumeration, we find that the population is augmenting in a very rapid manner, we would conclude from the bills of mortality, that they were decreasing very fast.

In like manner, if people are emigrating fast from any country, could we obtain an accurate list of the births and the deaths, we should say that the births so far exceeded the deaths, as to afford the clearest proof of a rapid increasing population; whereas, were we to take an actual enumeration, we would be forced to draw a conclusion directly the reverse.

These few observations may serve to shew how little reliance is to be had on those general and vague declamations that have been often repeated with so much confidence on this subject. Many other sources of fallacy respecting this subject, might be pointed out; but this might tend to perplex some. It is enough at this time to have developed this single particular, as it may serve to inspire those with a small degree of diffidence, who begin to speculate upon such matters.

I shall only add, that it is not here intended to insinuate that the occupations of a country life are not more favourable to the augmentation of the human species, than those of large towns; but merely that the proof of this fact arising from a comparative view of the bills of mortality is entirely fallacious. Much false reasoning, and many erroneous conclusions have been founded on these data by political writers, within the present century.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

HAVING an opportunity of sending you a letter, I offer you a little morsel for your Bee. 'Tis an Arabian tale I never saw in print; at least it has not been hackneyed about in periodical publications.

Arabian Anecdote.

“ Three Arabs, brethren of a noble family, who
 “ were travelling together for the improvement of their
 “ minds, were accidentally met by a camel driver, who
 “ asked them, if they had not seen a camel, which had
 “ strayed from him in the night. ‘ Was not the ca-
 “ mel blind of an eye?’ said the eldest. ‘ Yes,’ said
 “ the man. ‘ It had a tooth out before,’ said the se-
 “ cond. ‘ It is very true,’ he replied.—‘ Was it not
 “ a little lame?’ added the third. ‘ Why really it was,
 “ returned the owner. Taking it for granted then,
 “ that they had seen his beast, he besought them to
 “ tell him which way it went. ‘ Follow us, friend,’
 “ said they. He did so, and had not gone far, till he
 “ happened to say, that the camel was loaden with
 “ corn. And it had, continued the Arabians, a vessel
 “ of oil on one side, and a vessel of honey on the other.
 “ —It had so, said the driver; therefore let me conjure
 “ you to tell me where you met it. Met it! cried the
 “ eldest of the brethren, why we never saw your ca-
 “ mel at all.—The man losing patience at this, began
 “ to load them with reproaches; and as they were
 “ passing through a village, he raised the people, and
 “ caused them * to be apprehended. The Cadi or

* If this story was a fact, it is not improbable, that from this circumstance arose that oriental proverb;—“ If any one ask you, if you have seen the camel, answer no!” i. e. do not, by impertinent conversation, involve yourself in difficulties.

“ Judge of the town, before whom they were brought,
“ not being able to determine the cause, sent them to the
“ prince of the country, who, perceiving by their be-
“ haviour, that they were persons of distinction, set
“ them at liberty, lodged them in his palace, and treat-
“ ed them with all imaginable respect. After some days,
“ he took an occasion of politely requesting, that they
“ would clear up the mystery of the camel, and ex-
“ plain how they could possibly hit upon so many par-
“ ticulars, without ever having seen it. The young
“ men smiled at the importunity of the prince; and af-
“ ter having returned him abundance of thanks for the
“ civilities they had received, the senior of the bre-
“ thren thus spoke : *We* are neither deceivers nor ne-
“ cromancers; neither did we use any other instruments
“ of divination than our senses and reason : for my part,
“ I judged it was blind, because, as we went along, I
“ observed the grass eaten up on one side of the road,
“ and not on the other. And I, said the second, guessed
“ it had lost a tooth before, as where the grass was
“ cropped closest, there was constantly a little tuft left
“ behind. And I, added the third, concluded it was
“ lame, because the prints of three feet were distinct in
“ the road, whereas the impression of the fourth was blur-
“ red; whence I concluded, that the animal had dragged
“ it, and did not set it to the ground. All this I appre-
“ hend, said the King; but how in the name of won-
“ der, could you discover that oil and honey made a
“ part of its loading? Why, rejoined the travellers;
“ This, upon finding our first surmise was right, we
“ afterwards conjectured, from remembering we had
“ seen, on one side of the path, little troops of ants
“ ferreting the grass; and on the other, the flies
“ assembled here and there in groups, insomuch that
“ few or none were on the wing.”

Whether, Sir, this eastern anecdote be true or false,
matters not much, since, in either case, it exactly re-
presents what it was meant to express, the quick:

thought and deep penetration of the Arabs. In application, it recommends that close attention which is so requisite in matters of importance. Without this, genius and judgment are at best but defective, and this talent hath often led persons, in other respects not greatly distinguished, to make discoveries of consequence in philosophy, agriculture, and other sciences. No where, I presume, is this faculty more necessary, than in chymical researches.—In any business, the foolish and the heedless are ready to say, “ I did not think ;” but the motto of the diligent and attentive will ever be “ *quid utile ;—Curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*”

Wishing you all success in your paper, and hoping the Bee will soon answer the expectation raised by your excellent prospectus, I am,

Yours, &c.

NARRATOR.

March 31, }
1791. }

A detached Thought.

LET us suppose a nation, or, if you please, a species of men so superior to us in respect of genius, that the last among them should surpass, in that respect, the first among us, it is evident, that our best performances would appear to them very indifferent ; but I believe also, that theirs, and, above all, their finest productions, would afford us very little pleasure. Our critics would, indeed, acknowledge, that their performances discovered genius, but very little taste. These folks, they would say, write nothing but enigmas. They know not how to develope their thoughts, nor to make them connect easily with one another. One does not understand what they would say ; and perhaps they do not well understand it themselves.

*Verses occasioned by hearing the proverb, "Scorn comes
"commonly with skaith."*

ALAS ! what bitter cups of grief
Are mortals doom'd to taste ?
How many sorrows do we meet,
While through this life we haste ?
Yet those are often jeer'd and scoff'd,
Who do with sorrow mourn ;
Which shews, alas ! that skaith comes oft
Accompany'd with scorn.

" Mark maiden innocence a prey"
To villains treach'rous wiles,
Ne'er dreading that a base design
Doth lurk beneath his smiles :
Smiles that his end do gain ; and then
Alas ! she's left forlorn !
To languish under grief and pain,
And suffer others scorn !

O cease, ye fair, (who were beneath
A happier planet born) :
To mock or taunt the hapless maid,
Whom fate hath doom'd to mourn ;
For ah ! beneath misfortune's blow,
(From all that's pleasant torn)
Is felt unutterable woe,
Without another's scorn.

*Banks of Clyde, ?
April 20, 1791. }*

J. H—N.

Ode to the Lark, by the Reverend Mr. I. Tyson.

SWEET attendant on the spring,
That enraptur'd lov'st to sing,
That aspiring, lov'st to fly,
Ever mounting to the sky.
Had I but thy tuneful throat,
Could I learn thy love-sick note,
Could I learn to sing like thee,
Love and sweet SIMPLICITY.

" (Can the MUSES then inspire,
 " Comes expression from the LYRE,
 " That may full description prove,
 " Of my THIA's heat and love?
 " Ah! too weak 's the welcome aid,
 " To sing the beauties of the maid!

" Love's the rudder of my lays,
 " Love alone shall sing her praise,
 " Love that captivates the brave,
 " And turns the tyrant to a slave!

" Let the critic knit his brow,
 " Let him call my verse but low,
 " Let him censure, what care I;
 " All his threat'nings I defy.

" From the maid in beauty's bloom,
 " 'Tis from her I wait my doom,
 " 'Tis from her alone I love;
 " She can praise or disapprove.)"

Learn to murmur like the dove,
 Bear the love-tale to my love;
 Hear me vow, and hear me sigh;
 Tell her, " sick of love I die."

Go, the lovely virgin greet,
 Waft my off'ring to her feet,
 WARBLER, thou love's sweets hast prov'd,
 Ever loving, and belov'd!

" (Search the writings of the SAGE,
 " Search the fair historic page;
 " All the wond'rous tales unfold,
 " Of the love-sick swains of old,
 " Painted in the Poet's line,
 " Still the love won't equal mine!

" To FANCY then the pencil give,
 " Let her bid the canvas live,
 " Let the youthful image rise,
 " Lovely to the ravish'd eyes;
 " The love-sick swain then let her paint,
 " Still description is too faint:
 " In vain she'll paint, in vain design;
 " Still the love won't equal mine.)"

Fancy feels the task too hard;
 Weak 's the fancy of the Bard,

Weak 's the Painter's mimic skill,
 Words historic, weaker still :
 It belongs to thee to tell,
 WARBLER, thou hast lov'd so well !

F——N. *Yorkshire.*

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

Paisley. April 25th, 1791.

The following desultory ode is original ; if it merits a place in the Bee, the insertion of it there will much oblige

Your humble servant

SCRIBBLE.

The Temple of Plutus, an Ode.

ONCE on a day from the superb abode
 Of Plutus famous long ago,
 The pealing trumpet of the footy god
 Proclaim'd of mighty treasures to bestow :
 And haste, the clarion oft enjoined,
 For, but while day endur'd, he would be kind.

The sounds first reach'd two humble swains
 Beneath a beachen shade retir'd,
 Their hearts exulted to the echoing strains,
 And golden hopes their bosoms fir'd.
 Up from their grassy seats they sprung,
 Aside their crooks and cloaks they flung ;
 And though the heav'n aspiring fane,
 Scarce cheer'd their lab'ring sight,
 The tiresome road could not restrain
 Their ardour for the flight.

One keener was than his compeer
 Of Plutus' glitt'ring stores to be possess'd ;
 His palpitating breast
 With fierce impatience burn'd ;
 And to curtail

The tedious way, its obvious tract he spurn'd,
 And urg'd through many a horrid brake,
 Thick fence and dang'rous lake,
 His devious flight, fleet as the bounding deer,
 When strep'rous hounds and horn, its trembling ears assail,
 The tissu'd canopy, the purple stole ;
 A thousand glories buoy'd up his soul,

Which, while they glitter'd in his breast,
 Lessen'd the real pains that his torn limbs distress'd.
 But soon more horrible grew all around,
 More horrid brambles veil the treach'rous ground;
 Tremenduous rocks, and craggy steeps appear'd,
 Wide gaping pits, and fullen caverns frown'd;
 Impervious woods their sable tops uprear'd.
 Nought could the dismal scene supply,
 To gladden now his hopeless eye,
 His golden prospects fled;
 And to enhance his woes,
 A furious storm arose,
 And night's black shades collected round his head.

Beneath no friendly shade
 Down the poor shepherd his tir'd body laid;
 All night he wept, he groan'd, he sigh'd,
 Whilst the loud tempest seem'd his sorrows to deride.
 The orient morn at length appear'd,
 And homeward the sad shepherd steer'd

The other swain, when no rash thoughts impell'd,
 With untir'd perseverance held
 The long but easy road.
 No sinking marsh impeded his plain way,
 No rugged steeps or fences caus'd delay;
 Nor brake nor brier his body pain'd :
 Soon the bright temple he attain'd,
 And shar'd the liberal bounties of the god.

The surest way to Plutus' lov'd abode
 Is honesty, alas ! now seldom trod ;
 Those who with patience that plain path retain,
 Not often find the journey made in vain ;
 While those who deviate from its sacred course,
 Oft find the temple difficult to gain,
 Must dreadful dangers dare,
 Feel all the brambly torments of remorse,
 Tempt pits of foul disgrace, and caverns of despair.

Melai, a Constantinopolitan Tale.

THE destruction of the images among the Greeks of the middle empire, was a stroke which the art of statuary, however flourishing before, was never able entirely to recover. Painting was now the only ornament of their palaces and temples; a hundred pictures of unexceptionable beauty were more easily to be met with, than a single tolerable statue; and those who were descended from Phidias and Scopas, were as totally unacquainted with the art of their ancestors, as they were with the bravery of Miltiades and Themistocles.

The reign however of Constantine X. promised to this art a more favourable destiny. Having visited Italy, before he mounted the throne, and acquired a fondness for the remains of Roman magnificence, he embraced every opportunity of encouraging his subjects in attempting to imitate the models of antiquity.

Nor did he fail in his design. No sooner was it known that in his court genius was sure of being protected and rewarded, than the artists repaired to it from every quarter, embellished with their performances the place of his residence, and exerted their talents in obedience to his will.

Among all these labourers in brass and marble, the most fortunate, and at the same time, the most deserving, was *Melmon*; a man whose reputation for integrity and virtue was not inferior to his professional abilities, and whose sensibility of taste, however exquisite, was fully equalled by the benevolence of his heart.

One evening at sunset, as he was about to give over his labours for the day, there came into his work-shop a very old man, and begged the permission to examine his performances. The white hair of this venerable figure, a certain brilliancy and animation in his eyes, which age had lessened, but had not been able to extinguish; his habit, which, though coarse, was yet neat and becoming; the look which he threw upon the masterpieces before him,—a-

look which betokened both intelligence and feeling; and the few; but pertinent remarks which he made, all united to raise the artist's curiosity, and to render him more attentive to his present visitor, than he was accustomed to be to those who usually intruded.

The stranger had now taken a deliberate view of the works which were at present in the artist's possession; and it happened by a chance, which was rather unusual, that most of them were engrossed in the celebration of victories. The continual wars between the Greeks and the Arabs, which were never interrupted but by a temporary truce, could not fail of interesting the contemporaries of Melonion; and the grateful Constantine had, by the assistance of Sculpture, endeavoured to immortalize his most illustrious commanders. This striking similarity in the performances before him did not escape the observation of the stranger, who, immediately after having finished his circuit, turned about, and addressed himself to Melonion.

I see, said he, that these excellent performances of yours represent none but conquerors and heroes; have you consecrated your talents entirely to their service?

Mel. Far from it. I am too great a friend to the interests of mankind, to behold their destroyers with a favourable eye. That my work-shop should at present be so full of their images, is a circumstance, I assure you, merely accidental; a circumstance, to speak freely, which I feel rather disagreeable. When I was occupied in commemorating these destructive achievements, I could not help frequently regretting my employment, and dropping my chisel with vexation and disgust.

Old Man. Deserved indeed is the reputation of the artist, who thus unites sensibility to genius. You would not then, I imagine, be unwilling to be employed in celebrating fidelity and affection, under whatever shape these virtues might appear?

Mel. Surely not, provided they were really displayed.

Old Man. That they were, and in so high a degree, that neither of us could have displayed them more conspicuously.

While the stranger spoke thus, the tear stood in his eye; and his tone was altered from the sobriety of age, to all the fervour and animation of youth.

He proceeded.

But what price do you demand for a monument of your handy-work?

Mel. Two thousand golden byzantines.

Old Man. A large sum, yet not more than he deserves.

And of whom do you speak? asked Melonion, somewhat surprised.

Before I can tell that, you must answer me once more. You say you have no intention of confining yourself to heroes. Would you then consider your art as degraded, if it were to be employed on an animal of another species, whose life was deserving of admiration and praise?

Every word which the stranger uttered, contributed to increase the perplexity of Melonion. "An animal of another species! what canst thou mean?"

Old Man. I see you are already sufficiently astonished; but your surprise will be still greater, when I tell you it is my dog.

The old man was in the right. Melonion, on hearing these words, stood aghast. He examined the stranger's countenance, and his habit by turns; and unable to reconcile such apparent contradiction, fixed his eyes upon the ground in perplexity and amazement. The wildness and extravagance of such a proposal made him imagine, that either his visitor was mad, or that he was a person employed by his enemies, to turn both himself and his art into ridicule. The first of these suppositions was however contradicted by his sensible conversation at his first coming in; and the second by his serious and animated tone. It was not till after the artist had bewildered himself for some minutes in fruitless conjectures, that he so far recovered himself as to be able to speak.

I must confess to you, reverend old man, that your present proposal surprises me not a little; for it is the first of the kind which I have ever received; permit me then to ask, if you are jesting or serious?

Old Man. Serious indeed.

Mel. Have you deliberately considered the matter?

Old Man. Deliberately.

Mel. And what it will cost you? two thousand byzantines.

Old Man. That also I have thought on.

Mel. And if I were prevailed upon to undertake what you wish for, what certainty could you give me that I should not labour in vain?

Old Man. This stone should be your security.

While he said this, he drew a ring from his finger, which, exclusive of all that had hitherto passed between them, would alone have been sufficient to strike the artist with astonishment. It could not indeed, now be called a ring with propriety, as it was only the socket of what had formerly been one; in which, however, there still continued some remains of its ancient splendor. The size of the spaces, which were now empty, testified sufficiently of what value it had been; and this was still more strongly confirmed by the two stones, which were yet left. The artist, who was no stranger to the value of jewels, estimated one of them at about four thousand ducats, and the other about half as much.

He could no longer restrain his curiosity and astonishment.—Old man, said he, (springing up and carefully shutting the door), old man, I intreat thee to tell me immediately who thou art, and what is thy desire?

“What I desire, you know already;—but to discover who I am, requires some deliberation.—I must first have an oath of inviolable secrecy.”

Mel. That you shall have.—I am not, indeed, much accustomed to swearing, unless upon matters of the highest importance; and I should even imagine, that my unblemished reputation would of itself be sufficient to prevent any suspicion.

Old Man. It is not your reputation, however unquestionable, but that voice of integrity with which you appeal to it, which has already persuaded me that an oath is unnecessary.—If you have an apartment where we can be more private, and less exposed to the danger of interruption, lead me to it, and your curiosity shall be satisfied.

Melonion immediately complied with his request; and after they were seated, the stranger began thus:

My father was sovereign of the greatest part of *Indostan*: I, *Melai*, was his eldest son, and, of consequence, the peaceful inheritor of his throne.

The artist was confounded, and started from his seat, to testify his respect for a visitor so illustrious; but the old man took him by the hand, and with a friendly smile, obliged him to resume it. I intreat you, said he, to let ceremony alone. It is the fate of princes to be flattered in prosperity; but when, at any time, by the vicissitude of human affairs, they are reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, thousands are ready to censure and despise them; but few, very few, either to comfort or to pity. Be you but one of these, and I am more than contented:—Then, after pausing a few moments, the king of *Indostan* proceeded as follows:

My father was a prince who delighted in war.—His neighbours trembled at the terror of his name; and even his subjects looked up to him with fear.—My disposition was totally different; my chief wish, even from my youth, was to secure the tranquillity, and the affection of my people. He was grown old amid the tumults of war, and looked upon his arms with as much satisfaction, as the bridegroom contemplates his nuptial attire. I, on the contrary, put them on with reluctance, and never without offering a fervent supplication, that I might soon be able to lay them aside for ever.

A few minutes before the death of my father, he called me for the last time to his bedside; when, taking this ring from his finger, and putting it upon mine, he spoke with difficulty the following words:—With this I bequeath to you the government of my kingdom: may you never be in danger of losing it. But the softness of your temper, and your aversion to war, embitters with anxiety these last moments of my life. I see that the eminence to which you will soon be exalted, is a station you was never intended to fill; and I tremble with apprehension for what may be the consequence, when your subjects become acquainted with your unmanly disposition. I beseech you, at least, so long as you are a monarch, never to let that ring part from your finger: A time may perhaps come, in which it will be useful. I promised it, and he expired.

The beginning of my government was employed in benefactions, which were amply requited with acclamation and

praise. The deity and I were always mentioned together, in those flattering panegyrics which I daily received; and even in many of them. I was impiously preferred. I lightened as much as possible the burdens of the state; I concluded a peace with all my neighbours; and can say with truth, that I was often sleepless myself, in order that my subjects might rest in tranquillity.

I had already a son born to me in the lifetime of my father; but his mother died a few minutes after his birth: I had lamented her sincerely, and I had buried her magnificently; and the whole of my affection now centered in her child. Although in consequence of my accession to the throne, I became the sole master of innumerable beauties, the possession of them occupied but very little of my attention; I looked upon my kingdom, and upon the welfare of my people, to be the noblest object of my affection and care.

But love had quitted me only for a season; I was yet in possession, at my forty-eighth year, of all the health, the vigour, and the cheerfulness of youth.—At this period, I beheld a virgin throw herself prostrate upon the steps of my throne; a virgin, whose equal I had never yet seen. An eye of more sweetness, a shape of more elegance, and a bosom of more allurements, it was impossible to conceive; and when she began to speak, the tones of her voice must have prepossessioned in her favour, even those who were ignorant of the language which she used. Long before the cause of her affliction was known, every one present was eager to redress it; and had her suit been as totally inconsistent with justice, as it was in reality conformable to it, I am very much afraid that it would not have been denied.

Her complaint was against an avaricious uncle, who wanted to sell her to a superannuated wretch, equally deformed both in body and in mind, who intended that she should serve as the slave of his pleasures, or rather as a provocative to his impotent desires. What was my sentence, you may easily suppose.

But you will not, I imagine, so readily conjecture with what uneasiness and melancholy I was seized, when she was about to retire from my presence. The feelings of a youth of sixteen, when deprived of the object of his first love, were only a jest in comparison of mine. Had I not been restrain-

ed by the dignity of my station, I would have willingly run after her, and discovered my passion, by throwing my arms about her delicate neck, and printing a thousand kisses upon her coral lips.

I ordered her, however, to be called back.—She turned about, and it was like the appearance of the sun, when in the midst of some day of darkness and of gloom, he breaks forth in his beauty, and the clouds fly before him.

I have set thee at liberty, fair *Gulmanac*, said I; and as a proof of thy freedom, it is now in thy option to give to thy sovereign, before all this assembly, either a favourable or an unfavourable reply.—Could you condescend to accept of a place among my women?

She blushed—

“ My monarch commands me.”

“ But what if he is not inclined to command ?

“ It must always afford the highest happiness to his slave, to be able to gratify the least of his wishes.”

From that moment, she alone was the mistress of my heart. The whole women of my haram were immediately dismissed; for I thought it was injustice to deprive others, from a vain affectation of magnificence and parade, of that which I myself could no longer enjoy. *Gulmanac*'s power over me, was from henceforth as unlimited, as that which I exercised over any of my subjects.

A man was soon afterwards brought before me, accused of an intention to murder his nephew; and what made the affair peculiarly remarkable, this very nephew appeared as his defender. He contradicted the accusers with warmth and with eagerness; related the many good offices his uncle had done him; and pleaded his cause in a much more powerful manner, than it was possible the accused person could have done it himself. He delivered this defence with such eloquence and grace, and displayed, in the course of it, so much knowledge of mankind, and such an uncommon attachment to humanity and virtue, that he gained at once both my affection and esteem. I raised him immediately from the mediocrity of his station; gave him one post of honour after another; and found him in each of them so useful and incorruptible, that I at last declared him my grand Vicer, and gave him the name of Ebu Mahmud.

My son, in the mean time, grew up. He was the most beautiful youth in the whole kingdom; and by far the most expert in every manly accomplishment; nor did his soul appear unworthy of the body which it inhabited. He had already distinguished himself in two successful expeditions against some of my neighbours who had taken up arms; and amid all the fame and triumph which attended his return, he forgot not that modesty which is becoming in a youth, nor that respect and obedience which is proper for a son.

Where is the person, who at this season would not have esteemed me the happiest of mortals; and not only concluded, that my happiness was complete, but even considered it as beyond the reach of alteration.—A wife of such beauty and worth; a visier of such experience and fidelity; and both of them the more closely attached to my interest, the more intimately I knew, and the higher I raised them: A successor, who appeared rather to dread than to wish for my death; a nation which adored me: Blest with peace abroad, and prosperity at home; and though now arrived at the middle period of life, still enjoying all the health and the vigour of youth. To all this was added another blessing, which is seldom found in a cottage, and scarcely ever on a throne; but that which of all others is the most valuable, the blessing of a conscience without reproach. How enviable was then my situation; how unnecessary appeared to me the warning of my father; and how superfluous the present with which it was accompanied! But alas! it was not long afterwards, before I discovered the utility of both.

To be concluded in our next.

Remarks on some English Plays, from Miscellanies in prose and verse.

Measure for Measure.

THERE are some very high strokes of genius in this play, which, upon the whole, is admirable, and bears all the marks of the writer's usual superiority over our other dramatic poets.

The additional lines, so much approved of by our critics, are truly modern, and sufficiently distinguish themselves from the original text. To intimate the Duke's kind purpose to Isabella, Shakespear said just

enough in one significant line, which is only spun out, in the five final modern ones, for no other reason, but that the sag' end of the act may have a rhyme to jingle at it, to please a London audience. The conduct of the catastrophe, in spite of our most wretched critic's censure, is admirably judicious, interesting, and entertaining.

The Indian Emperor, a Tragedy,

(From what is called a Select Collection of Plays, in three volumes, by Mr. Donaldson, Bookseller, Edinburgh.)

As booksellers, in general, are the dullest of mankind, there can be no wonder, that their select collections are very ill chosen. One of our poets gives a pleasant enough reason for this character of booksellers.

"Unlearned men, of books assume the care,

"As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair."

The ill taste of London has been gratified with great variety. It is hard to say when it was at the worst. Heroic plays, as they were called, were long in vogue, till exploded by *The Rehearsal*. A new train of dramatic writings succeeded, without the genius, and with all the absurdities of Dryden. *Phœbus*, *Zara*, *Mahomet*, *Barbarossa*, the *Christian Hero*, &c. &c. A new *Rehearsal* is much wanted.

All for Love, a Tragedy.

In this elaborate play, Dryden imitates Shakespeare; and, by that imitation, excels himself, though still far short of the judgment, genius, and happy expression of that great master. How wretched our modern prologues and epilogues, compared to those of Dryden! How wretched Dryden's plays, compared to those of the older poets! But the taste of every age seems to be happily suited to the talents of cotemporary poets. We have been charmed with the quaint prologues and epilogues of Garrick; and we are daily pleased with the flat laboured productions of our nameless dramatic poets.

Theodosius, or the Force of Love, a Tragedy, by Lee.

A RAPTUREOUS romantic play: It pleases men, women, and children, who have not formed their taste upon the sense and genius of Shakespeare, but on modern novels and plays.

Oroonoko, a Tragedy, by Southerne.

This is the only good play in the booksellers select collection.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1791.

Essay on the Art of Idleness, continued.

I HAVE endeavoured to give a slight sketch of the art of idleness; and I now proceed to lay in its colours and its shadows, in hope that I may gradually finish a picture fit for the cabinet of the curious, and such as has not hitherto been ever put upon the easel, far less exhibited to the view of the public.

Could my adventurous pencil fortunately produce any thing that could enhance the value of the Bee, my industry would be redoubled in its service; for I highly esteem the industry of the Bee, and would willingly sow and rear a succession of flowers, to fill its combs with honey, and provide for the winter.

The art of idleness will be best and easiest set forth by the productions of artists: I shall in this paper therefore give another specimen of a disciple of idleness, that my readers, who wish to go to school, may have a

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lesson of the rudiments, and consult their genius, before they enter into their academical career.

The specimen I mean now to offer, is from a gentleman whose father was rich and powerful, and placed him in a situation of opulence in the early part of his life, sending him to visit foreign nations, with a companion of the most enlightened understanding, and elegant taste.

He returned from his travels, after having stored his mind with useful knowledge, and his imagination with the beautiful objects of refined speculation. He went abroad, not to associate with fox-hunting or lounging Englishmen, to keep the most fashionable opera girls at Paris or Naples, and to gallop over Europe, that he might take a seat in parliament, and begin his career at home with being presented at court on his return from the grand tour of the continent; but to render himself wiser and better, like the king of Ithaca, by seeing many cities, and studying the laws, manners and improvements of society in foreign countries.

This gentleman, my most excellent friend, in whose conversation and correspondence I have delighted for more than five and twenty years past, in spite of the infirmities of old age, and the enervating as well as excruciating pains of the gout, has retained the relish of life, by being well acquainted with its materials, and knowing, how, like a skilful cook, to mix what are nourishing with what are palatable, and to serve up the dainties of it for his daily use and enjoyment, and the enjoyment of his friends.

Living in a venal country, debased by political corruption, and distracted by faction, he associated himself with those who were superior to the first, because they would not suffer themselves to be entangled by the latter. Full of rational curiosity himself, he gathered together around him, by a moral power of attraction, those who were under the influence of this divine energy, which,

like the vernal delight and joy of Milton, is " enough to drive all sadness but despair."

Sometimes he amused himself with collecting useful information for the illustration of the history of his country; sometimes flitting over the surface of fugitive events, and moralising on the slippery fortunes of the passing world of the day; but oftener setting down with poignant remark what escaped the notice of others, and making his observations subservient to that noble art of idleness, which is the subject of my present research.

About six years ago, I received a letter from this charming companion, and instructive friend, which I select as an instance of the most ingenious and ingenuous application of sense, wit, and good humour, to the drawing forth of agreeable reflections from the occurrences of the day.

SIR,

" You are too condescending, when you incline to keep up a correspondence with one who can expect to maintain it but a short time, and whose intervals of health are resigned to idleness, not dedicated, as they have sometimes been, to literary pursuits; for what could I pursue with any prospect of accomplishment? or what avails it to store a memory that must lose faster than it acquires? Your zeal for illuminating your country and countrymen is laudable, and you are young enough to make a progress; but a man, who touches the verge of his sixty eighth year, ought to know, that he is unfit to contribute to the amusement of more active minds. This consideration makes me much decline correspondence; having nothing new to communicate, I perceive that I fill my letters with apologies for having nothing to say. The discoveries made by Herschell, which you have been so good as to communicate, are stupendous indeed: You have launched my meditations into such a vast field, that if I tapped one channel, I should

write a volume, and perhaps finish in the clouds. How puny, how diminutive are those discoveries we used formerly to boast of, when compared to those of Herschell, who puts up millions of copies of worlds at a beat. My conception is not ample enough to take in even a sketch of his glimpses; and lest I should lose myself in attempting to follow his investigations, I recall my mind home, and apply it to reflect on what we thought we knew, when we imagined we knew something (which we deemed a vast deal) pretty correctly. Segrais, I think it was, who said with much contempt, to a lady who talked of her star; "Your star! there are but two thousand stars in all; and do you imagine, madam, that you have a whole one to yourself?" The foolish dame, it seems, was not more ignorant than Segrais himself. If our system includes twenty millions of worlds, the lady had as much right to pretend to a whole ticket, as the philosopher had to treat her like a servant-maid, who buys a chance for a day in a state lottery.

"Stupenduous as Mr. Herschell's investigations are, and admirable as his talents, his expression of our *retired corner* seems a little improper. When a little emmet standing on its ant-hill, could get a peep into infinity, how could he think he saw *a corner of it? a retired corner!* Is there a bounded side to infinitude? If there are twenty millions of worlds, why not as many and as many more? Oh! one's imagination cracks! I long to bait within distance of home, and rest at the moon. Mr. Herschell will content me, if he can discover thirteen provinces there, well inhabited by men and women, and protected by the law of nations; that law which was enacted by Europe for its own emolument, to the prejudice of the other three parts of the globe, and which bestows the property of the whole realms on the first person who happens to espy them, can annex them to the crown of Great Britain, in lieu of those it has lost beyond the Atlantic.

“I am very ignorant in astronomy, as ignorant as Segrais, or the lady, and could wish to ask many questions; as, whether our celestial globes must not be infinitely magnified? Our Orreries too, must not they be given to children, and new ones constructed, that will at least take in *our retired corner*, and all its outlying constellations? Must not that host of worlds be christened? Mr. Herschell himself has stood godfather for his Majesty to the new Sidus. His Majesty, thank God, has a numerous issue; but they, and all the princes and princesses in Europe, cannot supply appellations enow for twenty millions of new-born stars; no, though the royal progenies of Austria, Naples, and Spain, who have each two dozen of saints for sponsors, should consent to split their becardroll of names among the foundlings:—But I find I talk like an old nurse; and you at last will be convinced, that it is not worth your while to keep up a correspondence with a man in his dotage, merely because he has the honour to be

Your most obedient humble servant

H. W.

“P. S. One wish I cannot help adding to this letter: It is, that since our eyes *can* be so wonderfully assisted, we could also improve others of our senses. Since we contrive to see 1710 millions of miles beyond the sun, one should think it possible to form a trumpet for hearing what is said in the moon, which, in comparison is but just over the way. I do not wonder that Bishop Wilkins was ambitious of getting thither, even upon the very narrow fund of knowledge that we then possessed.”

From this specimen of the happy disposition of the refined and glorious sons of idleness, to draw pleasure and to diffuse it all around them, from whatever offers on the gliding current of the everflowing tide of the affairs of men, I hope to recommend this study to my readers; and remain, their devoted servant

ALBANICUS.

Dissertation to justify the Account of the Trojan War, given by Homer, in opposition to that of John Mac-Laurin, Esq. Lord Dregborn.

AN attempt to prove that Troy was not taken by the Greeks, seems to me more calculated to shew the very great ingenuity of the writer, than to convince the reader.

It may, with safety, be maintained, that letters were used in Greece a considerable time prior to the Trojan war. They are mentioned by a variety of authors, as brought into Greece from Phœnicia, by Cadmus the founder of Thebes, who lived, from the best accounts, above a century previous to that period. It appears, from the Pentateuch, there were letters before the decalogue; and the Egyptians are supposed to have been the original inventors. Suidas too gives us part of the writings of Orpheus, who was one of the Argonauts: But suppose the Greeks had, in general, known little of writing, it is very plain from Homer, they had bards in every court; and the kingdoms then in Asia and Greece were little better than those of the thirty kingdoms into which Britain was formerly divided, as mentioned by Dr. Henry, in which they also had their bards in this country. The accounts of the Trojan war were communicated by means of these bards, little slower than those of others are at present, by means of printing. The accounts of different bards were checks one upon another, and popular tradition, upon them all. It was, therefore, a work which required infinite judgment, taste, and genius, from all these to search out the truth; to make it one consistent story, divisible into proper parts for singing or rehearsing; and thus to be the first in inventing a new species of poem, of such a nature, and such an extent, and executed so as never to be equalled.

That Homer was so much later than the Trojan war, as some have imagined, is not sufficiently instructed: Plutarch and others have held Homer and Hesiod as co-temporaries; it is even said, they were competitors for a prize in singing; and Hesiod tells he lived in the age after the wars of Thebes and Troy. It is far less deducible from that part of Homer's works, which mentions the degeneracy of men betwixt these different periods. We have been told of Highland soldiers, in the late rebellions, who would, at one stroke of a broad sword, cut through a horse's neck, or a musket-barrel, and have seen an instance of a person twisting asunder a horse's shoe: Comparing these to the generality of men in the present generation, might look like degeneracy in the latter, in place of the difference among mankind.

Nobody can be at any loss to comprehend the story of Leda's swan; the ladies in high life frequently fathered their backslidings on their deities; when these stories gained any credit, they were soon followed by others. For this we have the authority of both Milton and Fontenelle. That the names of Castor and Pollux, from their supposed affinity to the inhabitants of Olympus, or possibly from their skill in astronomy, were given to two of the heavenly bodies, does not make Helen an allegorical person. The account of their deaths, in the Greek way of understanding them, does not hurt the above account. Their ashes might be in Sparta, their shades below, and they alternately above; like Hercules, who was buried in mount Æta, his shade in Pluto's dominions, and he, at the same time, in Olympus, married to the beautiful Hebe.

Homer appears to have travelled through all Greece, part of Asia, and possibly into Egypt, to find the most perfect accounts; even so minutely as to have viewed all the places he mentions in each. Is the account of an Egyptian priest given to Herodotus, who lived 400 years at least after Homer, to be credited, more than

Homer's own? But the story contradicts itself, of a false Helen imposed upon Paris, to colour the Egyptian fancy of her never being in Troy. It is borrowed from the tale of Ixion, and forces them into greater improbabilities than those of which they accuse others.

In Sir Isaac Newton's chronology, the Argonautic expedition is held to have been about 22 years previous to the Trojan war. We cannot suppose Helen was almost any thing more than a child, when run away with by Theseus, and brought back by her brothers Castor and Pollux, two of the Argonauts;—but allow she was 12, or 13; that she was 15, when married to Menelaus; suppose she staid two or three years, and had a daughter to him, before she was carried off by Paris, we may suppose her then 17; and when admired by the Trojan senators, 20 years after, only 27; and observe the intrinsic evidence this carries of the truth:—The air, manner, and discourse of a lady at that age, was more apt to strike men at their age, than the blooming complexion of a timid, silent girl.

What credit is to be given to Dion Chrysostome, who lived so late as Trajan? Homer, who lived in the next generation, should rather be believed than one who lived 1200 years after, and who, like Herodotus, had his account also from an Egyptian priest. If, as is probable, Homer had travelled into Egypt, could not he be better informed, even from that source, at the period he lived, than they at periods so distant? But how came these priests to know better than Homer or any person in Greece?

Paris's design upon a woman he had never seen, can be better accounted for than by the story of the judgment of Paris.—An aunt of his had been carried off by the Greeks, besides punishing them otherwise, for breach of treaty: The Trojans, with the other Asiaties, agreed to revenge the affront: Paris readily engaged to conduct the matter, and with a sufficient force

rom Asia, added to his fine appearance and address, carried off Helen : Being an affair in which the superiority betwixt Greece and Asia came to be tried, it was no wonder the Trojans would not give her up. The same cause, added to their hopes of prevailing ; and these, strengthened by the death of Achilles, would make them retain her till the end of the war.

Castor and Pollux might be alive when she was carried off to Troy, but die before the time mentioned in the Iliad ; as the expedition required considerable preparation, and several towns were taken previous thereto ; for it is said they took all the towns about, and fought many battles during the nine years before. At least, Achilles tells the embassy sent to him, to persuade him to return, after he had retired in disgust.

" I sack'd *twelve* ample cities on the main,

" And *twelve* lay smoking on the Trojan plain."

The original calls the last of these *eleven*, which being more explicit, shews it was less a random guess ;—he speaks in another place, of beating Æneas, and driving the Trojans before him.—Hercules warred with Troy only ; the Greeks under Agamemnon, with a great number of Asiatic allies. The objection, that if the Greeks were so powerful, they might have cut off their resources ; and if the walls were so weak as Andromache represents them, they might have taken the town whenever they were masters of the field, is not very strong. Andromache's account of the danger of the city being taken, is founded on a woman's fears or fondness : But Polydamas says it is impregnable.

From their little skill in surgery, there is no impossibility of Achilles dying of a wound in the tendon of the heel, which goes by his name, occasioned by an arrow shot from Ilus's monument, or some other similar place, by Paris.—It is immaterial whether Patroclus had Achilles's armour or not.—His men, with Patroclus at their head, were enough to produce all the

50 ON THE REALITY OF THE TROJAN WAR. May 18, effects that happened. This was possibly necessary, to obviate an objection of the inequality of Hector and Achilles's armour, and to account for Achilles not immediately joining the army ;—if Homer took a poetical licence in giving Achilles divine armour, it was requisite to do the same with Hector.

Allow that only a small number got in in the wooden horse, by taking advantage of the Trojan superstition, they might manage matters till assistance came. Coriolanus is a well-known instance, how much one individual could do in a more critical situation, in the middle of an engagement, in broad day.—Virgil might *hide* the Greeks *in fight*, (if he does not mean to *lodge*) ; it was only saying the Trojans were *blind* with drinking *welcomes* to the wooden horse, which, they imagined, was come in place of their *Palladium* ; but this does not invalidate Homer's testimony.

That Homer had one critic at an early period, we learn from the fate of Zoilus, who is said to have been torn in pieces for it.

It is not improbable, after sacking Troy, the Greeks should have dispersed, as there was no longer any bond of union ; as their influence depended on personal prowess. personal attendance was necessary in their own kingdoms ; for want of which, parties were formed successfully against them, in some places, in their absence.

Æneas, who lived out of the town, fled to a different country. He reigned over his Trojans, but not in Troy ;—and was even suspected of selling it. Andromache and Helenus were taken captives by Pyrrhus, who married Andromache ; after Pyrrhus's death, the two captives married.—Lycophron, a Greek writer, may be brought in support of part of Homer ; he has wrote the predictions of Cassandra.

However paradoxical it may appear, the current of prejudice has been very much against Homer, and his great merit only has made him stand it. The Romans,

masters of the world, considering themselves as descended from the Trojans, had an aversion to his account, so far as it gave any superiority to the Greeks. Virgil wrote to please Augustus, and to be popular.—The Romish clergy, among whom any remains of learning were preserved, used the Roman language; and as it was that in which Virgil had written, he was their favourite.—This happened to both, that the Latin tongue being familiar, and the language in which Homer wrote, a foreign one, very few could bring them to a comparative trial. The English, imagining themselves descended of Brutus a Trojan, probably in imitation of the Romans, had a partiality to their supposed ancestors:—The Scots, believing themselves of Greek descent, would probably have admired Homer: But a translation of the *Æneid* having early appeared in Scotland, gave that side considerable advantage. This prejudice got ground, and long maintained it; every performance which favoured the Trojans, was greedily sought after. Hence, that wretched play, *Lochrine*, and the abuse thrown against the Greeks, particularly Achilles, even by Shakespeare in his *Troilus and Cressida*, which, though it may give a display of character, must hurt a classical reader, but was no doubt calculated for the taste of the times in which it was written.—Thus stood matters, till Pope, to his immortal honour, by his translation, brought Homer's merits to a fair trial.

That Homer wrote impartially, without flattering any person, is obvious, from this, among other reasons, he mentions actions in his heroes he could not possibly approve of:—And though he has given Helen, his country-woman, every good quality he could, consistent with her character, he has given Andromache one as much better as their different situations allowed: It also appears, from his having lived and died so poor, that no country acknowledged him: He was therefore, the only proper person for an impartial his-

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torian : But if he was ill rewarded in the age he lived
in, posterity has made ample amends.

It would be hard indeed, not to allow him so much
poetical licence as is necessary for every Epic poem, as
distinguished from a history ; and, with this allow-
ance, he may bid defiance to every thing that can be
said against him.

REGENT A. N.

On Authors by Profession.

OF VINDICATED
No. III.

OF the theoretical view which I have attempted in my
last, of the progress of literature as a profession, abun-
dant historical illustration may be produced. Its latter
stages peculiarly claim notice ; and the literary history
of England will afford the first example. From the age of
Elizabeth till the middle of the reign of George II, *patron-
age*, in various gradations, existed. The gradual ascendant
obtained by the public voice, and the repulsion of pa-
trons, by the increased multitude of literary pretend-
ers, may be traced with considerable precision. Before
the restoration, there will scarcely be found any Eng-
lish author, (except a dramatist, who necessarily, in all
ages, depends on *popular* favour), whose chief remune-
rations did not arise from individual munificence. In
the reign of Charles II, that class of men who are
now called authors by profession, may be said to have
arisen. The public judgment then began to gain some
ascendant ; popular rivals arose to the favoured authors
of the nobility and the court. *Settle* contested the palm
with *Dryden* ; and it became necessary for all pretend-
ers to literature to court the public suffrage. The ge-
neral causes which I have stated in the last number, ra-
pidly accelerated the growth of authorship and the
downfall of patronage. The reign of Queen Anne fur-

nishes perhaps the first marked and precise examples of professed authors. That designation evidently and exclusively belongs to Pope. Swift, Addison, Prior, and Steele, were political adventurers; but Pope was solely an author by profession; he was devoted alone to letters; he felt or affected a scorn of the adulation which purchases patronage; and he sought affluence and glory from the *public favour*, which so amply repaid his toil. An aristocracy of *patrons*, it is true, still continued to divide with the people the sovereignty of literature; they did not affect to emulate the munificence of a more early period; they were still jealous of the reputation of a skill superior to that of the vulgar, and a generosity towards men of letters, beyond the mere purchase of their works. This was the age of *subscription*; for this body of patrons was small enough to be pervaded by individual solicitation or influence! But the multiplicity of suitors soon extinguished even this remnant of patronage, and left men of letters to be patronized only by those who derived profit from the distribution of their works, as the merchant is the best patron of the manufacturer.

No sooner had this inevitable revolution in the state of literature been completed, than its professors raised the loudest clamour against the Gothic insensibility of the great to the charms of competition, and the calamities of genius. The inferior arts too, it was exclaimed, had obtained that patronage, which was denied to the more elegant and liberal. Music and painting, which, without derogating from these delightful arts, cannot surely be compared to poetry, have supplanted her in the favour of the opulent. Had not men of letters been too keenly affected by their own condition, they might have seen in this last circumstance, the solution of the *phenomenon*. The professors of these *new arts* were not too *numerous* to be *patronized*; and they accordingly became what literary men had been in the *infancy* of literature, the objects of a discriminative and

munificent patronage. These arts will in their turn undergo the same revolution, when the number of artists becomes formidable to the discrimination and munificence of the great. It is unnecessary to remark, how happily these changes coincide with the general facts which it has been the object of this essay to establish. A collateral cause indeed operates, to confine patronage to the inferior arts at the period of which I am speaking. The glory that was to be gained by the encouragement of letters, had been almost exhausted by their earlier patrons. The same, therefore, that could be conferred by it was second rate, while the *new arts* presented to the vanity of patronage an unexplored path. Hence from *Mecenas*, the nobility became *Dilettanti*. It is not unworthy of incidental remark, that from that moment commenced the degradation of the English nobles as a body. When they ceased to feel any pride in patronising literature, they lost *their* most powerful incentive to cultivate it. A nobleman of genius and learning became a *phænomenon*; and nothing but occasional democratic ingraftments, could have preserved any semblance of life in a sapless and withering trunk.

To apply the same principles to another body of men mentioned above, the Greek philosophers, it appears to me, that the same change from *patronage* to *authorship*, from dependance on individuals to dependance on the public, which we have remarked in modern times, is discernible in their history. The bigoted veneration which surrounds these philosophers with such awful splendor, will be shocked at the audacity of him who attempts to dispel the mist, to expose them in commercial plainness, and reduce them to a modern level. It is probably this bigoted veneration, which has hitherto prevented their historians from viewing in its true light, the simple fact, which seems to me complete evidence of a change in their condition as authors, similar to what has occurred in our own age.

To be concluded in our next.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On the Test Act.

SIR,

FROM your last number, I was happy to see, that amidst your agricultural and chemical disquisitions, you or your correspondents are not quite inattentive to the (in my opinion) very important application regarding the Test. The General Assembly have thought proper to apply for a REPEAL of the act, so far as respects Presbyterians. But is this shaping the application properly? Instead of a *repeal*, should they not have applied for an *explanation* of it? Does it, on a legitimate construction, really extend to Scotch Presbyterians? Nay, is there not reason to doubt, whether, at the union, it was understood, or meant to do so?

If it extends to us, it must do so in one of three ways, either, *1st*, At common law, unless we can shelter ourselves under any special exception in the articles of union; or *2^{dly}*, Because its extension to us is expressly provided for in the articles of union; or, *3^{dly}*, implied in them.

1. Supposing then the articles totally silent on the subject, and viewing it on the principles of legal interpretation, does it extend to Presbyterian communicants?

We must begin by distinguishing certain offices, as those in the Common Pleas, King's Bench, Magistracies of burghs, &c. &c. all properly *English*; as are others, again, properly Scotch. A Scotchman, therefore, who offers himself for any of the former description, cannot reasonably complain of being subjected to the test. But with respect to offices in the army, navy, revenue, offices neither English nor Scotch, but British.

Whether with respect to these, the test act can comprehend Scotch Presbyterians, I shall now briefly inquire.

That act passed a century before the union was thought of. It had in view, therefore, dissenters only. But, derogating from the rights of the citizen, it must be rigidly interpreted. A new sect, no doubt, though not existing, and therefore not particularly in the eye of the legislature at passing the act, will nevertheless be comprehended,—and justly; the test excluding dissenters, not on account of their particular tenets, but on account of what is common to all of them, their deviation from the establishment? But does Presbyterianism, established by law, and solemnly secured in the enjoyment of all its rights and privileges, deviate from the establishment? At common law, then, can the test soundly be construed to comprehend religionists differenced from dissenters by the want of that circumstance which is common to all dissenters, and which makes them obnoxious to the operation of the test? Religionists, whose singular predicament not having been foreseen, could not be provided for? On the contrary, as the test act was framed for the protection of episcopacy, because it was, at the date of it, the established religion of the country; and as at present, neither the Church of England, nor Kirk of Scotland, is the established religion *of*, but are both of them established religions *in* Great Britain, ought not the test act, in common sense, not to say sound law, be construed to stretch its fostering wings over the latter likewise; thus protecting the two legal sects from the multiplicity of dissenting sectaries, which law may tolerate, indeed, but does not recognise? Neither can this construction be said to be contrary to the spirit of the act, or opening the door of offices to Popish or other dissenters indiscriminately, since all of them, and particularly the former, whom the test is said chiefly to strike at,

will scruple to qualify by communicating in the Presbyterian form, no less than in the Episcopal.

2. Is its extension to Scotch Presbyterians provided for in any of the articles of the union? This, nobody who has eyes to see, and curiosity to peruse the articles themselves, (a curiosity shamefully rare now a-days), will assert. It may be noticed, however, that in the English Parliament, a motion was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, I believe, that the act of parliament, intitled "An act for preventing, &c. (the test act), should be inserted in the articles, and made a fundamental condition of the intended union." Parl. deb. vol. 5. 104.

Which motion having been rejected, twenty-two noblemen protested, because "we conceive that this act doth deserve to be particularly mentioned, and not left to double constructions." Expressions, by the way, which plainly imply, that, in the opinion of these noblemen, at least, the articles left the extension of the test to Presbyterians undetermined.

3. Neither do any of the articles *imply* its extension to Presbyterians. On the contrary, several of them are inexplicable on that supposition. For example, article 4th enacts, "that there be a communication of all other rights, privileges, and advantages, which may or do belong to the subjects of either kingdom, except where it is otherwise *expressly* agreed in these articles." As freedom and intercourse of trade was previously specified, therefore, "if *all* other rights" did not comprehend offices in the army, navy, revenue, what do they comprehend? But as securing the Presbyterian religion in all its rights, &c. was declared to be a fundamental and essential condition of the union, so whatever rights are communicated to the Scots, are communicated to Presbyterians. But can that be said to be communicated to Presbyterians, which previously to their enjoying, they must profess themselves Episcopal? But laying this contradiction out of the question, at-

teud to the ordinary principles of construction. If what article 4th communicates, it communicates purely; if it expresses neither the condition of the test, nor any other; nay, if a motion for inserting such a condition, though sanctioned by the authority of the archbishop of Canterbury, was reprobated by a great majority of the English Parliament, what ground is there for implying any such condition? Indeed, whatever laxity of sentiment may obtain in these days, would not the Scots of those days, who had but recently emerged from the miseries and bloodshed of the persecution, who had opposed the introduction of Episcopacy with as much zeal and resolution as their forefathers had displayed against popery, and who regarded the former with little less rancour and abhorrence than the latter, would they not have deemed a communication so qualified, a virtual exclusion?

It cannot indeed be denied, that Belhaven proposed to insert the following clause, "that they (the Scots) shall be capable of any office civil or military, and to receive any grant, or gift, commission, or place of trust, from and under the sovereign, within any part of Great Britain." But this proves, not, either that the test at common law extends to Presbyterians, or even that his Lordship believed it to do so, but only, that he thought it adviseable, when we had a parliament of our own, to put a matter of that importance beyond all doubt or controversy. Besides, any conclusion which might be drawn from the rejection of Belhaven's motion, is obviously counterbalanced by the rejection of the archbishop's in the English house of peers. The fact (to be plain) stood thus: In either country, the enemies of the union, on the one hand, tried to throw obstacles in its way, by suggesting unreasonable demands; and to set the two nations at variance, by perplexing them with minute discussions of subjects, where the passions of both were extremely vio-

lent, and where a small spark might easily kindle a great flame ; while the cool and moderate, on the other hand, wished to involve such delicate matters in the shade of general principles, leaving the conclusions to be evolved, and the particulars adjusted by posterity, when the fervour of men's minds would be subsided, and the reciprocal advantages of the union experienced. Hence in Scotland, Belhaven's motion to have our exemption from the test explicitly recognised ; and not only so, but, regardless of the palpable distinction betwixt British and English offices, to have us, contrary to reason and equity, exempted from it in the case of the latter also. Hence, again, in England, the archbishop's, which went as far to the opposite extreme. Hence finally, the rejection of both motions by the majority, who avoided such discussions, prudently leaving them, (as the twenty-two noble lords bitterly complain) " to double constructions."

Had I not intruded already too much on your time, I could have wished to answer some of the ordinary objections to the measure, and point out its multifarious importance. Suffice it, however, to observe, that whether the country favour or dislike the application (for indifferent about it they cannot be supposed), it would have been fit to avow their sentiments publicly ; as was done in the case of the Popish Bill, that, on the one hand, if we be of opinion, not only that the test act in expediency and equity should not, but that in strict law it does not comprehend Presbyterian communicants ; if this be our opinion independently of (what I omitted mentioning) the clause inserted in the act of security, passed in contemplation of the union, and ratified in the preamble to the articles, expressly, " freeing us from any oath, test or subscription, contrary to, or inconsistent with the Presbyterian church government, worship, or discipline." If we cannot think it right or honourable, to let our religion labour under a stigma and grievance, from which taking the

trouble to get the law explained and understood, would deliver it; and if we cannot but lament the melancholy operation of this grievance, in withdrawing from our kirk many of our nobility and gentry; if we on these accounts favour the application, we may, by avowing our sentiments, secure to it a broad and liberal discussion, instead of letting it (as it probably will) be blasted by the insinuation, of their having officiously intruded themselves into the business, without the concurrence of those whom the grievance is alleged to affect. Or, if, on the other hand, we disapprove of the application, that then, by avowing our disapprobation, we may put a stop to the affair, as the assembly would never push it against the public opinion; or were they so infatuated, the disgrace of their miscarriage would fall on themselves alone. But this opinion on the test can never be entertained, by a people free and spirited, and never noted for religious indifference. And therefore, as the General assembly are to be commended for exerting themselves to deliver our kirk from this contumelious grievance, it will only be to be lamented, should not the application be put on the footing of an *explanation* instead of a *repeal*; and appear before parliament, not as the petition of the clergy alone, but sanctioned and enforced by the unequivocal concurrence and zealous cooperation of the country.

CANDIDUS.

A detached Thought.

To love to do good is a praise-worthy thing, even when the motive for it is not the best, and always rare, whatever be the motive. It is rare to do good even from vanity or interest, because vanity and interest well understood, are almost as rare as virtue. But to love those to whom we have done good, is a thing perfectly natural, and in no respect praise-worthy: It is a pure effect of self love.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On Command of Temper.

SIR,

COMMAND of temper is a quality so exceedingly desirable, and so important to happiness, that every recipe for obtaining it, must be an acceptable donation to the public. — Please take the following.

Cardinal Alberoni was often so agitated by passion, that he took steps from the spur of the occasion, that were ruinous to his master and to his country. But he had a chaplain, an athletic little man, who was well acquainted with public business, and very much attached to his patron; who, when the Cardinal lost himself in fury, and was about to act in consequence of it, used to collar the old gentleman, and toss him into his seat with great rudeness and violence; the shock and revulsion of which usage brought the Cardinal to his senses, after which he proceeded with tolerable prudence. The Cardinal was so sensible of his obligations to his chaplain, that he never chose to be without him when he had any business to transact.

As many families, as well as individuals, are ruined by the effects of unbridled passion, I beg leave to recommend some such remedy as this, particularly in desperate cases.

A strong chaplain or butler in noble families, may thus, under proper direction, prove an inestimable blessing; and a stout Abigail, may render similar service to their impetuous mistresses, especially, as in all love affairs, I am persuaded, that a thrashing or pommelling, may give time for due consideration, and the

happy influences of returning reason, and of the effects of an original good education.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant

A. B.

To the Editor of the Bee.

A Sermon.

Naked I came out of my mother's womb, and naked I shall return thither. *Job, Chap. I, Ver. 21.*

In discoursing from these words, I shall observe the following things :

First, Man's ingress into the world.

Secondly, His progress through the world.

Thirdly, His egress out of the world.

To return,

1. Man's ingress into the world,
is naked and bare.

2. His progress through the world,
is trouble and care.

3. His egress out of the world,
is, nobody knows where.

To conclude,

We shall be well there, if we do well here,
And I could tell you no more, were I to preach a
whole year.

This very elegant sermon is extracted from a book called the fashionable tell-tale, by

CAPTAIN FIRELOCK.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I AM sorry I have it in my power to assure you, that the story which gave rise to the following lines, is not fictitious, but a real fact, that happened in the Island of Jamaica, not many years ago. The man who perpetrated the deed, a Scotchman too, is, I believe, alive in that Island at this time. It was the practice of this man, from deliberate system, to work out his slaves with hard labour; and when the doctor reported that they were no longer able to work, nor any hopes remained of their recovery, they were ordered to be carried immediately to the *launch*, an inclined plane made of several boards fastened together, whose lower extremity pointed over the edge of a precipice several hundred feet in height, that hung over a deep ravine on his plantation. This was, in general, a pretty certain launch into eternity, though, in the present case, it failed. *Noffak* had been declared by the Doctor incapable of any further service, and was ordered, as usual, to the launch. The poor fellow begged hard that he might not be carried to the launch, as he said he was not yet dead:—But nothing could prevail with his inhuman master. Like his fellows, he must take his fate; but, by a kind of miracle, he escaped with life, and made a shift to crawl away from the foot of the rocks. Some of his black friends fell in with him, had compassion on him, and used means for his recovery. Some time after, the merciless wretch who had caused him to be launched over the precipice, was somewhat surprized at seeing his slave, whom he had believed to be in the other world, begging in one of the streets of a neighbouring town; but had the modest assurance to wish to reclaim him as his property. The poor fellow's story, however, prevailed, even in the West Indies, to make all agree in thinking he

had got a full discharge from his service: And the tyrant owner seeing the general indignation rising high against him, was glad, at length, to make his escape from the mob as quickly as possible, though no public vengeance overtook him.

If I shall be told this story cannot be true, because it is contrary to the laws provided for the safety of the negroes, I answer, that I dispute not about the law; but that the fact is literally true, I do maintain, and am ready to prove it upon the most undeniable evidence, should it be necessary.—And this I aver, though I am no friend to the abolition of the slave-trade.

The negroes themselves made up a ballad in their own way, which they used to sing at their public merrymakings, the chorus of which was,

Massa, Massa, no launch,—

Massa, no dead yet,—or something to that purpose, which I am sorry I did not then take down. These gave rise to the following lines: M. II.

THOUGH, Sir, I observe you avoid saying any thing that might give rise to jangling disputes, yet your having inserted a little piece, expressive of the sentiments of an Indian warrior, makes me hope you may also admit this story of a West India slave, which happened lately to fall in my way. I do not pretend to judge of its merit, but leave that to you; and I am, Sir, respectfully,
your's,

A COUNTRY READER.

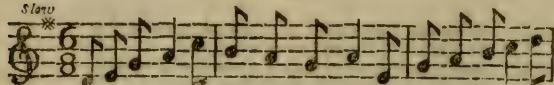
The Poor Negro Beggar's Petition and Complaint.

O MASSA, poor negro ! God Almighty you blefs :
 O Massa, poor negro ! in utmost distress.
 Much beating, much lashing, poor Nossak endur'd ;
 No toil, no submission, good usage infur'd.
 Provisions were bad ; our allowance was small ;
 Hard work ; no relief for poor Nossak at all.
 Sick, sick, and not able to stand to the hoe ;
 " Given up by the doctor, to the launch he must go,"
 Said my master, unfeeling, and sent me away,
 Though I pleaded, intreated,—“ O let me but stay,
 “ O Massa, no launch, me no dead, me no dead,
 “ No launch, me grow well again, Massa,” I said.
 He was deaf to my cries ;—so dragg'd to the rock,
 From the plank I was launched,—the terrible shock !
 I got fast asleep, but awaking again,
 Alas ! I awoke to much sorrow and pain ;
 My legs they were broke,—all my body much bruif'd ;
 No hope ; even death to relieve me refus'd ;
 Dry bones of poor negroes were scatter'd around ;
 Like me they were launch'd ; but sweet death they had found ;
 Had escap'd, exulting, from slavery and pain ;
 Their spirits high soaring had cross'd the wide main,
 To visit the land of their fathers and brothers ;
 To salute the lov'd souls of their sisters and mothers.
 O death ! why so slow ?—but why should I complain,
 Since the launch has releas'd me from collar and chain * ?
 O Massa, a bit on poor Nossak bestow,
 God Almighty you blefs, no distress may you know.
 Here laid on a dunghill, poor Nossak must lie ;
 No eye drops a tear ; no breast heaves a sigh ;
 But death shall release me from sorrow and pain ;
 Then my dear native home I'll revisit again.

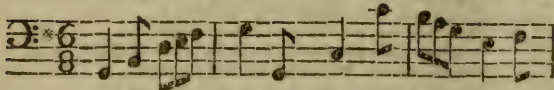
* To the iron chain which they wear constantly, a half hundred weight is appended, to prevent their running away during the night ; and the collar has long spikes running out from it in every direction, to prevent their laying down their heads to rest.

The Wee Thing; or Mary of Castle Cary, an old Scots Song.

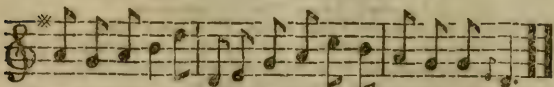
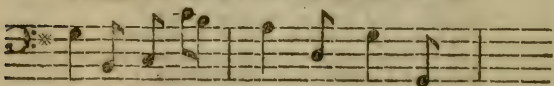
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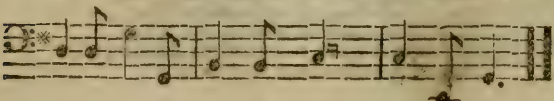
Saw ye my weething? Saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my true love



down on yon lea? Cross'd she the meadow, ye-



streen at the gloaming? Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?



" Her hair it is lint white ! her skin it is milk-white !

" Dark is the blue of her fast rolling ee !

" Red red her ripe lip is, and sweeter than roses !

" Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?"

• I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

• Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea ;

• But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,

• Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree."

' Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,
 ' Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling ee!
 ' Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 ' Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

" It was na *my* wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
 " It was na *my* true love ye met by the tree!
 " Proud is her leil heart, and modest her nature,
 " She never loo'd Le-man till ance she loo'd me.

" Her name it is MARY, she's frae CASTLE-CARY,
 " Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 " Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
 " Young braggart? she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

' It was then *your* MARY, she's frae CASTLE-CARY,
 ' It was then *your* true love I met by the tree!
 ' Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 ' Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!"

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire, frae his red rolling ee;
 " Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasts and your scorning;
 " Defend ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!

' Awa' wi' beguiling,' then cried the youth smiling;
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

" Is it my *wee thing*? is it mine ain thing?
 " Is it *my true love* here that I see?"
 ' O JAMIE! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;
 ' I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee."

To the Editor of the Bee.

To George Dempster.

DEMPSTER! thy country's friend! I call thee mine!
 " Sweet is the setting sun of stormy life,"
 But sweeter yet by far a charming gleam
 Of genial sun to close the summer day.
 Useful, though placid, is thy sage retreat:

The stubborn furrow feels thy plastic hand,
 The fields rejoice to see their country's friend,
 And dressed for thee, put on their best array !
 O Dempster ! leave not thy divine retreat,
 Tho' thousands call thee to Augusta's towers,
 Where ends the fret of busy bustling life,
 Seeking the praise of mountebanks and slaves ?
 See Pitt and Poulteney lost in other pits,
 And like the waves they leave no trace behind :
 Even Burke himself, the Queen of France's friend,
 Like her has found that beauty will not do,
 Nor words sublime that hide themselves in heaven.

ALBANICUS.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Epitaph for Napier of Marchiston.

No Napier ! thou wer't not that thing,
 The creature of a pageant king,
 Which Britons call a lord ;
 A squire thou wer'r, but such a squire,
 As might have held Apollo's lyre,
 And touch'd its noblest chord.

With purple flowers, O strew the grave,
 Ye sons of science, where he lies,
 And when ye lightly tread the sod,
 Say, " Here's the peer was made by God,"
 Who made him great and wise.

A. L.

Written on the blank leaf of a young Lady's music-book for the Harpsichord.

MUSIC, 'tis said, has charms that can impart
 Exalted pleasures to the human heart ;
 But if to music, beauty lends her aid,
 Resistless then appears th' accomplished maid.
 Thus, when alike with nicest skill and fire,
 Thy graceful fingers strike the trembling lyre,
 Dissolv'd in bliss, we gaze our souls away,
 And yield our hearts to love's superior sway.

ALEXIS.

*Melai, a Constantinopolitan Tale, concluded from
page 39.*

IN spite of the ardour of my attachment to *Gulmanac*, I was almost, if not wholly, a stranger to jealousy, that fury with which love is so frequently attended. She was not only the mistress of my heart, but also the mistress of her own freedom, as far at least, as the customs of the country, and the dignity of her exalted station would allow. I frequently permitted some of my courtiers to wait upon us at our little suppers, and thus gave them an opportunity of seeing my wife : Nay, so far did I forget the pride of a sovereign, that I more than once suffered *Ebn Mahmud* to sit beside us, and to share in our repast. Fool that I was for so doing, did I not know how impossible it was to behold *Gulmanac* and not to love her ?

I have never discovered, whether *Ebn Mahmud*, out of some remains of gratitude and fidelity, might not at first have endeavoured to stifle those passions, which soon after took possession of his soul. But I discovered, alas ! too soon, that a rival is formidable even to a prince. My visier, who saw no hopes during my reign of being able to pilfer the fairest jewel of my crown, began therefore to meditate the treacherous design of raising himself to the throne of *Indostar*. Perhaps he saw somewhat in the eyes of *Gulmanac*, which intimated too plainly, that she would not be averse to exchange a husband of my years, for one who was still in the bloom of youth, or, perhaps, he was too well acquainted with the female disposition, not to be sensible, that their inclinations follow, for the most part, the favourites of fortune.

The whole of his abilities were now exerted to secure to himself the affections of the people ; and his attempt succeeded but too well ; for, when I told you just now that I was adored by my subjects, I spoke only of the greater part of them. The vain expectation of being universally beloved, which, in any situation is sufficiently ridiculous, would be the height of absurdity in that of a monarch. The party, which in my case were the most discontented, consisted chiefly of

the military profession, which, although the least in number, was the most formidable in power. My peaceful government gave them no opportunity of enriching their rapacity with the spoils of war, which they had so frequently done under the reign of my father; and they beheld with an indignation which they could not conceal, that it was possible to protect by political wisdom, what they imagined could be defended only by the sword. My treacherous visier perceiving their discontent, persuaded them secretly to petition for war, and to demand at the same time an addition to their pay. Both of these requests, by his advice, I refused; but scarcely had I uttered the unfortunate denial, when he stood forth at their head in his native colours, and spoke to his sovereign in the tone of a rebel.

I was now forced by necessity, however reluctant, to try the most dreadful of all expedients, the uncertain issue of a civil war. Those of my subjects who remained faithful, assembled around me in a numerous body, the command of which I entrusted to my son. Twice was he victorious; but in the third engagement he fell. When his body was brought to me, I threw myself upon it, and indulged in all the extravagance of grief, till one of his slaves who was the most in his confidence, endeavoured to comfort me by discovering a circumstance, which added new horrors to my unhappy situation. He brought me some papers, which shewed but too clearly, that *Ebn Mahmud* had alienated the affections of my son, by representing the dangers to which he was exposed from the influence of *Gulmanac* over his father, and that nothing but their disagreement about the partition of the provinces, had hitherto prevented his open revolt. He had been compelled by his own troops to this last engagement, and had fallen by the ignorance of one of the enemies, in spite of the caution of his treacherous accomplice, who had expressly forbidden his life to be taken.

If the perfidy of my favourite had wounded me deeply, what must I have suffered from the fate of my son, and from the reflection, that his fate was no more than he deserved. I now at last took up arms myself. My people appeared transported to see me at their head. My forces were

far superior to those of the rebels; and the next engagement promised to be decisive.

As I was inflamed with rage, and *Ebn Mahmud* with love, our armies were not long of being brought to action. The right wing, which I led, was already victorious, and the left was commanded by *Mir Narkuli*, an officer illustrious for his military achievements, whom my father had once reluctantly sentenced to death, and who had obtained his pardon at my intercession. Whom could I have trusted with more confidence, than a man who was indebted to me for his life; and yet he betrayed me. In the heat of the engagement, he went over to the enemy, accompanied by the greatest part of his troops. The rest of that division naturally fled; my victorious band fell into disorder, and I was thrown, in the space of a few minutes, from power and greatness, down to misery and flight.

I flew in distraction to the tent of *Gulmanac*, and intreated her to set herself upon the swiftest of my horses, and follow me immediately to the next fortress. "I know," said I, "that captivity and death must be our fate; but let us at least die as we have lived." The traitress advised me to submit to the conqueror, promised, herself, to supplicate his mercy; promised,—but why should I repeat what she promised? it is enough that I clearly saw her infidelity. And now my rage could no longer be restrained. I drew forth my dagger, and would have pierced her to the heart, but her shrieks brought some of my officers to her assistance, and I saw for the first time, that I was no longer the monarch, before whom all was obedience and submission. He who the day before had incurred my displeasure, and against whom I had raised my arm, would have received his fate from ten daggers at once; but now my hand was seized and the weapon forced from it, while the infamous woman escaped with impunity. All was indeed concealed under the mask of persuasion; every thing wore as yet the appearance of subjection; but I saw too clearly through the thin disguise, and confided no longer in any one around me.

Messenger after messenger arrived to inform me of the complete flight of my army, and of *Ebn Mahmud's* approach. I threw myself immediately upon the swiftest of my horses, and commanded those who still loved me to fol-

low. Out of a hundred thousand, scarcely fifty obeyed. The fortress into which I intended to throw myself was distant more than a day's journey ; a forest lay between, and night was approaching. We rode as if death had pursued us : we reached the forest, and it was now midnight : our horses failed us, and we were obliged to stop. I now reckoned the number of my companions, and the fifty had dwindled into ten. The others had either been kept back by fatigue, or had altered their minds, and thought it better to return. I smiled severely, but said not a word ; I threw myself on the grass, and my attendants around me : My bosom was filled with rage and vexation, with resentment, jealousy and hatred of life. But fatigue was stronger than all my passions ; and I had not lain long till I fell asleep. When I awaked after a few hours, by the glimmering of the moon, I perceived that I was alone ; how my attendants stole away I know not ; at a little distance grazed my horse, and at my feet lay my dog.

It is now too long since I have entertained you with nothing but the baseness and treachery of unworthy creatures ; I rejoice that it is now at last in my power to mention one of a very different kind ; but in order that you may the better understand what follows, I must first give you the history of my dog.

Of all the different sorts of hunting, I had hitherto encouraged only that of the tyger, because I esteemed it the most useful to my subjects. I observed in one of these expeditions, a very young, but valiant dog, who was torn and lying in his own blood, and I slew the tyger at the very moment in which he was about to finish his foe. The poor animal howled in my face ; I ordered him immediately to be taken up ; and as I was always accustomed, on such occasions, to carry about with me an admirable balsam, I poured a few drops of it into the wounds of the dog : The alleviation of pain which followed in consequence, made him change his howl into a gentle whimper, during which he gratefully licked my hand.

I repeated my orders that he should be particularly taken care of : the dog accordingly recovered ; and as I had often inquired after him, they brought him to me as soon as he was healed. He knew me immediately ; and as if he had been sensible that I alone was the preserver of his life, he

fawned upon me with so much affection, that from that moment he became my favourite. It would indeed have been next to impossible to take him again from me while he was alive, so great was the zeal and attachment which he shewed for me. By day he was my companion, and at night my guard. He had followed me every where both to the battle and in my flight; and him I found still beside me, when all the world had betrayed and forsaken me.

Whatever you may think of it, I blush not to acknowledge, that he who was formerly the monarch of *Indostan*, now kissed and embraced his only faithful friend with more real affection, than he could possibly have done to him who should have restored him to his kingdom and his throne. I then sprung to my horse, and pursued my flight; but it was no longer directed to the fortress, the gates of which would have been shut against me.

It may perhaps appear incredible, that a single fugitive should be able to escape unknown and undiscovered, in the midst of a land full of commotion and disquiet. But I had chosen, when I first determined upon flight, an attire and a turban of the meanest appearance; my horse, though deficient neither in strength nor swiftness, was far from being remarkable for the beauty of his form; and above all, I was protected by him, whose power, wherever it is inclined to save, can strike with blindness the hostile eye, and wither into weakness the hostile arm.

My intention was to escape into *Persia*; and I was now about twenty miles from the borders, when I reached at night-fall a farm-house, and begged for lodging, which was immediately granted. I sat down to table and pretended to eat; but there entered soon after a young soldier, who was just returned home from the army, and, as I learned soon after, was the son of my host. He was naturally received with the highest exultation, and asked immediately how every thing went, how he had fared, and what party he had taken; what the new monarch was doing, and what was become of his unhappy predecessor. These, and a thousand other questions crowded upon him before he had time to reply. He was one of those, who, in the midst of the battle had gone over to *Ebn Mahmud*; he extolled to the utmost the clemency of the conqueror,

and said, that a province would be the reward of my head. I was sitting by chance in such a situation, that he could not at first get a view of my face : of this he appeared to be very desirous ; and after he had succeeded, he and his father whispered together for some minutes.

I heard indeed but a few words ; but of these few, *suspicious* was one ; and soon after, he went away. This, you may suppose, was sufficient to alarm me : I pretended to be drowsy, and seized on some pretext to get out once more before I went to bed. I hastened into the garden, which was behind the house, where I found my horse fastened to a tree. I loosed him immediately, set myself upon him, jumped in a moment over the little hedge, and sprung forward with the swiftness of an arrow.

I had scarcely proceeded a hundred steps, when I heard somebody calling me back ; and after I had run about a quarter of an hour, I saw behind me, by the light of the moon, something at a distance which appeared to me in motion. I could no longer doubt that I was pursued ; but I trusted to my horse, and I was not deceived, for I soon after lost sight of my pursuers. I rode, or rather flew the whole night, avoiding always the public ways : but I soon discovered that I had avoided them too much ; for I found myself, at the return of day-light, in the midst of an extensive field of sand. I was concerned for my horse, but still more so for my life ; and therefore continued to spur him forward till about noon, when the heat was most powerful ; he sunk down exhausted with weariness and hunger, without a possibility of rising again.

“ Thou too, I exclaimed, hast forsaken me,” while I untied the girth and the reins of the bridle : “ Poor creature, at least thy inclinations did not fail sooner than thy strength : oh ! that the infamous wretches who surrounded me, had fulfilled their duty but half so well.” I quitted him with tears ; and if it could have helped him, I willingly would have parted with one of my arms. For myself, there was now no where either hope or consolation.

I now continued my flight on foot ; but was constrained by the craving call of necessity to stop at the next village that I saw. Here I purchased some provisions, gave myself out for a merchant who had been pillaged by

robbers, and inquired which was the road to *Persia*. The answer was, that there were two ways; one of them public and well frequented, the other much nearer, but lonesome and dangerous, because it was easy to wander into the deserts, a small part of which I had already gone over. I chose, as you may imagine, the latter way, and found myself, at the close of the third day, in the very situation of which I had been warned.

Sufficiently dreadful must be the condition of any man in a desert, far from human habitation; without a guide, and without provisions; without knowledge, and without hope: what then must be that of a prince, brought up with delicacy, and softened by good fortune, accustomed never to think of misery, and never accustomed to hear of want? I continued, however, my tiresome journey for the space of a day and a night longer. Then indeed, my strength was at an end; but the end of the desert was far distant.

The sun was now setting; his retreat was accompanied by no music of the birds, for nothing near me was alive but my dog. It was followed by the falling of no dew, for all around me was burning sand. I threw myself in despair upon one of the hillocks: "Here will I lie, for why should I go farther? Here will I slumber the sleep eternal." My dog now crawled towards me, looked in my face, and began to whimper. He had eat nothing since the day before, when I had faithfully shared with him the last of my provision. I now hung over him and wept, stroking him tenderly, and crying out "How willingly would I feed thee, had I but only a morsel to myself." As if he had understood the words which I uttered, as if he could interpret the tear in my eye, he looked at me steadily, licked me once more, then suddenly sprang up and disappeared.

It may perhaps seem incredible, that of all the trials which I suffered either before or since, this was one which affected me most deeply; this was the only one which totally overwhelmed me. "He too at last," I exclaimed in an agony; my feelings overpowered me, and I sunk under them, and lost at once both sensibility and speech. How long I lay in this situation, is not possible precisely to say. It must however have continued for some hours; for

day-light was again beginning to appear, when a whimpering, a tugging, and a scratching awakened me. I opened with difficulty my heavy eyes, and beheld again my returning friend. His mouth was bloody, and at my feet lay an animal of a species with which I was entirely unacquainted; which, however, a good deal resembled a coney. When he saw me awake, he whimpered softly once more, and taking it up, laid it in my bosom. I shall not here say a word of my feelings; I speak at present to a man, whose eye testifies sufficiently how his heart is affected.

This which he offered me was no royal banquet; but none of those which I had formerly tasted, amid all the pomp and splendor of luxury, appeared to me so excellent, or refreshed me so much, as this small morsel of raw flesh. I continued my pilgrimage; and in the afternoon found myself on a road which was somewhat frequented: at the end of the day I was on *Persian* ground, and early next morning entered a small town, where an hospitable old man gave me entertainment. The money which I had would have only been sufficient to bear my expences for two days; I therefore embraced the first opportunity to retire into the remotest corner of the house, and there, although not without reluctance and regret, broke the least of the jewels from my father's ring. The price which I received for it, carried me to *Ispahan*. I travelled thither in company with a caravan, or rather indeed under their protection; for such was my melancholy, that during the whole journey I scarcely uttered a hundred words, answered only in monosyllables, and never asked a question myself.

When at last we reached *Ispahan*, we found the streets crowded and full of confusion; my companions inquired into the cause of the tumult; but before they had time to be informed of the matter, I saw it too clearly, with my own eyes I saw it, and had occasion for all my resolution, to prevent the emotions I felt from betraying me. The cause of the tumult was nothing more than the entrance of the ambassador of the usurper of my throne. He rode on the elephant which I had been accustomed to use, and he himself had been one of my favourites. How often had he sworn to me inviolable fidelity; and now he came to solicit my death.

What I suspected came to pass. Contrary to the common policy of princes, I had formerly supported the king of *Persia*, when in imminent danger of being driven from his throne. This however was now forgotten, and the demands of the conqueror readily complied with. It was intimated immediately by public proclamation, that an immense sum of money would be the price of my head; and a description of my person was added, so particular, that every one must have known me at first sight, provided my appearance had continued the same. But however exactly my picture had been drawn, there was one circumstance of no small importance, which luckily was not, nor could not be attended to; the alteration, which, in this interval, my misfortunes had occasioned. The man, whose necessities had reduced him so low, that he was supported only by his faithful dog, could resemble but little the vanquished monarch. I remained therefore at *Ispahan* a whole month in security, and from thence continued my journey at leisure, until at last I reached *Constantinople*. Here I purchased a solitary mansion, and have now lived for sixteen years, far from the dangerous society of men. My parsimonious way of living required but little, and that little my ring has supplied. I have never demeaned myself by asking assistance, nor have I ever regretted the loss of my crown. I never complained of my present situation, nor did I ever again shed a single tear, till yesterday, that my companion, my friend, and my preserver, my faithful *Murckim*, at last forsook me. I was robbed of him by age; and such was his affection, that even to the last he licked my hand, and it seemed as if he expired with reluctance, only because he was parted from me.

My history now approaches to a close: out of eleven stones which were once in my ring, two of the most valuable yet remain. For the few days which I have now to live, the least of these two will be more than sufficient. Take then the other; and let your chissel be employed in commemorating the virtues of a faithful creature, who, though only a dog, you will surely acknowledge, to be more worthy of that honour than many conquerors and heroes.

During this relation, which the tone of the speaker made much more interesting than it can be rendered to a reader,

the eyes of the artist melting into tears, more than once testified what were his emotions. When *Melai* had now finished, *Melonion* began,—Oh monarch !

Melai. Monarch no more ; I am only an old man.

Melonion. Noble, generous, godlike old man, how deeply has thy fate affected me ; with what warmth and sincerity do I thank you, for resolving to intrust to my slender abilities, a task, which at first indeed appeared to be degrading, but which I now consider as of more dignity, than that of commemorating many princes. Two requests you must however grant me.

Melai. (*Smiling.*) Two for one: well, what are they ?

Melonion. Keep your jewel. Fortune has already sufficiently enriched me ; and I can easily afford to spend some of my time, in working entirely for my own satisfaction. This was my first request, and here is my second ; however well grounded may be your hatred of mankind, carry it not, I beseech you, so far, as to disbelieve entirely in human virtue. What instinct, without the assistance of reason, so frequently produces among the inferior animals, reflection and feeling, however seldom, will surely sometimes effect among ourselves. I have indeed no crown to offer you, as an atonement for the one which you have lost ; but the last and severest of all your losses, the loss of a friend, I may be able to supply.

Melai. You ?

Melonion. Yes ; abandon your solitude, and trust yourself to me. In my house you shall always be master ; nay more, you shall be my father and my king ; and then you can behold with your own eyes, the gradual progress of that monument, from which your favourite is to receive immortality.

The source from which this history was drawn begins here unfortunately to fail. It is only added in a few words, that the old man, after many denials, at last resolved to pass his life with *Melonion* ; that he never had any reason to repent his resolution ; and that a beautiful monument of the finest alabaster, was erected to the memory of his faithful dog. To most of those however, by whom it was beheld, the meaning and intention of it must have been totally a secret, although,

after the death of the venerable monarch, we may suppose that his history would no longer be concealed.

It is more than probable that this monument was remaining at the time that *Constantinople* was taken by the *Turks*. What might afterwards become of it I know not, although I would not absolutely discourage my readers from hoping, that so precious a specimen of sculpture may still exist in some neglected corner, where some future traveller may perhaps light upon it, and restore it to the curiosity of the admirers of art, and to the tears and enthusiasm of the lovers of virtue.

Remarks on some English Plays, from Miscellanies in prose and verse.

Mahomet the Impostor, a Tragedy, from Voltaire.

THIS collection is wretched, but suited to the taste of those gentlemen called booksellers. I give it a place in my collection, only as a patch to Shakespeare, and a monument (may it be short lived) of bad taste. From this hard censure, I mean to except the *Siege of Damascus*. It has some merit; and there is indulgence enough in this admission; perhaps the best critics may blame it. But to proceed, as to the merits of the play in question, Monsieur Voltaire could not abide Shakespeare, which is not surprising. They were most perfect opposites, as a man of profound abilities and wisdom, is opposite to a pleasant superficial fop. A total want of genius, and even of taste and propriety for tragic composition, is remarkable in every line of this piece; yet it has a great run at London. The general admiration of this, and many other dramatic pieces of the same cast, affords full proof that we are degenerate and stupid. Douglas, the single good tragedy of this age, was at first rejected at London. Mahomet, Barbarossa, &c. &c. live and flourish there.

The Siege of Damascus, a Tragedy, by Hughes.

THE epilogue, spoken by Mr. Wilks, is silly, and very like those in vogue at present. The prologue, spoken by Lord Sandwich, is finely poetical, and worthy of the occasion, and the actors.

The play, indeed, is fitter for such occasional performance, than common exhibition on the public theatre, having various beauties, and great imperfections.

The Christian Hero, a Tragedy, by Lillo.

THE composition of this play is as full of dullness and absurdity as Mahomet; and less interesting in the plot.

Lady Jane Gray, a Tragedy, by Rowe.

I CANNOT read an historical play, without thinking of a comparison with Shakespeare, by whom the characters of nature are perfectly preserved, and yet raised above the pitch of nature, by the force of a great and inimitable genius.

Don Sebastian King of Portugal, a Tragedy, by Dryden.

THIS play is full of absurdities and unnatural flights; yet we may distinguish them as the absurdities of a poet and a man of genius, unlike the nonsense of the moderns. The moral is rigorous indeed.

Jane Shore, a Tragedy, by Rowe.

How strangely different is the Gloucester of Shakespeare from the Gloucester of Rowe. An audience of true judgment and taste, could not bear this comparison on the same theatre.

The Country Wife, a Comedy, by Wyckherley.

THERE are wit, humour, easy and lively conversation, variety of character, and pleasing adventure in this play. But there is a very unpardonable want of delicacy and decency. A lewd young fellow gains full credit to a report, that he had, by a fashionable misfortune, lost his virility. By this means, he cuckolds all the husbands, and lies with all the women of the drama. There are, however, weak scenes in the play, improbabilities, and, I think, the characters both of Pinchwife and Sparkish are outré.

To make a dance of cuckolds at the end of this play, is a judicious conduct in the author, but a shameless exhibition on a public theatre.

Erratum in this Number, p. 66.

IN the music, last note but one, tenor, *for G read E.* It is requested this may be corrected by the pen.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1791.

To the Editor of the Bee.

History of a Fortunate Idler.

SIR,

I HAVE read with considerable pleasure, and not without edification, the essays of Albanicus on the subject of the art of idleness, which I hope he will continue, for the amusement and instruction of your readers, applying his principles to the practical benefit of the numerous sons and daughters of idleness, whose situation, when floating on the surface of fashion, without a guide or direction, one cannot look at without compassion, mixed with contempt, or without wishing, that their labours of idleness might be converted into the channel of their own real happiness, and the good of society.

For my own part, Mr. Editor, I will frankly acknowledge, that I am, with respect to artless idleness, as a firebrand plucked out of the fire, and a living

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monument of mercy derived from the principles of that art, which your correspondent laudably endeavours to explain.

I was born, Sir, to the succession of a large entailed estate; the pride of my father, and the darling of my mother: I was educated with the greatest care, and received every instruction and accomplishment that Great Britain, and the tour of Europe, could afford. When I returned from abroad at two and twenty, I was thought (I may say without vanity) one of the most elegant and accomplished young men that had been imported from the continent for half a century. After the first joy of my family on my return was over, and I had received all the encomiums of my father, mother, and aunts, and all the admiration of the squires and misses in our neighbourhood in the country, I found an irresistible desire to leave the barbarity of a provincial residence, for the elegant amusements of the capital. I went to London for the winter, was presented at court, drew upon my father, with his approbation, for three thousand pounds, the price I paid to a broker for a Cornish borough, got into Brookes's club, and the other fashionable societies in town, kept a girl, shook my elbow with the best company, and in the elegance of conviviality, was able, in consequence of an excellent constitution, to be at the same time an excellent bottle companion. I played the violincello at private concerts, sung a catch with the best in the club, and finished the winter with the reputation of being one of the most promising young men in England. Next summer was passed in the country with my father, who had one of the best packs of fox hounds in the kingdom, with a stable of first rate hunters, which, with my other qualities, made me the prince of our society. I had not passed above a couple of the hunting months after this summer had elapsed, before I began to feel my distaste for the rough and uncultivated provincials wearing off, and a liking to the chace and the bottle taking possession of my time, to the ex-

clusion of those more polished manners I had cultivated abroad. Next winter I fell into the society of my fox hunting friends, who followed me up from the country to London, and the bottle, which had formerly been disagreeable to me in excess, became necessary as a medium of friendship in the clubs I now frequented.

I got into habits that extinguished all rational curiosity and amusement; and my looking glass began to hint to me, that I was about to get a red nose to enliven a face considerably bloached by dissipation, and wrinkled by anxiety at the gaming table.

Though now only five and twenty, I began to find myself less admired than formerly, and to sink in my own estimation. One evening, after having lost five hundred at Brookes's, I came home suddenly in great uneasiness, and being unable to sleep, I sent my servant to a circulating library for a book, by way of opiate, which I ordered him to read to me, while I was in bed, supposing that his whining uniform cadence might procure me that choicest blessing of the unfortunate, which is so often sought for in vain. The fellow having no instruction to call for any particular book, brought the first that was offered by the shop boy, and being desired to begin and read, as he should accidentally open the volume, he began his work as follows:

"If you ever read a letter, which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of the complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther encroachments of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it.

"Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use.

"There is hardly any one person without some allay of it and thousands beside myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty, which to begin first, of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy.

"If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures: But now, one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no landmark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel, it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion."——

Stop, you rascal, said I, what the devil are you about? I did not desire you to speak to me; I ordered you to read that book. An' please your honour, said he, and so I am reading the book, without putting in a word of my own. God help me, if I were ever so willing, I could not speak such outlandish things for the world, Go on Sirrah, said I.

"When Scanderbeg prince of Epyrus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined, that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be of little use while I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner, for the good of my countrymen who are troubled with too great a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wear-

ing me"—Stop you, Sirrah, said I, this will never do; go to some other part of this damn'd book; I never heard such wretched stuff in my life.

The boy, turning over a couple of pages, began again.

"Augustus, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well."

Stop, my lad, that wont do either. Take that other volume, and read where you please.

"There are few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or other, and their very first step out of business, is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take."

Irritated and confounded by these reflections, so applicable to my own unhappy situation, I sprung out of bed, snatched the book out of my servant's hand, and in the scuffle, overthrew the table at which he sat, with the bottle and glasses that were upon it; after which, overwhelmed with shame and disgust, I returned to a sleepless pillow, and spent the long night in agony of thought.

I re-entered, as it were, into my own mind, and looked back upon the last three years of my life, as on a lathsome dream: I resolved instantly to adopt a plan of rational existence; and having called in the whole of my bills, I wrote a long letter to my father, in explanation of my future resolutions, borrowed a sum of money sufficient to pay every thing I owed in London, and set out for the country, where, with my father's consent, I applied myself to the superintendence of his patrimonial affairs, and, in the intervals of leisure, applied myself to study.

Soon after, my father died, and I became possessed of an estate of four thousand a year, without any incumbrance.

As I had not been bred to any profession, I applied myself, with unremitted earnestness, to the study of agriculture, and all the sciences and arts immediately connected with that most useful and respectable of all occupations.

In the course of two years, I became so much master of its principles, practice, and duties, that I found myself able to originate and direct in all my operations, as the *pater familias* of Colummella, that I was independent of my land steward, my bailiffs, and my old experienced servants.

I planted a field of two hundred acres with all kinds of forest trees, suited to the soil and situation; inclosed a great part of my estate, and planted the fences around with hedge—rows of oak, ash and elm. I laid out, and planted a large orchard, most of the trees having been ingrafted with my own hands, from the best bearers in the country.

I gave a good beginning to a manufacturing village, encouraged my farmers to good modes of husbandry, in which I set them an example, often holding my plough in their presence, and established a club among them for comparing their respective improvements together, and keeping a diary of their proceedings.

It is now ten years since I have been thus employed, going only to London for a few months, during the sitting of parliament, to attend my duty, the intervals from which are chiefly spent in associating with those who are intent on the improvement of the country, or in attending the meetings of the Royal Society, and the society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures; and though idle, as having no trade or employment in the common acceptation of the term, I am one of the busiest, and consequently one of the happiest men in the world.

May I not, Mr. Editor, with great truth subscribe myself

A FORTUNATE SON OF IDLENESS.

On the History of Authors by Profession.

No. IV.

I HAVE remarked, in the conclusion of the last number, that there is a fact in the history of the Greek philosophers, which evinces, that they have undergone the same changes in their condition, as the modern professors of literature. Their change, I fix at the period when they avowedly and regularly began to receive money for their public lectures; and I assert, that anterior to that period, they *must have depended on the patronage of private individuals*; and that posterior to it, they, *like modern authors, depended on the price paid by the public for their productions*. To prove the first of these positions, I shall neither have recourse to Laertius, to Stanley, or to Brucker. I shall neither urge the connection of Anaxagoras with Pericles, that of Socrates with Alcibiades, that of Aristotle with Philip, nor the voyages of Plato and Aristippus to the Court of Dionysius. I shall select a more simple mode of argument. These philosophers were not men of hereditary fortunes; they did not cultivate any enriching professions; they professed to gain nothing by that literature to which they dedicated their lives. How then were they supported, all in the conveniences, some in the indulgencies and luxuries of life? *Undoubtedly by the munificence of patrons*. The question admits no other answer;—the fact admits no other explanation.

Till the moment, then, that we find them giving public lectures for money, we must conclude the *literati* of Greece to have subsisted in a state of *patronage*,

—a state probably more enviable in the ancient, than it has been in any period of the modern world, because the value of literature was then so much enhanced by the difficulty of its acquisition.

From that period, they evidently subsisted by the public price of their literary exertions, and were precisely, therefore, in the situation of the *professed authors* of our times. The change from patronage to this state, seems also to have, in the same manner, arisen from the multiplicity of pretenders, which the diffusion of knowledge had called forth. But they possessed, in one respect, an eminent superiority, of which the art of printing has deprived modern authors. They received directly from the public, the price of their labours, *undiminished by the profit of the bookseller*. Of that profession, scarcely any vestiges are discoverable in Greece. The custom of lecturing, in a great measure, superseded its use. Their existence in Rome is proved by the letters of Pliny, and the satires of Juvenal: But the venders of manuscripts, the conductors of so narrow a commerce, must have ever occupied a secondary station. They were probably little better than the distributive agents of authors, and the collectors of curiosities for the wealthy. The art of printing, by enlarging the sphere of the commerce of books, gave utility and importance to its conductors; they speedily became to authors, what the monied capitalist is to the manufacturer. In simple times, the manufacturer and the author distribute their own produce: But, in the progress of society, by a sort of *division of labour*, separate professions arise for this distribution, the merchant and the bookseller. Placed in circumstances more favourable to the growth of wealth, than the original producer, they soon obtain over him the superiority conferred by the command of capital, and, instead of agents, become employers and masters. It is this circumstance that renders the state of *authorship* less eligible among us than it was in the ancient world. A *medium* is now

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interposed between the author and the public. The profits of literature are abridged, while its professors are subjected to a new dependence.

But while the interest of learning is thus wounded, the interest of mankind is essentially promoted. These interests are, in fact, opposite; for it is the object of the author to enhance the value of his produce, and that of the public, to procure it as easily as they can. The art of printing, and the profession of bookseller, facilitate the dispersion of literary produce. In the same proportion, they therefore *lower the market* of knowledge, and, perhaps, in some degree, diminish the importance of authors, as they diffuse information more widely among men.

I have thus attempted to investigate a subject which has hitherto been little treated. In the first number, I have endeavoured to shew, that a body of men, who may be called *authors by profession*, exist in every form of society. In the second, I have considered the successive changes which they undergo, and the causes which produce the succession; and in the third and fourth, I have attempted to illustrate and establish the theory, by an application of it to the literary history of England and of Greece. The details of the subject are infinite: It was sufficient for me to have contemplated its more general aspects; and should I resume the pen to treat it, it would be to offer some miscellaneous remarks, which could not, with propriety, be comprehended in a systematic view.

Critical Remarks on some of the most eminent Historians of England.

THOUGH we are now in the close of the eighteenth century, the history of this island has never been studied with proper attention. That portion of it, in particular, which precedes the reformation, seems, at present,

buried in profound neglect. For this misfortune, sufficient reasons may be assigned; an hundred and fifty years were wasted in theological frenzy, or in defeating the tyranny of the house of Stuart; and a modern compiler of general history is strongly tempted to rush with precipitation over the remoter periods, and to reserve his abilities and research for those later scenes, in which a reader of the present day is more heartily interested.—On these modern compilers, a few candid observations may repay a perusal.

The name of RAPIN is now almost forgotten; and Mr. Hume, in the end of his English History, has branded him as an author “the most despicable both in style and matter.” The censure is invidious, ungenerous, and unjust: His work contains an immense multitude of interesting circumstances, wholly omitted by the Scottish author. From his personal situation, a classical composition was not to be expected. He wrote a more complete General History of England, than had ever appeared in this country; and whatever be his faults, it is impossible to deny his uncommon merit.

SALMON made an essay on the same subject. Though short, it contains much information, which is not to be found in more voluminous historians on the same subject. His own reflections are brief, lively and sensible. It is usual to represent Richard III. as deformed and decrepid; and the same authors inform us, that he unhorsed and killed with his own hand the standard-bearer of Henry VII. who was reputed to be the strongest knight in the rebel army. The inconsistency of these two stories is pointed out by Salmon. He has left behind him no work of very superior value, yet he must have been an author of superior abilities; for, without becoming tiresome, he has written more than most of us have read.

The same remarks apply with equal justice to Dr. SMOLLET. The immense bulk of his writings proves

that he composed with greater facility than ordinary men are able to converse. By his own account, in the admirable expedition of Humphry Clinker, it appears that he very often wrote merely for wages; and on such occasions, nothing above mediocrity can with reason be demanded. The continuation of his English history, from 1748 to 1764, is a mere catchpenny chaos, without even a spark of merit. There is great reason to believe that he, or rather his journeymen, copied at random from somebody else, most of the quotations and references arranged with so much parade on the margin of his text.

GUTHRIE has left behind him more than one ponderous fabric on British history. He had sense, learning, candour, and industry. He had an original manner, and wished to think for himself: But to elegance, he was an entire stranger, and to that happy choice of circumstances which forms an instructive historian; he was often familiar without perspicuity, and prolix without completeness. No writer is at present less popular. A geographical grammar has been printed under his name; but it is generally understood, that he had no share in its composition.

In point of style, Mr. HUME may be studied as a perfect model. Pure, nervous, eloquent, he is simple without weakness, and sublime without effort. In the art of telling an humorous story, he can never be excelled; and when he chose to exert himself, he was even a considerable master of the pathetic: But it was his misfortune to despise accuracy of research, and fidelity of citation. He was a bitter Tory; and while detection flashed in his face, he commonly adhered to whatever he had once written. His account of the house of Stuart is not the statement of an historian, but the memorial of a pleader in a Court of Justice. He sometimes asserts a positive falsehood, contradicted by the very author whom he pretends himself to be quoting; but more commonly gains his purpose, by sup-

pressing the whole evidence on the opposite side of the question. His conduct in the controversy with Mr. Tytler can hardly be defended: And his injurious treatment of Queen Mary of Scotland is not more disgusting than his elaborate panegyrics on the virtues of her posterity. When we examine Mrs. Macaulay's performance on the same period, we meet with a profusion of intelligence, of which the mere reader of Hume has not the most distant conception. The Scottish historian gives but short and partial excerpts from the writers of the times. His whig antagonist, on the other hand, gives large extracts from the original writers; and though to a superficial reader, her work assumes an air less pleasing and classical, what is lost in elegance is fully repaid in authenticity. He is a zealous advocate for the tawdry ceremonies of the Church of England, and yet the main scope of his metaphysical writings, is to extinguish every sentiment of religion: His history was written for sale; and there he condescended to flatter public superstition at the expence of reason.

Mr. Hume, in common with most of our historians, has omitted to give an account of his materials. A judicious reader, when he sees them perpetually referred to, will ask who is Froissart, and who is Rhymer? Till the accession of the house of Tudor, his narrative is abrupt. For example, the reign of Edward III. extended to almost half a century, and is one of the most busy and memorable in ancient or modern annals. It is compressed by Mr. Hume within an hundred octavo pages, while the reign of Elizabeth alone fills one of his largest volumes. His warmest admirers must allow, that he betrays a gross disproportion of parts in the execution of his plan: But in truth, it was by far too extensive to be completed by any single pen. It was necessary to write a book of a saleable size. As an epitome of English History, it is too large; but as a complete history, it is by far too short. We, every day, see whole folios printed on the antiquities of

a single town, or a single country parish. Why then should we think it tiresome to read twenty or thirty volumes on the national history of our ancestors? Mr. Hume, like many men of eminence, has performed too little, by attempting to perform too much; yet his writings afford universal and lasting pleasure. The distinctness of his manner, and the acuteness of his general observations, cast a veil over the errors and deficiencies of his narrative.

In the *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, of which several extracts have been lately made in the *Bee* and which are just now advertised by Mr. Creech, there is a note on this subject, which I beg leave to insert.

“ I would not walk across my parlour to learn whether Mary was guilty or innocent of any one crime laid to her charge. The conduct of Darnley to his wife, his sovereign, his benefactress, deserved ten deaths; and Mary, if connected with the conspirators, was at worst but an executioner of justice. If we shall, without a spark of evidence, admit her amour with Rizzio, it may be said in apology, that she shrunk with propriety from the embraces of a monster; and is there one of her accusers who has not, at some unguarded moment, been seduced by the infirmities of our nature? In all that relates to Bothwell, and the sequel of her story, I see nothing but some imprudence, much magnanimity, and infinite bad fortune. If she wanted to depose and destroy Elizabeth, still the ruin of her country, the massacre of her friends, the loss of her kingdom, her liberty, and her child, justified her revenge. David Hume, that MAN OF MILD DISPOSITIONS*, who endeavoured to run one of his critics through the body, and who replied to another † in the language of a clown, has, on this subject distinguished himself, by persevering in detected untruth. Let us suppose a familiar

* See my own life.

† Mr. Tytler.

“case, that this philosopher had been confined
 “but for a month, in one of the dungeons of the
 “Holy Office at Lisbon, and that he was on the point
 “of making his escape. Query, Would he have re-
 “fused freedom, for fear of injuring the Inquisitor
 “who arrested him? or, would he not have enjoyed
 “a transport of honest satisfaction, in knocking out the
 “brains of the whole fraternity. And is not this com-
 “parison in point? I consider as waste paper our quaint
 “wire-drawn historical portraits of Becker, Knox,
 “Beaton, Murray, Morton, Maitland, Strafford, Eli-
 “zabeth, and her four immediate worthy successors.
 “It is like starting a moral distinction between Tur-
 “pin and Cartouche, or Barrington and Jack Shep-
 “pard.”

On the ancient history of England, few writers have thrown more light than the famous FROISSART. His chronicle commences with the accession of Edward III. and ends with the death of Richard II. containing a period of seventy three years. Like almost every other writer, he has numerous and obvious imperfections. But what Plutarch has remarked of an ancient historian, may with equal justice be applied to this author. Froissart does not describe a march, a battle, a siege, or a pursuit, but he places them before our eyes. By the first stroke of his artless, yet magic pen, we are transported into the tumult of action, and are forward to forget that we continue in the closet. He has not indeed attempted the higher walks of eloquence. He is neither a Thucydides nor a Sallust, nor does he display the judgment and accuracy of Polybius; but he deserves to be termed the Xenophon of his age. Replete with materials, it is true that he has inserted a multiplicity of particulars, which are no longer interesting at the distance of four centuries. But wherever his subject rises equal to his abilities, full, without redundancy, intelligent and instructive, without ostentation, he charms us by that pathetic simplicity of manner, that minute but

happy selection of circumstances, which animates the page of the admired Athenian. Nor is it the least honourable part of his praise, that he appears to have been entirely divested of national and of personal prejudice, and that without any vestige of parade or affectation, he frequently discovers the traces of a feeling heart. The candid reader will forgive this tribute of respect. While hourly oppressed with a fresh multitude of insipid compilations from compilations, we are in the most serious danger of forgetting the very existence of those inestimable writers from whom our whole sources of information are originally derived. Of the many ship loads of treatises on Roman affairs, which English, and still more, French idleness has dragged into light, a numberless majority make not the most distant approaches to classical merit; and yet of the greater part of Greek and Roman historians, an entire and decent translation will be sought for in vain in either language. After such mournful evidence of our stupidity, it is hopeless to add, that an accurate version of Froissart would be an important acquisition to the literary world.

His memoirs exhibit a beautiful portion of modern history; and a liberal mind will observe with peculiar pleasure, that they are not deformed by the madness of theological rancour. They do not exhibit the horrid farce of nations exterminating each other for antiquated systems of faith, in the wildest degree absurd, or absolutely unintelligible. This venerable veteran was not to disgust us by the detail of controversies and of martyrdoms, where learning is frivolity, and fortitude at best but the frenzy of ignorance; nor were a cock-fight and a card table, a masquerade and an horse race, to limit the amusements and ambition of a brave and proud nobility. The black Prince never condescended to become arbiter in the quarrels of a band of jockies or of fiddlers. Neither his father nor his fellow-soldiers would have admired his magnanimity. Glowing

with the most exalted sentiments of personal independence and heroic fame, it was to vindicate the importance of his family, or the beauty of his mistress, that the knight couched his lance, and rushed into the field. The rough, but manly features of the soul, displayed an interesting dignity: The passions blazed into their wildest effort; and though reason and humanity cannot always approve, the tear of sensibility attests that we admire.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On America.

SIR,

As a foundation has been laid for an extensive circulation of your excellent journal, in the States of North America, and as I have for more than five and twenty years past entered with sincere good will into the interests and happiness of that noble community, which had the honour and resolution to obtain its freedom from the tyranny of the parent state, I feel myself inclined to fulfil my good offices towards the good people of America, by inserting such papers in your useful collection as may prove of peculiar advantage to our trans-Atlantic children. With this view, I cannot begin with a sentiment that affects me more, or that seems of equal importance, than that expressed by the great Washington, when in the year 1789, he addressed the Congress, on his accepting the supreme magistracy. "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the united states. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in

the important revolution accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberation, and the voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without returns of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to preface." The illustrious president, in the same admirable address to Congress, when he bestows a just tribute on the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorned the senators, selected to devise and adopt the system of the present constitution, proceeds in a strain of sublime eloquence, adorned with wisdom and foresight, to adjure the legislative body of the nation, that no separate views, no party animosities may misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over the great assemblage of communities and interests; that the foundations of the national policy may be laid *in the pure and immutable principles of private morality*; and the pre-eminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can won the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world.

I dwell, says that divine hero and legislator, on this hope, on this prospect, with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; *since there is no truth more thoroughly established, than that there exists in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness*, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous people, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and happiness; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican form of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps

as finally staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.—O great and luminous principles of eternal truth, never to be forgotten! And how must Britons tremble when they read them, and reflect upon the fatal decision of the 19th of April, but just elapsed, concerning the slavery and the sufferings of their fellow creatures in Africa, and in the colonies of America; a decision that must, and shall be reversed, since Britons can never consent to be punished by the avenging majesty of Heaven, to please the vile sordid views of planters, of slave merchants, and rich proprietors of West India estates, while the voice of the nation, of humanity, and christianity, cries aloud for justice.

The dye on which the future grandeur, prosperity, and happiness of America is cast, is the education of youth: If that in the now rising generation shall operate to effect the wishes of Washington and of Philanthropy, disappointment is impossible; for on that platform the superstructure of future society must be raised, and from the materials that are used, and the art that is employed in the work, the beauty or deformity, the strength or the weakness, the use or insignificance, must be determined. This is a subject of immense and unmeasurable importance, which has arisen from the nature of the contest in America, that was succeeded by her final independence: For during these troubles, when all men were soldiers, or engaged in the violence of hostility or party, when every advantage was taken of the situation of the country, from the depreciation of the current money to build private fortune at the expence of public benefit and moral honesty, what kind of institution, what sort of example could be afforded to children? These evils did by no means terminate with the war; they must extend until new virtue is infused into the mass of the people, by a proper education of youth.

The iniquity of the laws that became for a time necessary to keep up any form of government, estranged the minds of the citizens of America from the habits of justice, and I fear, from the love of it.

The nature of obligations, by the unhappy state of the country, was so far changed, that he was reckoned the honest man, who, from principle, as a Whig, delayed or refused to pay his debt to a Tory, or a Tory to a Whig. The mounds which government had erected to secure the observance of honesty in the commercial intercourse of man with man, were broken down. Truth, honour and justice were swept away by the overflowing deluge of legal iniquity; nor have they yet perfectly re-assumed their ancient and accustomed seats. Time and industry have already, in a great degree, repaired the losses of property, which the citizens sustained during the war; but both have hitherto failed in effacing the taint which was then communicated to the principles of the people; nor can the total ablution be expected till a new generation arises, unpractised in the iniquities of their fathers. *Vide* the History of the American Revolution, by David Ramsay, M. D. Philadelphia 1789. 2 vols 8vo. Vol. 2d p. 136 & *passim*.

I am sorry to learn from gentlemen on the other side of the Atlantic, that no very serious attention has hitherto been paid to the proper instruction of youth: That parents being in general much pinched by the poverty that has sprung from the war, and from project, do not launch out as they ought in this most effectual project, for the welfare and happiness of their posterity, and of the nation.

That the vicious indulgence to children in their non-age, so common to parents who are harrassed with cares and difficulties of their own, is very common in the United States.

That the colleges and schools have not hitherto been put on a respectable footing; and that the teachers are paid by salaries, instead of honoraries from the students,

which must prove fatal to the progress of literature. See Adam Smith's wealth of nations under the head of colleges.—That classical learning is not held in sufficient esteem, and what is extremely remarkable, has been in some degree publicly discouraged by an eminent professor of Philadelphia, who is otherwise a person of great prudence and merit, to whom I recommend the perusal and due consideration of Doctor Beattie's excellent treatise on the subject of classical education; a book no doubt to be found in all the principal libraries of North America, and which argues so convincingly on the subject, that I am astonished any man of classical learning himself, should have become an advocate against it.

No time ought to be lost in North America, to introduce a general attention to the right institution of youth. Combinations ought to be formed in every county, province and city, for that purpose, and small academies, instead of large colleges, ought to be promoted, particularly under the direction of clergymen; by which means a brood of learned clergymen will be established on the continent, and every parish will have the seeds of useful learning carefully sown, which will produce a virtuous and prosperous people hereafter.

Sunday schools should be every where established for the instruction of servants, and of the labouring poor, and premiums ought to be given at the expence of the state, with a silver medal to be hung round the neck of those, who at the quarterly or annual examinations at these Sunday schools, have been found best instructed, and of the most exemplary morals; and similar honours should be granted by the trustees of the different colleges, to the young men who have deserved them by their learning and virtue.

The education of the female sex ought to be particularly attended to, and the fatal error avoided, that a

woman's chief excellence consists in being able to make a pudding.

On the virtue, diligence, and sufficient learning and sentiment of women, depends the colour and texture of the characters of their sons. Errors, says Hippocrates, of the first concoction, are seldom to be cured by a second. Men smell of the nursery all their days; nor is it possible by schools and colleges, to eradicate the principles that are rooted in children by their mothers, and by the women that surround them in infancy. Citizens of North America, I address you in the words of your historian, who has recorded the glories of your successful attainment of liberty and independence. " Cherish and reward the philosophers, the statesmen and the patriots, who devote their talents and time, at the expence of their private interests, to the toils of enlightening and directing their fellow-citizens, and thereby rescue citizens and rulers of republics, from the common and too often merited charge of ingratitude: Practice industry, frugality, temperance, moderation, obedience to the law, and the whole lovely train of republican virtues: Banish from your borders, and from your land, the liquid fire of the West Indies, and the effeminacy of the East: Venerate the plough, the hoe, and all the implements of agriculture; but remember that the improvements of agriculture, and of every useful art, must depend upon science: Cultivate therefore useful science, and encourage it in others; hold forth your purses to afford it to the people; for without science there can be no reason, and without reason there can be no government, and without government there can be no security.

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

A——s.

Plan of an Association for the Improvement of Chemical Arts in Great Britain.

To confer on the manufactures of Britain an undisputed superiority in all markets, they must be equally good at least, and be sold cheaper than those of other nations: But nothing tends so much to diminish the expence of manufactures, as improvements in the chemical departments; with regard to which our knowledge is but yet in its infancy.

It chanced, unfortunately for us, that most of the important chemical discoveries in arts have been made in foreign parts, and our manufacturers acquire a knowledge of them only in common with those of all other nations.—We have, therefore, no superiority above others in this respect; but in many cases, the reverse.

But if men of genius were encouraged to prosecute discoveries at home, and were certain of deriving a profit from these discoveries, proportioned to their real importance, we would soon find, that the people of Britain would not be behind any other nation, either in respect to industry or ingenuity.

To call forth that industry, then, let us suppose, for example, that all the bleachers in Britain, or as many of them as should choose to unite for that purpose, should join into one great society, and contribute a sum annually to be distributed by them in premiums to those who should communicate to this society any important chemical discovery respecting their own profession. The whole money subscribed, to be distributed among the competitors, in proportion to the estimated value of each discovery, respectively;—or in the other ways that shall be afterwards described.

These premiums to be adjudged and apportioned by a committee of manufacturers, assisted by some able

chemists; every member of which committee shall take an oath not to divulge any of the secrets submitted to him as a judge in this case, farther than he shall be permitted to do by the discoverer, or the manufacturers on whose joint account he acts.

When this committee had made the necessary experiments to ascertain the facts submitted to their cognizance, and had judged of the importance of each, in regard to their employers, and had ascertained the premium they thought proper to assign to each, they ought, before they came to any final determination, to send a sealed note to each candidate, mentioning the precise sum they were willing to bestow on him for the discovery.—If, after this, the candidate made no objection, it should be understood, that he acquiesced, and actually sold his discovery to the association for the sum mentioned, making oath, at the same time, that he had not communicated it to any other person, nor should communicate it, without the permission of the association. But if the discoverer was dissatisfied with the sum offered, it should be in his power to retain his secret, to withdraw it from that association, and to dispose of it, to the best account he could, to any other.

Could a committee be found, who would act, in this case, with candour and liberality, the associates would thus obtain a great number of important new processes, every year, which they could retain among themselves for a certain time;—and which would, of course, enable them to sell their goods, at foreign markets, cheaper than others. These secrets, no doubt, would in time take air: But the new ones, that this associated body of artists would always be in possession of, would give them a perpetual advantage over all their competitors.

This method, I think preferable to patents for the *discoverers*,—as it would be less expensive, less troublesome, and the returns more immediate. It would be greatly preferable to patents, in respect to the *associated manufacturers*, as they would be freed from

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a great many troublesome restraints, that any patent
article must engender. It would be greatly preferable
as to the *nation at large*, because every patent must be
laid open to foreigners, who have nothing else to do
than to get some person in Britain to inspect the patent,
on their account. Thus can foreigners be better bene-
fited by any patent discovery in Britain, than the peo-
ple of this nation itself.

If bleachers, callicoe printers, dyers, smelters of me-
tals, glass-makers, soap-makers, and all others who
are employed in chemical arts, were to form separate
associations for this purpose, and could they be brought
to act with candour and liberality, it is impossible to
form an idea of the improvements that might thus be
made in a few years in the manufactures of this coun-
try.

In this sketch, I have confined myself to the chemical
arts, because, in that line, most remains to be done ;—
and because chemical processes can be more easily kept
secret than any others. But there are, no doubt, other
departments that might be improved by the same
means.

Before an institution of this nature could be carried
into effect, a great many particulars would require to
be adjusted, that I have not here mentioned. My ob-
ject, in this disquisition, is merely to suggest a hint
that may be afterwards improved upon.

The above having been communicated to a friend be-
fore it was sent to the press, he insisted, that it would
be proper to be a little more particular, were it only
with regard to one branch, so as the better to shew the
practicability of the scheme. In a general association
among many manufacturers, said he, it does not seem
to be easy to fix upon any standard by which the a-
mount of the contributions of each individual member
or company could be nearly proportioned to the bene-
fits that each individual might derive from the secret

communicated to the whole. To obviate this difficulty, the following case may be considered.

Let us confine ourselves, in the present instance, to bleachers only. In that business, each associated partner has only to give in a fair account of the number of yards he bleaches annually, (this, I believe, is done already, as to all cloth for sale), and let the contribution be made, at a certain rate, for every hundred yards manufactured. In this way, each person could contribute to the common fund, always in proportion to the actual extent of his business;—and in proportion to the actual extent of his business, he must also be benefited by every improvement the association acquireth right to.—Nothing, therefore, seems to be more fair than this mode of procedure, as both the expence of the contribution, and the benefit resulting from it, would be exactly proportioned to the quantity of business carried on by each of the associated members. This may serve as an example of what may be done in other cases, which it is unnecessary farther to enlarge upon.——

J. A.

A detached Thought.

THE wisest of those who live, is he who believes himself the nearest to death, and who regulates all his actions by that thought.

The most sensible, on the contrary, among those who make scientific researches, is he who believes himself the farthest from the goal, and who, whatever knowledge he may have acquired, whatever advances he may have made in his road, studies as if he yet knew nothing, and marches as if he were only yet beginning to make his first advances.

To Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster.

SINCLAIR! Thou phoenix of the frozen Thule!
 O shape thy course to Tweda's lovely stream,
 Whose lucid, sparkling, gently flowing course,
 Winds like Ilissus through a land of song:
 Not as of old, when like the Theban twins
 Her rival children tore each others breasts;
 And stained her silver wave with kindred blood.
 But proudly glitt'ring through a happy land,
 The yellow harvests bend along her fields;
 The golden orchards glow with blushing fruits;
 Green are her past'ral banks, white are her flocks,
 That safely stray, where barb'rous Edward rag'd
 And where the din of clashing arms was heard,
 We hear the carols of the happy swains;
 Free as their lords, and with the purring looms,—
 Hark! hark the weaver's merry roundelay!
 The charming song of Scotland's better day.
 'Tis liberty, sweet liberty alone,
 Can give a lustre to the northern sun.
 "Come when the virgin gives the beauteous days,
 "And Libra weighs in equal scales the year:"
 Come, and to Thomson's gentle shade repair,
 And pour libations to his virtuous muse,
 Where first he drew the flame of vital air;
 "Where first his feet did press the virgin snow;
 "And where he tun'd his charming Doric reed."
 Perhaps where Thomson fired the soul of song,
 Some rays divine may flicker round his haunts,
 Some voice may whisper in Eolian strains
 To him, who wand'ring near his parent stream,
 Shall o'er the placid blue profound of air,
 Receive the genius of his passing shade.
 Come then, my Sinclair, leave empiric Pitt,
 And raging Burke, and all the hodge podge fry
 Of Tory whigs, and whigish Tory knaves,
 And bathe thy genius in thy country's fame.
 Let Burke write pamphlets, and let Pitt declaim;
 Let us seek honour in our countries weal.

ALBANICUS.

The Cold, or Colin and Cynthia, a ballad.

WHEN furly winter frown'd on all,
When hail beat hard and snow did fall,
And cattle lingered in the fold;
When Boréas blasts severe did scoull;
And whistling loud with angry houl,
All ravaged o'er, and kill'd with peircing cold;

Young Colin then was called away,
His king and country to obey,
And fight for glitt'ring baneful gold:
Without a murmur or repine,
He stole away his corps to join,
And wander'd pensive through the piercing cold.

He beauteous Cynthia long had woo'd,
Nor long in vain had he pursued,
Not e'en to her his tale he told,
But left the lovely maid forlorn,
To weep, to languish and to mourn,
And wander'd pensive onward through the cold.

'Twas night; the rain in torrents pour'd,
And boist'rous whirlwinds loudly roar'd.
No meteor did the darksome path unfold,
The stars their twinkling heads did shrowd,
The moon was hid behind a cloud;
'Twas dark, 'twas chill, 'twas piercing cold.

When Cynthia left her father's home,
After her faithless love to roam,
Ah thoughtless fair, too rashly bold,
All night she wandered through the snow,
Through trackless wastes she did not know,
Driv'n by the wind, and stiffen'd by the cold.

But who can tell the anguish of the maid,
When glimmering morn appear'd in sable shade,
And nought but snow around she did behold:
A while in silent agony she stobd,
And bowed her head, and shed a pearly flood,
Then laid her down to perish in the cold.

The youth still wand'ring o'er the desert heath,
 Arriv'd in time to catch her dying breath,
 And his expiring Cynthia to fold;
 The tears in streamlets trickled from his eyes.
 "Awake my lovely maid, awake, he cries,
 "Thy Colin comes to snatch thee from the cold."

At Colin's name return'd the genial breath;
 She press'd his hand and rais'd her eyes from death,
 When round they on her Colin languid roll'd,
 "We soon shall meet upon a happier shore,
 "When winter blasts shall sever us no more;"
 She said, and groan'd, and died amid the cold.

"Wretch that I am; 'twas I, 'twas I
 "That dealt the blow,—did Colin cry,
 And in his arms did pallid Cynthia fold.
 "But I will not remain,—my doom
 "Tis fix'd;—my love, I come, I come;"
 He spoke, and died beside her in the cold.

J. G.

To the Debauchee.

THE jovial fellow may indulge
 In merriment and wine;
 His sensual joy I'll ne'er envy
 Such pleasures ne'er be mine.

The wine may sparkle in the glass,
 And circulate briskly round;
 The hours may quickly glide away,
 And mirth and fun abound.

Yet fatal poison taints each cup,
 Which blasts the short-liv'd joy;
 The quicker that the glass goes round,
 The sooner does it cloy.

The time, indeed, flies quick away,
 And will no mortal wait;
 Your guilty pleasures soon will cease,
 And death knock at your gate.

The flash of mirth and wit may pass,
 Till reason quite be drown'd;
 To serious sadness mirth will turn,
 And wit no jest be found.

ALEXIS.

Intelligence respecting Arts, &c.

Drill Machine.

Among the mechanical improvements adopted in Britain within this short while, agriculture has come in for its share. About forty years ago, the ingenious Jethro Tull endeavoured to introduce the drill and horse hoing husbandry, as a prodigious improvement in agriculture, that would be productive of the happiest effects to this country. Like every inventor of a new system, he went too far; but like every invention by a man of sound understanding, it was at bottom well founded in certain respects. Since his time, many persons, led astray by the brilliancy of his ideas, have tried to reduce his system into practice, but on the wide scale he proposed, always without effect. In consequence of these trials, however, it has been clearly proved, that the drill husbandry, in certain circumstances, can be practised with great profit to the undertaker. But one circumstance always opposed its progress; the difficulty of finding a drill machine of such simple construction, as to be capable of effecting the purpose wanted with accuracy and economy. Many machines have been invented for this purpose; but none of these seems to bid so fair for succeeding, if we are to judge from the authenticated report of actual farmers who have employed them, as that of the Reverend Mr. Cooke of Norfolk, which has been employed on a larger scale, and continued to give satisfaction for a longer period of time, than any one of them. By attested accounts from Mr. Boote of Atherston, he has for three years successively sowed by means of this machine five hundred acres of ground on an average, each year with various sorts of grain; and from that practice he thinks he has derived very high emoluments. The inventor has obtained a patent for the sole making and disposing of this machine; but as none of them have as yet reached this country, an exact description of it cannot be here given: The only two circumstances respecting it, that seem to be certainly known here, are, that the seed is distributed by means of small ladders of a proper size for the different

kinds of seeds, which are fixed into the axle, and by the revolution round its axis, thus divide the seeds into right proportions; and that the price of the whole completely fitted-up at the place of sale in London, is ten guineas.

Threshing Machine.

ANOTHER mechanical contrivance of great consequence to British farmers has been of late discovered in Scotland, *viz.* a machine for threshing grain of all sorts: The original inventor of this apparatus was a Mr. Muckle, an ingenious mechanic in East Lothian. But though this gentleman brought it at first to such perfection, as to perform the operation required, others have improved so much upon it since, as to have rendered it a much more perfect instrument; and in the improved state it now stands, it is perhaps the most useful invention that has been made respecting agriculture in our time.

The Romans, and all ancient nations that we know of, performed this operation of agriculture by means of oxen, which were driven about upon the threshing floor till the grain was separated from the straw. To this practice the inspired penman alludes, when he says, "neither shalt thou muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." But though this practice prevailed for many ages, among people whose wisdom we revere, it can only be considered as a very awkward invention at the best. In modern times, an implement called a *flail*, has been very universally adopted, and is so generally known, as to require no particular description here. This implement is used by the hand of man, and under proper management, is capable of performing the work with great accuracy, though it is at best a laborious and expensive operation, and is moreover liable to abuse by the negligence or villainy of the person employed for that purpose, if not very carefully looked after.

The machine in question, is calculated to obviate all these defects; and in its most improved state, it does this in a very complete and satisfactory manner. With respect to accuracy, it can be so set before the operation is begun, as of necessity to separate every grain from the straw completely; and may be made to beat it either more or less severely, as the nature of the corn, to be subjected to

the operation requires : neither is the straw more broken than in ordinary threshing.

As to expedition, that may be adapted to the circumstances of the case, however large the farm may be. A machine to be driven by one horse, will, without difficulty, thresh from twelve to sixteen bushels of wheat in an hour, and other kinds of grain in proportion. If more is required, it is only enlarging the machinery, and augmenting the moving power in proportion to what is wanted.

As to expence, every one may calculate that for himself, from the following data : For a machine of the size above indicated, is required to work it, one horse, where water to turn the machinery cannot be commanded, a boy to drive him, if he has not been accustomed to that work, a person to feed the machine, with an assistant to bring the sheaves to his hand, and one person to shake the straw with a pitch fork, and throw it by; or if it be to be made up in little bundles for any particular use, a greater number, as circumstances shall require.

The greatest part of the grain that comes from the machine, has the chaff separated from it in a considerable degree, so as to admit of being very easily winnowed; nor would it be difficult to make it pass through a winnowing machine, to be turned by the same power; but this renders the machine more complex, and of course the more liable to go out of order, and would require besides, a greater force to move it; so that I should think this rather an unnecessary refinement, than an useful improvement.

To give a distinct idea of the manner in which this machine produces its effects, would require the assistance of a pretty long description, aided by figures, which shall be given in some of the subsequent numbers of this work. In the mean time, it may give some satisfaction to many, to know that the expence of one of these machines, of the size above indicated, completely fitted up, in a condition for working, is exactly forty pounds; that the apparatus is so simple, and so firmly constructed, as to stand in need of little repair; and that it occupies of house room, only about six feet by ten; so that the saving in respect of buildings, where a quantity of threshing is required, nearly equal to what would keep it going, would be at least four times greater in most places than the price of the machine.

Remarks on some English Plays, from Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, continued.

Much ado about Nothing, a Comedy.

THERE IS NOT, on the British theatre, a more entertaining play than this; and I always thought *Benedict* was Garrick's masterpiece, but grossly injured by Garrick's alterations. The curious and judicious reader, who has a true taste for Shakespeare's genuine works, will be, in some measure, amused, and still more offended, with the modern alterations and additions which I have pretty exactly traced out on the margin of the text *. The reader will, with me, abhor the stage-managers, who have vilely perverted, and never once reformed, or improved our divine author.

In Act IV. Scene 3. *Beatrice*, speaking of *Clodio's* treachery, cries out.

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*!

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

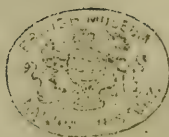
Bene. *Beat*—

Beat. Princes and counts! surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! &c.

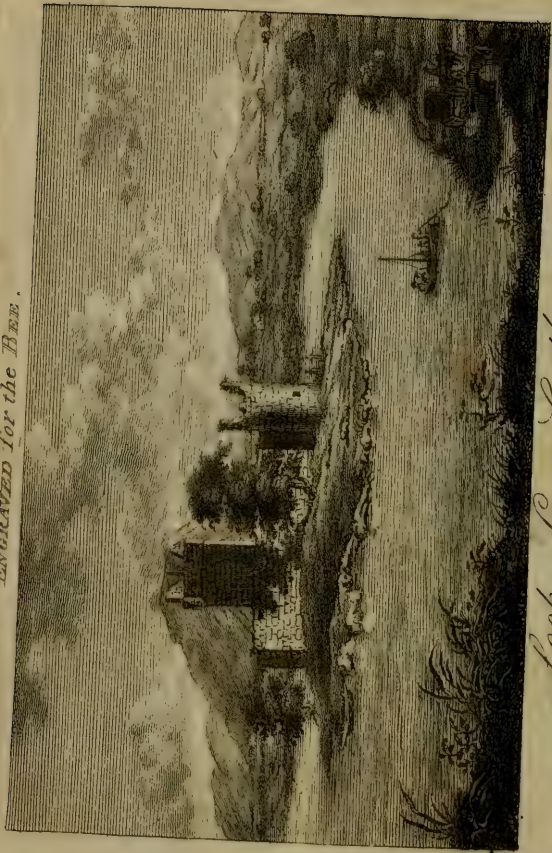
Here the judicious editor, instead of seeing the beauty of the break in the name of *Beatrice*, has altered it for that eloquent monosyllable BUT †. By this sample, you may judge of the havoc made among Shakespeare's other plays, and in your own library, preserve the original author. I look on it as one evidence of degeneracy in sense and good taste, that these deplorable alterations have been suffered, and are still allowed on the stage. A judicious critic, yet to come, may retrench some parts of Shakespeare. The greatness and force of his imagination sometimes fly into obscurity, perhaps from defect of our sight. But it is impossible both to alter and amend him. There is, in page 34th of this play, a curious alteration of the text, where the critic makes the clown laugh most improperly. Vide Shakespeare's advice to players in *Hamlet*—“Let those that play the clown, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too: though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.”

* This can only be seen on the marked plays.

† Vide Bell's edition, printed in 1774, Vol. II. p. 336, “recolated from the prompt books” of the two Theatres Royal in London.



Engraved for the BEE.



Loch Leven Castle.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1791.

The Castle of Lochleven.

With a Plate.

DURING that aristocratical influence which prevailed in Scotland for many ages, every chieftain had a castle or *fortalice* for his own personal safety. Those who possessed a lake with any islands in it, thought themselves very fortunate; for, by erecting their fortalice on one of the islands, they were secure from any sudden attack, at least while they were possessed of all the boats that were upon the lake. This is the reason why at this day we see so many fortresses still remaining, on small islands in lakes in every part of Scotland.

The castle of Lochleven owed its origin, no doubt, to this kind of polity, though, on account of its high antiquity, I have not met with any account of its first foundation. The island on which it stands lies near the west end of a beautiful lake by Kinross in Fifeshire, and is so small as to be almost entirely covered with the few buildings that are upon it. This fortalice had been

erected before the days of Robert Bruce. In the year 1335, it sustained a memorable siege by Sir John Stirling, one of the partizans, and a principal officer of Edward Baliol, who, under the protection of Edward third of England, contested the crown with David second of Scotland. After the assailants had endeavoured in vain to take it by storm, they adopted the plan of damming up all the rivers that flow out of the lake, expecting thus to raise the water in it so high, as to drive the besieged from the fort. They were, as has often happened in similar cases, disappointed. The water continued to rise for some time indeed, as they expected: They thought themselves certain of succeeding: A great part of the army went to pay their devotions at Dumfermling, on a particular festival: The besieged seized the favourable opportunity, collected all the boats they could find, and broke down the dam; when the water rushed out with such impetuosity, as to overwhelm the camp of the besiegers, and to throw them into the utmost confusion. The besieged returned in triumph, and were no longer disturbed.

But the circumstance that renders this castle particularly conspicuous in Scottish story, is the confinement here of the unfortunate Queen Mary. After she was taken prisoner at Pinkie, in the year 1567, the rebels privately conveyed her from Holyroodhouse by night, and shut her up in this castle, under the care of the mother of *Murray* (her baseborn brother), who had been married to Douglas of Lochleven. This lady, whose manners were as unpolished as her conduct as a woman had been irregular, bore an implacable ill will to Mary, alleging that her own son was the true and legitimate heir to the crown. Under such a guardian, the associates thought she would be watched with care. But the personal charms of the Queen were such as to interest the son of the jailor, George Douglas, a youth of eighteen, so much in her favour, as to make him effect her escape. The keys of the castle

were secreted, while the heads of the family were at supper, on the 2d of May 1568. Mary, under the protection of young George, who threw the keys into the lake, reached a boat, prepared for the purpose, which conveyed her to some trusty friends, who waited for her on the banks of the lake. From thence she unfortunately went into a voluntary captivity, which ended only with her life.

his fortalice is now a ruin, but is a beautiful object, and forms a great ornament in the fine view from Kinross house, which is situated on the banks of this beautiful lake.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I BEG leave to inclose a few of the introductory pages of a journal kept by a gentleman who lately made a tour on the Continent. If you approve this specimen, I shall transmit a continuation, as, without any attempt at studied composition, it appears to be extremely sensible, and may perhaps be of more practical use to future travellers, than any publication on that subject, that has yet appeared in our language. The writer makes us perfectly familiar with every object worth notice on his route: each sentence is an example of comprehensive brevity and picturesque simplicity. If other business permits me, I intend to transcribe and publish the whole manuscript, which will perhaps fill two large volumes. On this account, it may be proper to warn the proprietors of other periodical publications, that they may forbear to borrow any part of it from your miscellany, as every number of the Bee, in which an extract may be inserted, will be regularly entered in my name, in Stationer's Hall,

Edinburgb, }
May 17th, 1791. }

C,

Travelling Memorandums set down occasionally, and without any design of publication, by a gentleman who made a tour through a great part of Europe, in the years 1786, 1787, and 1788.

AT the age of sixty-five, being in easy circumstances, but in a declining state of health, I resolved, by advice, to travel, and try the effect of southern climates, for one or two winters. Before my departure, I obtained consultations of able physicians, both at Edinburgh and London; one of them was my worthy friend, Dr. G. then residing in London. He had practised, with high reputation, for many years, in Carolina. As he was best acquainted with the common effects of a hot climate on persons bred in northern countries, I considered his advices as most material; and I have experienced the success of them. I select some of these advices, for the benefit of others in similar circumstances.

The Doctor treats the important article of regimen and diet, in an unusual, but, as I think, in a very sensible manner. “ Be moderate habitually—Whatever your
“ palate relishes, and your stomach digests easily, is
“ best—In this, you must be your own physician, and
“ prescribe from experience—I know no better,
“ and propose no other rule of regimen—In costive ha-
“ bits, and cases of weak digestion, ripe fruits, especi-
“ ally grapes, figs and sweet oranges, are good—Such
“ simple refreshing diet, and those mineral waters
“ which both nourish and purify, are preferable
“ to any medicines—However, I do advise you, occa-
“ sionally, to use laxative medicines—Here, again, choose,
“ by your own experience, with this material precau-
“ tion not commonly adverted to, that you should
“ obtain the prescription for making such pills as best
“ agree with you, so as to have them fresh made from
“ time to time, because, when kept, they grow hard,
“ and are apt to pass without effect or operation—

“ he thinks Rhubarb the safest laxative, and an
“ excellent strengthener of the stomach ; but, for the
“ reason suggested, he advises not to use it in
“ pills, but to cut it into small pieces, of five or six
“ grains, and to chew it—By this means, it dissolves
“ fresh in the stomach—Hot climates are, in summer,
“ dangerous for us of the north—They produce fevers
“ in the young, and dysenteries in the old, often fatal.
“ Therefore, he advises a retreat to more temperate
“ climates ; and in particular he recommends Lausanne
“ or Spa for our summer retirement.”

Thus provided with sound advice in regard to health, I was desirous to have aid and information from proper books of travels—I purchased many volumes, not very much to my satisfaction—I chiefly consulted Keyser, Moore, and Smollet, as modern writers who describe the course which I intended to take—I found Keyser heavy, tedious, trivial, and certainly not improved by the English translation from the original German—Though deficient in substantial information, yet he points out many uncommon objects to the curious traveller—Mr. Moore writes with propriety, some spirit, and with better information—but, to my taste, he expatiates too much—I was best pleased with my old and excellent friend, Doctor Smollet—Testy and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity—His observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining *. In the progress of this journal, I make some remarks on the travels of Mr. Addison and Bishop Burnet ;—but my memorandums are relative to Smollet, and are either supplementary or corrective of his book—I found Dutens’s journal very useful ; and every traveller

* One of his fellow-travellers reports this story of him, that at an inn on their route, the landlady was a coarse red-haired woman, and a great scold.—Dr. Smollet immediately set down in his pocket-book, “ All the women in this town are red-haired, and insufferable shrews.”

on his routs, ought to have it—Guthrie's geographical grammar is the best book of that kind, so far as I know—It is concise, accurate, and instructive—And I think it is one very proper *Vade mecum* for travellers.

I set out from London for Dover on the 5th of September 1786, attended by two uncommonly good servants; one of them, a foreigner, spoke French, Italian and German. By good advice, I avoid fatigue; and though I travel by post, my daily journies are very easy. For the first night, I was at the King's Head, Rochester; on the second night, at the Rose-Inn, Sittingbourne; next day, the 7th September, I arrived at the City of London inn, Dover. Many travellers have complained loudly of extortion on this road—I experienced no cause for this complaint. At both the above inns, I had good fare, and more moderate bills than ordinary in the southern parts of England. I was uncommonly pleased with the inn at Dover—The landlady, a widow, is sensible, civil, remarkably and unaffectedly kind and attentive to her guests.—Just after my arrival, four or five captains of yachts, altogether, entered my room, and rather in a blunt and forward manner, severally pressed for my employment. After some reflection, I told them that I had a friend in town with whom I would advise; that I wished them to retire for the present; and that, if they thought proper to return in about an hour and an half, I should be then ready to determine myself.—In the *interim* I conversed with my landlady on the matter.—She appeared shy of explicit and particular advice, for fear of offence to any of them; but from shrewd hints, I perceived that she had the best opinion of a Captain Sharp, whose good countenance and gentle manner had already prepossessed me in his favour. Accordingly, when they returned, which they did very punctually at the time appointed, I dismissed the rest, and dealt with him; and from his very fair and

obliging behaviour, I had good reason to be satisfied with my choice—I told him, that as I travelled for health and amusement, being old, valetudinary, and timorous at sea, I was determined not to embark without a prospect and probability of an easy passage; nor would I sail in the night time—Our bargain was regulated in these terms, and six guineas fixed as his fare, for myself, my servants and carriage—Next morning early, he attended me, and honestly told me there was a fresh gale; but as the wind was cross, though the passage would be safe enough, it would be tedious and uneasy; but that I might go down to the port and judge for myself—He was willing either to sail or stay till next day, as I pleased—When at the port, I thought what he called a fresh gale, was a horrible tempest; so I declined to go—He said he was well satisfied; and that from appearances, he hoped soon for a favourable change of weather—Two other yachts failed, and had a very distressing passage—My good captain proved a true prophet. Next morning he announced a moderate gale and fair wind—We sailed, and had a delightful passage in three hours—Before we parted, Captain Sharp gave me an advice, which I believe to be very just and material for travellers to know—He said, that in returning from the Continent, it is more eligible to sail from Boulogne than from Calais, as we save twenty-four miles of land journey, and generally have a more favourable and expeditious passage—In Calais, I put up at the celebrated hotel of Dessein—I was immediately visited by a begging Capuchin, as I suppose, the same person who is described by Sterne—I told him, that being a heretic, he could expect nothing from me—His behaviour was mild and decent—He said there were good men of all religions, and that charity was a general principle—I shall give him something, although I think it a vile practice, and one of many sanctified modes of picking pockets—It cost me two guineas to clear all charges of landing, and custom-

house claims.—This, I believe, is moderate, especially as I was assured that a large case of English knives and forks would be liable to forfeiture, if the custom-house officers were rigorous.—In this and other points, I think I can perceive symptoms of conciliating measures with France.—The quaintness of Sterne's wit (which has many admirers) struck me forcibly when I again conversed with the Capuchin.—This inn is not only magnificent, but commodious, and remarkably well served.—It well merits the encomiums bestowed on it by travellers.—Mr. Deffein appears to me a sensible, considerate, unaffected man.—He is very attentive and serviceable to travellers who desire to converse with him, and I think, wisely, leaves travellers who express no such desire, to their own discretion.—I thought myself much obliged to him for his kind service, and good advice in several particulars.—He aided me to settle with the custom-house.—He gave me French money for my English guineas, at the best rate of exchange.—He advised me to keep my English crowns and half crowns, as they have a profitable currency in all parts of France.—He explained to me, that by the king's ordinance, if I kept the pole of my carriage, I must employ four horses; but that by quitting it, three would serve, which proved a considerable saving in the course of my long journeys through France.

On the 10th, I set out for Paris, and proceeded no farther that day, than to the post house at Boulogne.—I had good entertainment, below the common rates in England.—Five livres for two bottles of very good Burgundy.—Four livres for dinner to two persons, and three for my lodgings.—Here some British gentlemen, by recommendation from friends at London, waited on me, and offered me many civilities, which my state of health obliged me to decline.—So, on the 11th I proceeded to Montreuil, and lodged at the Court of France inn, where my entertainment was elegant, and my bill

very moderate—My servants were on board wages, at the rate of three livres each *per* day.

12th September. Dined at the *Tete de Beuf*, at Abbeville, very well, with a bottle of good burgundy, for a reckoning of six livres—Supped and staid at the post house Felixcourt, and fared well, for seven livres—In several articles, the expence of posting here is more moderate than in Britain—The rate *per* mile is less—We pay no tolls, no charge to waiters, hostler, or boot-catch—The waiting maids and drivers are well contented with one livre each.

13th September. I breakfasted at the Duke de Burgogne Arms—The French people are joyous and happy in all ranks, down to the lowest poverty—They are more properly objects of our envy than pity—My ragged driver this morning enjoyed his pipe, and sung a merry song by turns—Whilst, with some British thousands of income, I could not divert a fit of British melancholy. To me, every thing appeared under a gloom—The ill condition of villages I had passed through—Half inhabited—Houses in dreary disrepair—Numbers of beggars, of whom the most detestable are Capuchins—Custom-house extortions—A fine country, ill cultivated and uninclosed—Nothing like the accommodations for travelling in Britain.—N. B. I had been reading my friend Smollet's observations on this route.

14th September. I dined and slept at Breuil—After dinner, I imbibed with my excellent burgundy, a portion of French spirit and good humour—I perceived that the ill condition and ruinous state of villages, as described, was exaggerated—I considered that it was better idle people be allowed to beg, than that the industrious should be obliged to maintain them—The disgrace of begging is some restraint on the practice, and the miserable uncertainty of its success, a still greater discouragement—But legal maintenance is the reverse—It is a never-failing incitement to idleness, and discouragement to industry—The Ca-

puchins are respectful, generally modest in their applications, and very piously thankful, returning prayers as value for our charity; and what better pennyworths have we from our own established clergy?—The custom-house officers are on public duty—A moderate bounty contents them, and they are always polite—The farmers begin to make some improvements in this country, and they seem to be in a good train—In the north of England and Scotland, the theory and practice of ornamental and profitable agriculture, are of a very modern date—If the accommodations for travelling in the articles of hired carriages, drivers, harness, are not yet so good as in Britain, they are cheaper; and this advantage is also a modern improvement, in which, with other more important reforms, it is not improbable that they may soon excell us.—Most kinds of provisions are good and plentiful in this country—Cookery, to the general taste, is superior; the wine better, and cheaper—Good burgundy for the price of adulterated port, in the English inns.—These are capital articles for honest fellows who love good cheer, and desire not to join any of those multitudes who disturb this world so often about serious, and, for the most part, incomprehensible matters.

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

A few evenings ago, having accidentally cast my eye upon the queries of Arcturus, in the 9th number of the second volume of your useful miscellany, concerning the great revolution of the heavens, or the Platonic year, as explained by Mr. de la Grange, of the academy of Berlin; I fell into a profound and pleasing meditation (after supper, when I had retired to rest),

on the regularity and beauty of the universe, and on the divine energy of its creator.

Astronomy and natural philosophy have always been my favourite studies, and I may say, the attendants of my devotion; so that while these delightful thoughts had taken full possession of my imagination, I fell into a sweet sleep, that called up before me the following most enchanting delusion.

I methought I was seated on the ruins of a stately edifice, that seemed to be the remains of an ancient abbey.

The architecture exhibited a mixture of Greek, Roman, and Gothic; yet it was exceedingly pleasing and majestic.

All over the huge fragments of this magnificent building, I saw the usurpation of nature over art, that indicated the great antiquity of its destruction.

Oaks, elms, and yews, of an immense bulk, grew from the rubbish within the walls.

The shapes of the doors and windows seemed but little altered; some of them were quite obscured; others only partially shaded by tufts of ivy; one circular window was edged only with its slender tendrils, and lighter foliage, wreathing about the sides and divisions of its astragal carvings, which were radiated from the centre to the circumference.

From the crevices of the ruins, there sprung a profusion of flowers, in the wildest, but most beautiful disorder.

The gold and purple gleam of the setting sun shone through the doors and windows, and the open aisles of the structure, beyond which there was a beautiful meadow, sprinkled with venerable trees of various hue and shape, amid the stems of which I observed a beautiful flock of sheep, and a shepherd reclining on the turf, playing on a flute to a shepherdess who stood by him, leaning on her crook, in a beautiful attitude of attention to his music.

From the reverberation of rocks that were beyond, a beautiful river that flowed through the meadow, echo brought to my delighted ear the mellow wooings of the shepherd's pipe.

Beyond the river, the horizon was bounded by a mountain that seemed like the fabled mountain of Parnassus, but rose with three conical eminencies, whose tops were intercepted from my view by the clouds.

A gentle zephyr raised a voluptuous fragrance all around me; and during the intervals of the shepherd's music, I heard the responsive notes of the wood-lark, the thrush, and the nightingale.

An inexpressible sensation of pleasure thrilled through my nerves. Then there was an awful cessation of sound, and of motion, and a stillness that gave me the presage of an earthquake. Then the ruins seemed to shake below me, and a delightful sound of vocal music, at a distance, immediately succeeded to the shock; and I heard, as it were, the sounding of the pinions of gigantic birds. Suddenly I beheld seated beside me, upon the ruins, a young woman of enchanting beauty, who, before I could recover from my astonishment, laid her hands upon my mouth, and upon my eyes, and breathed upon me, when I perceived her to be an inhabitant of the celestial regions, yet I was not afraid.

She looked upon me with divine complacency.

Her features were overspread with all the well-known marks of human intelligence, but lighted up, and exalted to a degree, that filled me with the most pleasing awe and astonishment.

"My son, said she, (with a tone, accent, and expression, that is still upon my soul), I have been with thee from the beginning of your existence, though unseen; I have been the anxious spectator of your warfare with the passions and prejudices of this stormy life; and I congratulate you on the prospect of a sweetly-setting sun, after the successful business of the day.

“ To choose like Hercules, required the strength of Hercules; but you have made *his* choice under the protection of a greater and a stronger Deity than even the Jupiter of Olympus.

“ The universe is like its author, boundless, infinite, and eternal: But it is boundless, infinite, and eternal, not in itself, but as having for ever emanated from the infinite activity and benevolence of the creator.

“ To meet the powers of your limited understanding, and the extent of your experience, I shall figure matter to you, as the alphabet, and modified matter as the language by which the infinite mind of the creator communicates itself to the creature, the whole having been brought forth from eternity to eternity, to operate the final purposes for ever of his power and of his goodness. The system of worlds, which we now inhabit, is as a mathematical point, as nothing, when compared to the boundless universe. This system of ours fills a sphere, the diameter of which would require nearly two thousand millions of our years, to allow a ray of light to pass along it with the same velocity that it is sped from the sun to this earth, which it travels in less than seven minutes! With a good telescope, you can see many thousands of such systems as this, which seem like little circular clouds in a bed of Derbyshire marble, or in a piece of polished agate. But the telescope, improved to the utmost extent of human mechanism, will never be able to shew any thing that can bear the smallest proportion to the magnitude of the universe.

“ There are, in our system, twenty-six millions of inhabited globes, the greatest part of which exceed our globe, both in magnitude and importance. This system of ours, with the infinite and boundless systems of the universe, are perpetually moving and revolving, in obedience to the eternal laws of the Creator. Matter is ultimately determined by the divine energy, which, acting equally, and in all directions through infinity,

produces all those appearances which your blind philosophers call by the names of Gravitation, Centrifugal, and Centripetal forces, and a thousand other metaphors, which are very useful, but only as a technical memorial, like the arrangements of Linnæus the naturalist, or the arrangement of a dictionary, according to the letters of the human alphabet.

“ The changes that happen in the universe, are all uniform and regular; but the periods of revolution are of such immense duration, that it is difficult to determine all the relative motions with sufficient accuracy, to determine the return of the same points in the expanse of the visible heavens.

“ There is nothing great or little in the eye of the Creator with respect to the universe; beware, therefore, how you think or talk of this your planet as great or as diminutive. Endeavour to render yourself relatively great and good, with respect to your own world and your own society, and be satisfied.

“ There is but one real mind in the universe, which you are permitted, and indeed enjoined by your nature, to study in the works of creation, and to look up from them, and know and understand your Creator.

“ The globe we now inhabit, so far as you are concerned with it, has passed through six great periods of some thousand centuries, and you are in the beginning of the seventh, of which about eighty have elapsed, and your species is but in its infancy.

“ In every world of the universe, the Creator has instructed the creature by exhibiting the divine nature in the shape of the creature, and setting forth the deformity of error by the contrast; and this incarnation of the Creator is the grand instrument by which the moral wisdom of the Creator is transfused, and made effectual for the gradual melioration of all created beings that partake of the divine intelligence.

“ This medium of safety and of wisdom is no other than active deity itself, and is universal and infinite as the universe itself.

“ Ages of ages must elapse before any new epocha will arrive in your world ; but man will continue to approach nearer and nearer for ever to perfection.

“ It is like the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day ; but it is liker the shadow of a dial, which generates a curve, the parameter of which is continually approaching to the boundary of the curve, but can never attain it. So, my son, are you situated with respect to the universe, and to its author ; be diligent, be aspiring, be modest ; save yourself from folly, from vanity, from vice, from every low pursuit, and continue to feed your soul with knowledge, with the consciousness of peace, and with the purity of virtue. Farewel.”

Here ended my divine instructress, and with a smile, to which the smile of Jupiter on Juno, as described by Milton, seemed to be but vulgar, ascended up to heaven, from whence she came. I was agitated beyond all expression, and in my agitation I awoke.

Thus, Sir, I have given you the narrative of my most extraordinary dream, which I am sensible is not fit for the perusal of wise philosophers, to whom I am but as the nothing of my divine instructress ; but if it can afford pleasure to any of the lovely girls that read the Bee, or even to any worthy old woman that reads it, with her stocking going on at the same time, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

I am, Mr. Editor, with regard, your humble
servant,

ASTRO THEOLOGUS.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Anecdotes of Mr. Andrew Millar.

I HAVE a strong suspicion, Mr. Editor, that you have not been initiated into the mysteries of the book-seller's

business. An ingenious annotator, in one of your late numbers, has indeed stigmatized that fraternity, as ignorant of the real value of literary performances; but this ought not, perhaps, to be imputed to them as a fault; it is no part of their business to ascertain their intrinsic value, by which I mean the power of informing the understanding, directing the judgement, or improving the heart of the reader. Let the legislator, the moralist, the divine, attend to these things. The proper business of the bookseller is *to make money in his vocation*; all other concerns are, to him, matters of little importance; and the art of *book-making*, as fostered by these Mæcenases, must, of course, consist in dressing up high-seasoned dishes, calculated to provoke the appetite of their customers, without troubling their heads about the effects that these may afterwards have upon their constitutions. If it brings money into their pockets, that is all *their* concern.—And do they not, in this respect, act upon the same principle with men in almost every other vocation?

As a hint to you, Mr. Editor, in your new-begun business of book-making, I shall beg leave to narrate to you the following anecdote, which can be sufficiently authenticated, if necessary, though I own I do not entertain much hope, that you will profit as much by it, as some others might do; for you seem to possess such a fondness for some antiquated notions about utility, instruction, improvement, and virtue that makes me suspect you are some how related to a mulish fraternity, who, I have often found so wedded to certain unfashionable opinions, as not to be easily driven out of them. Be that as it may, you shall have my anecdote, without disguise or exaggeration of any sort.

Mr. Andrew Millar, that once eminent bookseller in the Strand, when he first began business, like many others, had but a very scanty stock, and he also possessed some leaven of that antiquated notion in business,

“ that the best way to succeed well, was to keep goods “ of the very best quality in his shop.” On this principle, the ten or twelve books he first printed, were good books in philosophy, history and morality, that tended to enlarge the understanding, and improve the heart. Nobody had any objection to the books; every one praised them as excellent; but, to his great mortification, the sale of them was very slow, and his stock of cash was nearly exhausted. This brought poor Andrew to reflect very seriously upon the matter, and to consider in what way he might retrieve his affairs, which wore not the most promising aspect. At last, he ventured to communicate his thoughts to a friend. This gentleman knew a little more of the world than Mr. Andrew; and he, laughing at his conscientious scruples, told him, that if he had the sense and spirit to get the famous case of *Miss Cadiere* against father Gerard translated into English, and published for his own account, he would soon find, that his affairs would take a very favourable turn.—This book, Mr. Editor, some of your readers may know; but, for the sake of others, it may be necessary to say it was one of the most luscious, that is to say, one of the most b——y performances that had then appeared in the world, and was esteemed in France, the most witty performance of the age. With the fear of want before his eyes on the one hand, and the hope of gain on the other, the scruples of honest Mr. Andrew began to subside, and he at length obtained a man to translate the book, for the sum of twenty pounds. This he paid, and set to work to print it.

In this state of the business, the knowledge of the undertaking came to the ears of his wife, who thought herself no less interested in the success of his affairs than himself, and who expressed her disapprobation of the undertaking, in very unequivocal terms. “ Here, says she, you have nearly ruined yourself with printing books already, which lie upon your hands in

whole cart-loads, without any prospect of sale; and yet you are going to print more; depend upon it, if you go on in this manner, we shall soon be reduced to beggary.—Besides, I hear this is a vile b——y book, which no decent person will ever venture to look at. I wonder what infatuation could possess you, when you thought of engaging in such a ruinous undertaking.”—All this, and much more, he listened to without making much reply; for Mr. Andrew was a man of a meek and patient disposition. But being so far engaged, he resolved to go on. The book at length was published; and the demand for it was so great, that in the course of one week, the whole edition was sold. He took care to have another ready to answer the demand, in a short time. This also was sold,—and another still. In short, upon settling accounts, he found, that in the course of *one month*, he had cleared by the sale of this book alone, no less than SEVEN HUNDRED GUINEAS. On that occasion, with a view to give an agreeable surprise to his wife, he put all the money he had got into a green purse, and carried it home. After dinner, which, at that time of his life, used to be a very moderate one, and his common allowance of drink, a pot of small beer, he pulled out his purse, and spread the guineas upon the table; saying, at the same time, that since he had brought all this money, he thought they might now indulge themselves with a pot of porter, instead of small beer. His wife, in amazement, asked where in the name of wonder he had come by all that money. All of it, said he, my dear, from the sale of that book for which you rated me so soundly a few weeks ago. Is it possible, said she?—Nothing more certain, he replied. Then, said she, praised be God for such a lucky discovery; could we find twenty such books, our fortune might be made.

I leave you, Mr. Editor, to make what use of this you please;—and am, sir, your sincere well-wisher,

AUTHENTICUS.

The Editor is much obliged to Authenticus for this anecdote, which he publishes for the use of those who may think of being benefited by it. As to himself, he has reason to be satisfied with the reception of his work, defective as it is in regard to these *luscious* articles, which professed *book-makers* are so anxious to rake together. Though there are too many persons of vitiated palates in the world, who cannot make a hearty meal on plain viands, and must therefore have very high seasoned dishes; yet there are still some remain, who can be satisfied with plain and wholesome fare. While these continue, the Editor shall do his best to furnish it for them; when such can no longer be found, he will be contented to discontinue his labours, and close his days in peace. In return to the favour of Authenticus, he shall communicate the following anecdote of the same Mr. Andrew Millar, that shews he never altogether abandoned those antiquated principles, which many of his profession would now laugh at as unfashionable and ridiculous;—yet honest Andrew Millar, with all these follies, made more money in the end, than any of his profession I have yet heard of.

Second Anecdote of Mr. Andrew Millar.

EVERY body has heard of the book intituled *Burns's Justice of the Peace*. The author of that book, Mr. Burns, was a curate in some of the northern counties of England. When he had completed it, he set out for London to dispose of it in the best way he could. When he arrived, being an entire stranger in town, he applied to the landlord of the inn where he stopped, a decent looking, obliging sort of a man, to see if he could recommend him to any bookseller, who might be likely to purchase his manuscript. The landlord readily introduced him to a bookseller of his acquaintance, who, upon having the matter explained to him, begged to look at the manuscript. The papers were put into his hands, which he returned in a few days, telling the disappointed author, that he could not venture to give more than twenty pounds for the book. This offer Burns could not think of accepting. He returned, very melancholy, to his lodging, sincerely repenting that he had ever put pen to paper on that subject.

By this time, Mr. Andrew Millar was well established in business, and his name had been several times

mentioned with some degree of respect to Mr. Burns ; so that he resolved to wait upon him, without any person to introduce him. He went,—communicated his business in few words,—was politely received, and informed, that if he would trust the manuscript with him for a few days, he should be able to give him an answer ; and, in the mean time, as he was from home, he asked the author to dine with him each day, till they should conclude about this business. Mr. Millar, who did not depend upon his own judgment in cases of this sort, sent the manuscript to a young lawyer, with whom he usually advised in regard to law books. The gentleman, after reading the performance, returned it to Mr. Millar, and informed him, that if he could purchase the copy right for two hundred pounds, he would certainly have a great bargain ; for the book was extremely well written, and was much wanted ; so that the sale of it must be very considerable.

Mr. Millar having received this information, met the author next day as usual, and then asked him what price he demanded for his work ? The author, dispirited with the former offer, said he was at a loss what to ask ; for he had been already offered such a small price, that rather than accept of any thing like it, he would throw the papers into the fire. What was this offer ? said Mr. Millar. Only twenty pounds, said Mr. Burns, with great ingenuousness. But, said Mr. Millar, would you think *two hundred guineas* too little ? Too little ! says Burns, in surprise ;—no. Well then, said Mr. Millar, the book shall be mine, and you shall have the money when you please. The bargain was instantly struck, and a bottle of good port was drank to the good luck of it.—Mr. Millar found no reason to repent of his frankness ; for the book sold amazingly well. Nor had the author any reason to be dissatisfied with his bargain ; for Mr. Millar, with a spirit of candour and liberality, that does not always belong to men of his profession, frankly sent a hundred guineas to the au-

thor for every edition of the book that was printed in his lifetime; and these were many: in so much, that by the sale of this book alone, he cleared no less than eleven thousand pounds.

He also, having observed that the worthy parson did not dislike a moderate glass of good port, desired Mr. Burns to buy for himself, every year as long as he lived, a pipe of the best port-wine he could find any where in London, which he would pay for, and presented him with a writing, obliging himself and his heirs to fulfil this agreement.

It was because of Mr. Millar's candid manner of dealing in this and other instances of a similar kind, that he was enabled to acquire that immense fortune of which he was possessed; for during his life, every man who had a good book either to print on his own account, or to dispose of, went directly to Mr. Millar with it. They seldom higgled on terms, because they knew he would not hesitate to give an additional allowance, if the sale should be such as to enable him to do it. Thus, his profits were for the most part very sure. In this way, he experienced the fate of many other men, *That honesty*, though it may not seem to be the most direct road to wealth, is in the end *the best policy*.

Let those who have sense and spirit to do it, profit by his example.

J. A.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Inventions by Napier of Merchiston.

SIR,

THE following very singular memorial of the celebrated Napier of Merchiston, inventor of the lograthims, presented to the war-office on the 7th of June 1596, is to be found in the 12th volume of the manuscript papers of Anthony Bacon, Esq. in the Lambeth library,

marked 658, anno 1596, Vol. V. which being unprinted, I send it *talis qualis* to your useful repository, as a curiosity. I am, &c.

ALBANICUS.

Secret inventions, profitable and necessary in these days for the defence of this island, and withstanding of strangers, enemies to God's truth and religion.

First, The invention, proof, and perfect demonstration, geometrical, and algebraical, of a burning mirror, which receiving of dispersed beams of the sun, doth reflex the same beams altogether united, and concurring precisely in one mathematical point; in the which point, most necessarily it ingendreth fire, with an evident demonstration of their error who affirmeth this to be made a parabolic section. The use of this invention serveth for burning of the enemy's ships, at whatsoever appointed distance.

Secondly, The invention and sure demonstration of another mirror, which receiving the dispersed beams of any material fire or flame, yieldeth also the former effect, and serveth for the like use.

Thirdly, The invention and visible demonstration of a piece of artillery, which shot, passeth not lineally through the army, destroying only those that stand in the random thereof, but superficially ranging abroad, within the whole appointed place, and not departing forth of the place, till it hath executed his whole strength, by destroying all those that be within the bounds of the said place.

The use hereof not only serveth greatly against the army of the enemy on land, but also by sea, serving to destroy and cut down at one explosion, the whole masts and tackling of so many ships as be within the appointed bounds, as well abreid as in large, so long as any strength at all remaineth.

Fourthly, The invention of a round chariot of metal, made of the proof of double musket, whose motion shall be such, that those that be within the same shall be more easy, more light, more speedy, and more safe in battle, than any hitherto contrived. The use hereof in moving, is to break the array of the enemies battle, and to make passage, as also in staying and abiding within the enemies battle. It serveth to destroy the environed enemy, by continual charges and shot of the Harquebuse, through small holes, the enemy in the mean time being abased, and altogether uncertain what defence or pursuit to use against a moving mouth of metal.

These inventions, besides devices of sailing under the water, with divers other devices and stratagems for harming of the enemies, by the grace of God, and work of expert craftsmen, I hope to perform.

(Signed) JOHN NAPIER of Merchiston.

Anno Domini 1596. June 7th.

Observation.

If Mr. Pitt is really serious in his Quixot plan of sending a fleet to the Baltic, the above inventions would be singularly useful, and may be looked for at the war-office some rainy Sunday, when the secretary has nothing else to do. A——s.

*On the Mechanical Principles of Gothic Architecture,
continued from Page 348, Vol. II.*

Part Fourth.

On the Origin and Uses of the Central Towers in Gothic Cathedrals.

THE veneration that Christians bore for the cross, induced them to adopt that form, in preference to all o-

thers, in their churches. The body of the church extended to a great length, from east to west, consisting of its nave, and side aisles, and the transept crossed it at right angles from south to north. As this transept was generally of the same height and width with the nave, it followed, that no light could be thrown from above into the large central square, had it been finished off at the same height with the other parts of the nave. This would have thrown a kind of gloom upon the centre, instead of making it the most cheerful part of the building, as its conspicuous position rendered, in some measure, necessary. There also was wanting an abutment to the long row of arches on each side of the nave, which could not have been well effected by the large pointed central arch of the transept alone; some contrivance must be therefore adopted for providing here an abutment for the purpose wanted, that should not incommode the church. The device the architect adopted here, is like all the others we have had occasion to develop, beautifully simple and efficacious, and has been so managed, as to answer several other beneficial purposes, besides those which, of necessity, gave rise to the object in question.

To form the abutment wanted, it became necessary to load each of the four central corner pillars with such a weight as should become a counterpoise to all the range of arches that abutted upon them. This was effected by rearing up a wall upon the top of the central arches, exactly upon the same principle as that on which were reared the walls above the pillars of the naves; but as the pressure here was great, the weight wanted was much more considerable than in the other case; and therefore it became necessary to rear these walls to a much greater height. Here then we see the origin and primary use of those *central* towers that constitute a peculiar and striking characteristic of that species of Gothic structures now treated of.

In rearing these towers, the skilful architects saw how easy it was to introduce the light that was wanted, to the central part of the building. It was only to put into each side of the square, which constituted the base of the tower, a large window, on the same principles with the other windows made in these buildings, which, by thus assuming the shape of a common lantern, has obtained the name of the lantern of the tower.

But as it would have had a disagreeable effect to have made the inside roof of these lanterns as high as would have been necessary for the walls, and would have been in certain mechanical respects attended with difficulties, they commonly threw cross arches over that tower as usual, making them all meet at the centre, and forming a roof at no great height above the top of the windows. These higher arches required in their turn abutments, which was effected by elevating the walls of the tower still higher: And as bells were wanted for the church, a place was made in the tower, above the lantern, for receiving the bells. Where the tower was not to be reared to a great height, these were sometimes roofed in with a wooden roof. Sometimes, however, a stone arch was thrown over the division for the bells also; which, if as flat as usual, required, that the walls of the tower should be carried to a greater height still, to serve as abutments. These walls were of course, in these cases, cut off square over at top, being sometimes ornamented with some kind of railing or battlements, with small turrets at the corners for ornament. Such, then, is the origin and uses of those massy central towers; and such is the reason why so many of them have been finished square off at top, as they are so commonly to be seen in England.

Sometimes, however, it was thought; that a high central pointed roof to these towers would be ornamental; and where that was wanted, it also was effected. This was done by making the spire for the most part

of wood, on account of its lightness. To render the pressure upon the abutment the less, these spires were made very high and pointed, and their base was received into the square tower considerably below the battlements. Of this kind was the ancient spire of old St. Pauls London; and that of Lincoln cathedral, at this day, and many others. Sometimes spires of stone formed the top of pretty high towers, as on the two west towers of the Church of old Aberdeen. Sometimes this was done even over the central towers; but as the great weight of this load must have been too much for the counterpoise wanted, if these central towers had been carried up *square* to a considerable height, they found it necessary, where a stone spire was intended, to make the arch extremely pointed indeed, and to cause it be begun as low down as possible; so that the weight, which, in the other case, was put into the perpendicular walls, was here thrown chiefly into the cone. Sometimes, however, they proceeded to exhibit a yet higher exertion of their mechanical powers, by crowning these central towers with open arched ribs of stone, supporting pinnacles of considerable altitude. As this is perhaps the climax of mechanical invention that has been attained by these artists, I shall think myself pardonable for endeavouring to develope, with all possible brevity, the principles on which towers of this kind have been constructed.

I have seen three towers crowned in this manner: Those of St. Nicolas church in Newcastle; the college church at old Aberdeen; and the central tower of St. Giles's church Edinburgh. As this last is more under my eye than the others, and as it is generally esteemed a most beautiful tower, my description shall chiefly apply to it.

The problem here proposed to the architect, seems to have been somewhat of this nature: "To rear up
" a certain number of open ribs of stone work, on the
" principles of an arch, above the top of a wall of the

“ tower, and to give to the whole such a form as
“ would make it an elegant finishing to the tower :”
And the architect, after having settled in his own mind
what was the form of arch that the circumstances rendered practicable, and the adjuncts required to give it the necessary stability, seems to have selected the papal crown as the object it would be most easy and proper for him here to attempt to imitate, by giving arbitrary forms to the parts that could not be dispensed with, that should accord with the general figure of the tiara.

With these ideas he proceeded, being happy to find that the high conical form of the tiara accorded very well with the great elevation and straightness of the rib, that was necessary to make it support itself with so small a load upon its outside as the circumstances of the case required. By this means, he was enabled to make the ribs much more slender, and of course lighter to the eye, than otherwise could have been practicable. By this means too, he was enabled to make the pinnacles at the bottom much smaller than would have otherwise been necessary *, as well as to rear upon the top a higher and more elegant pinnacle than would otherwise have been practicable.

Still, however, had the ribs been left totally bare, and of the slender structure our architect judged necessary to produce the light effect he intended, notwithstanding its height, the pressure at the top would have been too great not to have endangered the flying outwards of the arch towards the middle. To counterbalance this pressure, therefore, he contrived to load each of the ribs with two pinnacles of proportional sizes,

* Still farther, however, to diminish the size of these bottom pinnacles, which would have otherwise been disproportioned to the others for the design in view, the cautious architect has made the ribs themselves deeper at the base than the top. It would form a pleasing object of research for a person of skill, to compare the various devices that had been adopted by these artists for effecting the same purpose in different circumstances.

each of which standing in a particular direction, the whole, including the pinnacles at the base, when viewed together, resembled not unaptly the triple row of ornaments on the bands of the Popish crown. These, when viewed from below, form a congeries of pinnacles, projecting from, and intersecting the ribs of the arches in such a manner as to be thought by most persons who have viewed it, to afford a beautiful assemblage, that appears at the same time rich without confusion, and light without meanness. It is only when seen at a distance, that the form of the tiara becomes conspicuous.

It has been already remarked, that Sir Cristopher Wren has found it necessary to adopt the same general structure of an arch, as the above, for supporting the lantern he has thought proper to place on the top of the dome of St. Paul's London. But in this last case, the cone, instead of being only a few narrow open ribs, consists of a solid circle all round; and instead of making all the parts of the arch be supported by its own weight, as our Gothic artists have done, Sir Cristopher has adopted the aukward contrivance of binding it all round, at no less than *six* different places, with strong chains of iron†. I wish not in general to draw comparisons; but it is not possible on this occasion to avoid taking notice of the singular elegance and propriety‡ of the one of these mechanical contrivances beyond the other. Shall we still continue to call the inventors of these arts rude and illiterate *Barbarians*?

Without proceeding farther at present, though the subject is not nearly exhausted, what has been said will, I hope, be deemed sufficient to shew, that our Gothic

† Those who wish to see this contrivance developed, may have recourse to a very fine section of St. Paul's, engraved by Rooker.

‡ In the one case, the materials are all of the same nature, and must stand or fall altogether. In the other case, they are not. The iron chains may rust and fall to pieces long before the other materials give way.

architects, instead of being a set of ignorant Barbarians, have been skilful artists, who were guided by the true principles of philosophy, and who, in every great work they have attempted, have invariably attained their end in the most direct manner, by mechanical devices of the most simple and efficacious nature. In respect to *knowledge*, therefore, and the application of that knowledge to effect the purpose they had in view, which I would denominate *genius*, it will be impossible to say they were deficient. I would now also wish to inquire whether they were as deficient in respect of *taste*, as they have been usually accounted, did I know how to proceed without heaping up words without meaning, as so many others have done before me on this subject. If upon farther reflection I think it practicable to avoid this, I shall perhaps attempt it. But it is time to give my readers some respite; to many of whom this discussion will, I am sensible, appear very uninteresting, though others, I trust, will deem it otherwise. We must endeavour to find a few articles suited to every taste. It is impossible that any one kind of essays should please every class of readers.

Fable of the two Ears of Corn.

Two ears of full grown wheat that happened to stand next each other in a field, fell into the following little dialogue: Says the tallest to the other, What makes you hold down your head? if you could see as I do, you would be well entertained, and look down upon half the world. Yes, said the other, but my head is too full to be able to enjoy all your visions; but the barn floor will best settle our comparative merits, and our comparative happiness.

Moral.

Knowledge and modesty depresses, while an empty head elevates the man in his own opinion with respect to his fellows.

B. A.

*For the Bee.**To the Ladies, Petitioners of Dr. Moyes.*

SINCE the doctor, dear ladies, seems not in a humour,

To grant you the favour so justly your due,

Permit me to tell you my thoughts on your queries;

How far they are just, must be judg'd of by you.

If often you think on, and wish to see Damon,

And walk oft alone, and indulge in a sigh,

Then hold fast your hearts, if they're still in your keeping;

But I fear they'll be seeking, when Cupid's so nigh.

All women are vain,—(will your goodness excuse me?)

I tell but a truth, which yourselves must confess):

And this is the reason a beau always pleases;

'Tis your favour alone which he courts by his dress.

A soldier by instinct you love from the cradle;

A coxcomb must please, since he's of your own making;

And a dotard is wise, (and not little his wisdom),

'Cause he owns you are right in a bout of debating.

Why you credit the coxcomb who tells you you're angels,

I explain by the maxim still,—“Woman is vain;”

Your teeth, and your cheeks, and your eyes, all are wonders,—

Ah vanity! vanity!—Pardon again.—

Your dreaming and weeping, and laughing, believe me,

Proceed from a cause much more noble indeed,—

From love, that soft passion, so dear to the ladies:

From love too your hopes and your fears do proceed.

But why so ashamed when a lover is mention'd?

Why blush as you do when your sweetheart you see?

The maid who ne'er knows what the passion of love is,

Is much too abandon'd and vicious for me.

We're caught in a manner I ne'er could unriddle,

For every young fair has a way of her own;

But the most of you fail when our hearts you're for keeping;

You're one day all love, and another you frown.

The girl that is haughty, is seldom thought lovely,

For haughtiness covers nine tenths of your charms;

And the fair one's a wonder, the tenth of whose beauty

Retains still “that proud creature,—man” in her arms.

But I wish not to tell how ourselves may be humbled,

Lest perhaps we might feel your correction too often.

Some kisses might likely go far to induce me,

For men are but rare, whom such favours won't soften.

For the Bee.

The Complaint.

CEASE, cease, ye sweet birds of the grove,
 Your melody pleases no more ;
 It serves but to waken my love,
 And think on the maid I adore ;
 Since together we fondly have stray'd,
 To hear the wild notes of your song,
 When my fair one was charm'd with the shade,
 And wish'd ev'ry note to prolong.

View the sweets of yon flow'ret that blows,
 Surcharg'd with the dew of the morn,
 Yet you'll find that there is not a rose,
 Without its attendant the thorn :
 So Chloe is blooming, and fair
 As the rose bending soft with the dew :
 But, O ye fond shepherds, beware,
 Though blooming, yet Chloe's untrue.

Ye swains of the village, beware,
 How you tread in the mazes of love,
 'Tis a path that's bewilder'd with care,
 And the more so the farther you rove.
 Suppose that your charmer's sincere,
 That you read the fond wish in her eyes ;
 Yet still you have reason to fear,
 And forego the pursuit, if you're wise.

How tuneful was Corydon's reed,
 When his love deign'd to listen the while ;
 When a look of regard was his meed,
 And each note was return'd with a smile ;
 Yet no more shall it breathe the gay strain,
 No more with the nightingale vie,
 I'll teach it the way to complain,
 And mourn the sweet nymph with a sigh.

What beauties remain in my cot,
 Or the vine that o'er shadows my door,
 Since I and its shade are forgot,
 Since Chloe is constant no more ;
 Each linnet shall droop with its wing,
 For my love was the theme of its lay ;
 The goldfinch no longer shall sing,
 For no longer is Corydon gay.

P. FELMAT.

*For the Bee.**Content with the Times.*

Ego nunc me denique natum gratulor.

FROM pcevishness or pious rage,
Let others stigmatize the age,
And ancient manners praise;
Unprejudis'd, I thank my fate,
That launch'd me into life so late,
And not in former days.

See in the other hemisphere,
Her splendid banner freedom rear,
Victorious as she sings;
In France, see by a well-struck blow,
While prince and priests are both laid low,
Philosophers are kings.

Direct your view next to the east,
Where brutal Turks in vain resist
The great Czarina's pow'r.
Mistaken statesmen may oppose;
But soon she'll vanquish all her foes,
And long-sunk Greece restore.

Think next what eloquence display'd,
What persevering efforts made
The slave trade to suppress;
Nay more, that statutes we enact
The beast of burden to protect,
And make his burden less.

We dine and dance at too late hours,
And many a fortune-play devours,
And wives are oft untrue;
But th' imperfections of our day,
'Tis evident, we must outweigh
By virtues that are new.

M.

Elmina, or the Flower that never fades; a Tale for the young Ladies.

A LONG while ago, in a country a great way off, there lived a young princess called Elmina. She was beautiful, and very amiable; those are always so who are young and innocent: but innocence and beauty very often disappear with infancy, unless pains be taken to fix them in the heart. The young princess was an orphan; and a beneficent fairy called Lindorine took care of her education. Elmina knew not that she was a fairy; but she loved Lindorine as a friend, and honoured her as a mother.

The princess obtained permission one day to go and divert herself with her companions on the green. Soon did this joyous troop disperse themselves across the mead in pursuit of butterflies, and along the rivulet in search of flowers.

When they had gathered a great quantity of these, they sat down under the shade of a tree, to form bouquets, and crowns and garlands; and while they were engaged in this agreeable amusement, some told tales, whilst the rest listened: for young girls like to hear tales, and they never forget what they understand. Elmina, less curious and less talkative, sung while she arranged her flowers. Her friends stopped to listen to her song. I suppose the fairy had taught it to her. Here it is:

Lovely flow'rs that deck our meads,
Why, alas! art thou so frail!
Ye flow'r's that now adorn our heads,
Soon, soon, thou ev'ry one shalt fail.

The dew besprinkled rose, at morn,
Spreads its fresh beauties to the day;
E'er noon, its leaves are faded, torn,
And before night blown far away.

The modest vi'let hides its head;
Its breath casts fragrance all around;
Anon it fades; soon it is dead;
No perfume marks where 't may be found.

The nosegay that adorns the bride,
Ev'n while it charms, extorts a sigh.
Ye flow'rs so gay, our gardens pride,
What pity thou so soon must die!

I've heard my sisters, there 's a flow'r,
That keeps its vivid tints for aye;
To find it, I've ransack'd the bow'r
The mead, the rill, so pure and gay.

I've search'd in vain; all these do fade;
See how their heads begin to droop.
Sweet flow'rs! thy fate I mourn, she said,
And turn'd her from th' attentive troop.

Elmina stopt. All the garlands were finished, and her companions rose up. What shall we do now, said they? We have fine garlands and crowns. Let us play the beauty of the rondeau. That was a play which the young girls of that country had invented. They chose the most amiable of the company, dress'd her out in the gayest manner, and crown'd her with flowers; then they sung and danced around her. It was, however, a very delicate affair to make this choice, and what I should not like to meddle with, to choose the most beautiful among a troop of young girls: nor could they easily agree among themselves on this point. Several of them wished to crown Elmina; but she was too modest to believe herself the most amiable; and she thought several of her companions were charming: for she was not in the least jealous of the beauty of others. My friends, said she to them, a notion has come into my head—Let each of us gather a favourite flower, and put them all into a hat; then throw the whole up in the air; and the girl whose flower shall go farthest, shall be the beauty of the rondeau. They all approved of this happy thought, and went each to choose her favourite flower.

Among the companions of Elmina, there was one young princess who was called Malinette, and who was very malignant and vain. She ran into a neighbouring field and picked out a blewet, which she put into the hat, after having dexterously rolled the stalk about a small pebble.

It is easy to devise why this sly girl did so: by this trick, her flower becoming the heaviest, ought to be thrown

the farthest. The other girls chose without artifice the flowers they really preferred. One brought a ranunculus, another a primrose, a third a violet. As to Elmina, she went in quest of an eglantine: that was the flower she chose. She saw a bush covered with them; but I know not why the modest Elmina chose the smallest and the lightest.

At the moment when they threw up the flowers from the hat, to see which of them would go farthest, a light zephyr arose, and carried off the eglantine. It was however falling short of the bluet; but a fine butterfly struck it as it descended, and carried it far beyond the bluet. The girls made a shout of joy on seeing this little miracle, crowned Elmina, and dressed her out as the *belle* of the rondeau. This was no difficult task; for Elmina was beautiful, and they had plenty of flowers. The princess drest and crowned, was placed upon a small throne of sod; and in dancing around her, they sung,

Join hand in hand, and gayly sing,
As we dance around the ring;
"Nimbly trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;"
Round, and round, and round again,
Three times round, then back again.
Now stop, loose hands, and curtsy low,
Each with obeisance due to fair Elmina,
Let each present a flow'ry bow
To our youthful chosen queen;
Hail! fair Elmina, beauty's queen,
Long may thy presence glad this lovely green.

The play would have continued; but it was interrupted by some noise which they heard in the grove; out of which came a little old woman, and approached the cheerful dancers. The girls were at first afraid, and thought of running away; but the affable air of the old woman, and the softness of her voice calmed their fears. She had a robe all of green; her hat was of rushes of the same colour, adorned with a bouquet of green leaves: She had green gloves, and carried in her hand a green pot, in which was a little green tree.

It was because of all this verdure, that they who knew the old woman, called her *Verdurine*. "My children, said

she, I come not to interrupt your mirth ; but I heard Elmina sing a ballad, in which she spoke of a flower that never fades ; by what I have heard her say, and what I have seen of her, I think her worthy of the precious gift I mean to bestow upon her. My love, continued she, in approaching to the young princess, who listened to her with astonishment, take this branch, on which there are four flowers and two buds ; it is *the flower which never fades* ; I make you a present of it ; cultivate it with care ; but know, my sweet love, it is not by watering that you will preserve it. Observe this flower of such a lively carnation ; it is the *flower of modesty* : as long as your cheeks can be suffused with this colour, it will preserve its own in all its lustre. The second flower is of the purest white ; it is called the *flower of virtue* : it will be sullied whenever you fail in your duty. The third, of a yellow brilliant as gold, is called the *flower of beneficence* : if you shall be always good, it will continue beautiful. The fourth is of a celestial blue ; it is the *flower of gentleness* : every time that Elmina becomes impatient or fretful, this charming flower will tarnish. This bud, which begins to open, continued the old woman, will produce the flower of genius : it will expand in proportion as your mind becomes more cultivated, and thus mark the progress you make in knowledge. The other bud contains the flower of graceful elegance : it will expand without your thinking of it, if the others continue to flourish, and will serve to add fresh lustre, and inimitable beauty to the whole." Ah madam, cried the princess in taking the flower, how shall I express my gratitude for this precious gift ? Come, I pray you, with me ; *Lindorine* shall testify her gratitude and mine. My child, said *Verdurine*, you cannot give me a more pleasing proof of your gratitude, than by shewing me, some time hence, the flower I now give you, in all its original freshness. I will return hither in three years ; and if then you can shew me this flower in all its freshness and purity, it will continue for ever the same.

In saying this, *Verdurine* made up to the other young ladies, and gave each of them some flowers from her enchanted tree to cultivate ; to some of them she gave five, to others four, according as she knew the goodness of their dispositions. It is pretended, that *Malinette* only received *one*

bud, and that she never could make it expand. I cannot however say any thing certain on this head ; for that young lady having been very universally disliked, on account of the naughty things she did, no one would take the trouble of writing her history.

The fairy, (you will easily perceive that Verdurine was one), after having distributed her gifts, entered again the arbour, and disappeared. The young girls remained lost in astonishment at this apparition ; they abandoned their play, and the flowers they had gathered, and only thought of those they had received. Every one made haste to shew them to their parents ; and the young Elmina was no sooner got home, than she ran to Lindorine, and related to her every thing that had happened ; and put her precious flower into a fine porcelane vase which she had. Lindorine appeared to be very much astonished at the adventure ; though we shall afterwards see that Lindorine and Verdurine were the same.

Elmina went to bed highly pleased ; but her head was so full of the objects that had occupied her during the day, that she dreamt the whole night of meadows, rondeaus, fairies, and enchanted flowers. Her first care on awaking, was to go to see if hers had suffered no change during the night ; she ran towards the vase where she had put it ; but in coming near the window, she heard a great noise in the street, and saw a troop of unlucky boys who followed a poor woman. The gestures and fooleries of these boys amused the princess, and made her laugh ; and it was only after she lost sight of them, that she retired from the window to examine her flower. But, O heavens ! what was her surprise and grief ! She saw the flower of modesty beginning to lose its beautiful carnation colour, and the flower of beneficence also faded a little. Lindorine then entering, found the princess lost in grief and astonishment, and asked the reason of it. Ah ! said Elmina, look at the flowers ; they fade, they die, yet I have done nothing.

In truth the princess was innocent ; for she had not perceived that there was any thing bad in what had made her laugh ; nevertheless the flower of modesty had occasion to fade, and the flower of beneficence to languish, because a young girl ought never to indulge an indiscreet curiosity, far less laugh when they make a mock of any one.

This Lindorine explained to the princess : she was sensible of her involuntary error, and was so amiable during the whole day, that before evening the flowers had resumed their former lustre, and were even more beautiful than before. This little lesson rendered Elmina more attentive and more discreet, and made her perceive what pains and attention were required to preserve the flower that never fades. Elmina was sensible and good ; to do good she only had to consult the natural emotions of her own heart ; but the flower of celestial blue, she found, required from her more difficult exertions. She was naturally lively ; and upon the least fretfulness of temper or impatience, the flower of gentleness failed not to become tarnished, and to reproach her with her faults. The princess corrected these as well as she could, and was never happy till her flower resumed its native lustre ; for she was persuaded, that it is much less shameful to repair a fault than to commit it, and far less culpable to commit it, than to attempt to conceal it without amending it.

As to the white flower, I have heard that it always preserved its purity : It is true that Elmina perceived one day a little mark upon it ; but a tear that she dropped upon it, effaced it immediately. I know not however, what little weakness Elmina had been guilty of, because every one readily forgets a fault that has been effaced by repentant tears.

The bud of the flower of genius continued always to increase ; whenever the princess had been attentive to any lesson, and docile, she failed not to examine it, and usually found it had pushed forth some new leaves. This flower was the most marvellous of the whole ; and it augmented during the whole life of Elmina. Nothing could be more varied than the form and colour of its leaves. Upon one might be seen a beautiful landscape, or rich embroidering ; upon another, representations of history or geography ; upon some might be seen a golden lyre, or a harp of ivory ; in short, one remarked upon these, all the emblems that serve to adorn the mind of a young lady.

As to the flower of gracefulness, it flourished, as Verdurine had said, without being attended to. Elmina had even occasion to remark, that if she endeavoured to hasten its ex-

panfion, by praftifing gracious airs at the mirror or elfewhere, this fingular flower closed itfelf immediately. It opened again when fhe thought nothing about it. It had only three leaves; but thefe were fo beautiful and fo enchanting, that I know not by what charm their luftre communicated itfelf to the other flowers, and gave them an ineffable fweetnefs they could not have had without it.

You will eafily imagine, that Elmina poffeffing the flower that never fades, and cultivating it fo carefully, became the moft perfect princefs of her time. The report of her fine qualities fpread around; for you know that there is a kind of a fairy called *Fame*, who does nothing elfe than run up and down in the world, and recount all that fhe knows of every perfon, whether good or bad, efpecially of young princeffes. Fame therefore did not ceafe to publifh the virtues and the graces of Elmina; and the people of every nation wifhed to have a princefs fo accomplished for their queen. The fon of the king of the Roxalians, heir of the greateft empire in the univerfe, undertook a long journey to fee her, and demanded her in marriage of Lindorine. Lindorine agreed to beftow Elmina upon him, not becaufe he was the heir of the greateft empire, but becaufe this amiable prince had alfo cultivated the flower that never fades: for there is alfo one for men, which is in fome refpects different from that of which we have fpooken.

The princefs would not quit a place fo dear to her, without going to vifit once more the bower where the precious gift had been made to her, which had occafioned her happinefs.

She hoped there to find Verdurine, and to thank her once more: it was juft three years from the time of her firft appearance. Elmina then put the flower which never fades into her bofom, and went thither; but in arriving at the bower, what was her furprife, to find, inftead of Verdurine, Lindorine, whom fhe had left in the houfe.

“ I am, faid the fairy to her, fhe whom you feek. It was me who gave you the flower, under the figure of Verdurine; and it is me who have aided you to cultivate it under that of Lindorine. My task is happily accomplifhed; the flower fhall continue always fresh, and Elmina fhall

be always lovely and ever beloved: for the virtues of the heart, and the graces of a cultivated mind, confer a charm which nothing can efface." The princess threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, and the fairy tenderly embraced her dear princess, and then took an aërian form, and disappeared.

Elmina melted in tenderness and distress, held out her hands, and called her back. The prince ran to console her, and carried her into his empire, where they lived together many years in great happiness.

Journal Encyclopedique.

Intelligence respecting Arts, &c.

Panopticon.

THE editor has just received, by the favour of an obliging friend, sketches of the plan and elevation of the panopticon or new penitentiary house, announced in the eleventh number of the Bee—which promises to be a most important discovery, and will doubtless be very generally adopted. It is fortunate that it will be published before the new erection of that sort in this country shall be begun. The work is not yet completed, otherwise the editor would have published the plan in this performance directly. This he will do, as soon as he shall be in possession of the *whole*, so as to be able to give a complete view of all the parts. What he has got at present, can only give a general idea of the plan; which he will readily communicate, if desired, to the magistrates of this city, or any other person interested in this great national work.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1791.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I OBSERVE that you have made considerable extracts from the miscellanies in prose and verse, lately printed here. The following article, as well as several others by the same hand, was intended for a place in that volume, but arrived too late. If you think the present proper for your publication, I shall perhaps transmit you some other articles of a similar nature.

AMICUS.

Remarks on Dr. Young's Night Thoughts.

THIS visionary poet

"Makes sweet religion

"A rhapsody of words."

SHAKESPEARE*.

—I wonder not that his son Lorenzo was an infidel. In this age, we have two authors prodigiously great in the *outrè* style; one in verse, and one in prose; one serious, the other comical. They are both much admired by the multitude of readers, com-

* None of the human faculties are longer of attaining perfection than those which serve as a basis for a correct taste in composition.—Hence it happens, that young persons, in general, admire as excellent, unnatural

monly titled by modern authors, "the respectable public." There is a wonderful similarity in their talents, in quaint expression, wild conceit, and studied fetches of metaphysical reverie. The poet is Young: The Prosequixote is Sterne.

In my opinion, our celebrated enthusiast of this country, the Reverend Mr. Ralph Erskine, in his *Riddles*, is less extravagant. I am sure, that he should at least be more amusing and tolerable, either to believers or infidels, than Dr. Young in his horrid *Night Thoughts*. I know no rule of criticism so just, so material, and so general, as one laid down by old Horace, importing, that good sense is the only true principle and fountain of good writing and taste.

"Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons."

I shall examine the *Night Thoughts* by this rule, after first inserting a few specimens of Ralph's *Riddles*.

"I'm here and there, and every where!

"And yet I'm neither here nor there.

"I'm school'd, though never at a school;

"I'm wise, and yet a natural fool!

"I'm poor, and yet I nothing want!

"I'm both a Devil and a Saint!"

conceits, and extravagant flights in poetry, which, to men of taste, who have viewed the works of nature with attention, are intolerably disgusting.—Many readers, therefore, who, in their youth, have admired the works of Dr. Young, come gradually to lose a relish for his manner of writing, as they advance in life, though it may sometimes happen, that on account of the respect they bear for the subject on which he writes, they are disposed to criticize with tenderness. Men view matters of this sort, in very different lights: *Some*, who could freely forgive extravagance of composition on any other subject, have their indignation excited, when they see that extravagance employed on religious subjects, while others think they feel the fervour of their devotion excited by those incomprehensible images, which the ardour of their imagination makes them think they understand. The critique that follows seems to be dictated by the first of these considerations, and may therefore prove displeasing to those of the *second* class, who, if they desire not to have their judgment informed, will do well to pass over this essay.

Adit.

I could quote from the Night Thoughts many similar passages of subtle and fantastical antithesis ; but I am afraid, that the bulk of readers would take them for charming poetry. Those who can distinguish quaintness and affectation from true sublimity, will find such passages in every page, nay, almost in every line. However, I shall hazard some specimens which seem to resemble Ralph's Riddles very much.

" All knowing ! all unknown, and yet *well-known* !
 " Near, though *remote* ! and tho' unfathom'd, *felt* ;
 " And though *invisible*, for ever *seen* ! —
 " Know this Lorenzo, (seem it ne'er so strange),
 " Nothing can satisfy, but what *confounds* ;
 " Nothing but what *astonishes*, is *true*†.

Speaking of man, he says :

" An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 " Helpless ! immortal ! *insect infinite* !
 " A *Worm* ! a *God*."

The " Devil" and the " Saint" are hardly such exaggerated opposites as the " worm" and the " God."

The following extracts I leave, without illustration, to the common sense of the reader. I have sometimes quoted, and sometimes omitted to quote the particular Night and line at which the specimen may be found ; but the Doctor's stile is sufficiently marked.

" Procrastination is the *thief* of time ! —
 " What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,
 " *Expended Deity* on human weal ?

Night 4th, l. 195.

" Oh love of gold ! Thou *meanest* of amours !

Night 4th, l. 349.

" Are passions, then, the *pagens* of the soul ?

† One of the venerable ancient fathers held a very similar maxim, *Credo quia est impossibile*. The name of this logician was Tertullian. A great part of his works is exactly in the same style. In particular, the rest of the very paragraph now quoted, is so grossly indecent, that I dare not shock the pious ear, by attempting to insert it. Yet our divines, of all descriptions, are incessantly appealing to the authority of this man, who was, in every respect, an hundred and fifty degrees below Whiston or Whitefield.

" Reason alone *baptiz'd*? alone *ordain'd*

" To touch things sacred.—

" Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!

" On such a theme, 'tis *impious* to be calm;

" *Passion* is reason; transport, temper, here —

Night 4th, l. 629.

" *Devotion*, when lukewarm, is *undevout*.——

" Lorenzo! hast thou ever *weigh'd* a sigh?

" Or studied the *philosophy* of tears!

Night 5th, l. 516.

" Death's dreadful *advent* is the *mark* of man,

" And every *thought* that misses it, is *blind*.——

" *Revere* thyself:—and yet thyself *despise*.

Night 6th, l. 128.

" Man's *misery* declares him born for *bliss*;

" His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,

" And gives [the sceptic in *his head* the lie.

Night 7th, l. 60.

" Man's heart *eats* all things, and is *hungry* still;

" More, more! the glutton cries:——

Ibid. l. 123.

" The world's all *title-page*, there's no *contents*;

" The world's all *face*; the man who shews his heart,

" Is hooted for his *nudities*, and scorn'd.

Night 8th, l. 333.

—————" Lorenzo!

" This is the most indulgence can afford;

" Thy *wisdom* all can do, but make thee *wife*;

" Nor think this censure is severe on thee;

" *Satan*, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

Night 9th, l. 1414.

" When *pain* can't *bliss*, heaven *quits* us in *despair*.

Night 9th, l. 497.

After all, and as some apology to the numerous admirers of Dr. Young, I allow that there are strokes and passages of genuine poetry to be found, though thinly scattered, among the wild effusions of this long and laboured poem. I refer, in particular, to the first five lines of Night First, and to the thirteen first lines of Night Fourth. For the sake of justice to our author, the two passages shall be inserted at full length.

Night First.

" Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

" He like the world, his ready visit pays,

" Where fortune smiles: the wretched he forsakes;

" Swift, on his downy pinions, flies from woe,

" And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.

Night Fourth.

" A much indebted muse, O *Torke* ! intrudes,
 " Amid the smiles of fortune and of youth;
 " Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
 " How deep implanted in the breast of man
 " The dread of death ? I sing its sov'reign cure.
 " Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd
 " Is past ; not come, or gone ; he's never *here*.
 " E'er *hope*, *sensation* fails ; black-boding man
 " *Receives*, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.
 " The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
 " The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
 " These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve,
 " The terrors of the living, not the dead.

From this, the writer runs wild, and continues with very slight and transient, if any lucid intervals, to the end of the poem†.

The following detached lines, among others, display the spirit of poetry, blended with conceit and affectation.

† The following lines, being the beginning of Night Ninth, may be considered as one of the few remaining lucid intervals, referred to by our author.—Pity that one who could write so well at times, should have been so little under the guidance of reason, in general. *Edit.*

" As when a traveller, a long day past
 " In painful search of what he cannot find,
 " At night's approach, content with the next cot,
 " There ruminates, a while, his labour lost ;
 " Then cheers his heart, with what his fate affords,
 " And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
 " Till the due season calls him to repose :
 " Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
 " And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
 " Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career,
 " Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
 " At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;
 " When, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
 " And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
 " I chace the moments with a serious song—
 " Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to soothe.*

"How rich ! how poor ! how abject ! how august !

"How complicate, how wonderful is man !"

And again, speaking of Narcissa.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew !

"She sparkled, was exhal'd ! and went to heav'n."

For the Bee.

Mr. Bee,

NAMES have no small effect on things. It is for this reason, I am going, through the medium of your patriotic paper, to suggest the advantages which our country would derive from the alteration of a name.

At present, the tenants about me call the gentlemen, whose lands they occupy, *masters*. I observe this improper term has a very ill effect both upon us proprietors, and upon our tenants. We are apt to take the tenants at their word, and to imagine them to be our servants, and to command their services for running our errands, and doing our work, as if we really were their *masters*, and paid them wages : Whereas they pay us, in general, very good rents for our lands, and, in so doing, confer a great obligation on us : For I do not know what kind of a figure I and my wife would make, nor how we could feed and educate *our* numerous family, were it not for the rents which we receive from these servants. At least, I have tried to farm my own little bit of land ; but, alas ! Sir, for want of skill, and attention, and economy, I lost my rent every year, and got besides into debt. How little then do we find in our tenants of the character of servants ? The wish of a wise man would be to have many of the former, and few of the latter.

This is not the worst of it, Sir ; our poor tenants are foolish enough to think themselves our servants ; and instead of telling us frankly they have business of their own to mind, are as obedient to our commands, as if

they were our servants, seldom refusing to obey us, very much to our hurt, as well as their own : For we frequently find a sad deficiency, when, in their true character of tenants, we summon them to pay our rents. Neither is this the worst circumstance attending this mistaken name of master : we proprietors grow fond of the thing, as well as the name ; and when our tenants happen to refuse to obey any of our commands, we are disposed to think them insolent, and sometimes to call them so ; and to prevent a repetition of such behaviour, we either give them no tacks at all, or very short ones. Now, Mr. Bee, a tenant who can be removed on six weeks warning, and does not know where to find another farm, as frequently happens, is really a *servant* ; indeed, I may say, he is a *slave*. Thus, Sir, we are averse to what, for our own interest, we ought to covet. We dislike to lett our lands upon long leases, although it is certain, they cannot be improved by any other means.

Instead, therefore, of the word *master*, I would suggest the English term of *land-lord* : And I would have all our farmers to enter into an agreement among themselves, to give us no other name, under the penalty of forfeiting a trifle to the poor of the parish, as often as they used the word master, either when speaking to us, or of us.

I believe too, Mr. Bee, the free and wealthy inhabitants of our towns would be induced more readily to lease our farms, and to improve them, were this slavish and improper name of *master* laid aside.

For my own share, I never could discover that a man who rents my ground, is more my servant, than a gentleman in a town, who happens to rent my house there. The only connection between either a tenant of a house and a farm, and their owner, is of the nature of a civil contract. When the rent of either is paid, they are independent of each other. But, if any thing, the obligation is on the side of a good tenant. If there

deas be just, by giving them a place in your Bee, you will oblige.

Mr. Bee,

Yours, &c.

ALPHABET.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On the Art of Idleness, by a Lady.

SIR,

I ALSO have been a successful disciple in the happy art of idleness, recommended by Albanicus; and as the acquisition of this art to my sex, particularly in the higher and more wealthy ranks of society, is of infinitely greater consequence, than to yours, I imagine I am about to confer the greatest favour possible upon the daughters of Eve, all the world over, by initiating them in the mysteries of that art which has brought me from the horrors of languor and weariness of life, to a state of tranquillity, placid enjoyment of nature, and society, and a satisfaction with myself and every thing about me, which, if it is not like the happiness of the blessed in heaven, is, I imagine, as like it as any thing this world can afford.

I was the youngest daughter and child of my parents, who were noble and conspicuous, but not wealthy. I was the favourite of the whole family, not only as being the youngest, but as beautiful and insinuating, and that my parents growing old and infirm, were averse from the trouble and uneasiness of doing any thing with me, but as a play thing, and to make me happy by every indulgence, that all my little childish sallies might be brought forth with the brilliancy and softness of nature.

By this way of training, my feelings were rendered so acute, and my heart so softened by luxury, that, as the poet sings :

“ Nor ease nor peace my heart could know,

“ That like the needle true,

“ Turn’d at the touch of joy or woe,

“ And turning, trembled too.”

I was sent, in compliance with the abominable fashion of the times, to a London boarding-school, where, by my beauty, address, and connections, I contrived to be as idle as my heart could almost desire, but learnt to relish dress, dancing, plays, and other places of public amusement ; and, at fifteen, I came home thoroughly furnished unto all the works of idleness, but without a single atom of that sense or experience which is necessary to regulate my conduct in real life.

I was now introduced by my mother into company, and permitted to dance at public assemblies ; not that she approved of the frequent repetition of this indulgence, but, as she used to say, that as my father could give me little or no fortune, and the sorrows of life would come soon enough, it were pity not to make me as happy as possible at present, especially as nobody knew where a blessing might light, and that I might get a rich and great husband, who would have the advantage of finding me a sheet of white paper, upon which he might write according to his pleasure, and have, what she called, a *wife of his own making*.

Very soon did I get a husband ; but he was neither very great nor very opulent, but amiable, sensible, and professionally eminent. He loved me exceedingly ; but so far from my becoming a wife of his own making, that he became very soon infinitely too much a husband of my making ; indulging me in every thing that his fortune would allow.

In a few years, I lost my husband ; and having lost *myself* long before, you may guess my situation.

I could no longer indulge myself, without bankruptcy and disgrace, in my former pleasures; and I had no resources at home, or in my own mind, to fill up the horrible chasm that now appeared, and was soon bitterly felt in my own existence.

The common decencies of widowhood required some degree of seclusion from gay society for half a year; and I had no relish for any other. Driven by this event to the absolute necessity of doing something to amuse myself, I had courage enough to begin, and follow out a plan of female education, and had six hours a day for instruction in the various departments of needle-work, French, and literature. All was so new to me in *the latter*, that I became fond of it. I took a course of all the best French and English classics that were within the reach of my capacity. I wrote down my observations as I went along; and I shewed them to my instructors. I found that a knowledge of grammar increased my pleasure in reading; and not satisfied with verbal, I studied universal grammar, which I found perfectly enchanting. Novels, at least *the trash* dignified by that name in Britain, gave me no more delight. I found real history infinitely more amusing; for, being copious of nature, or rather originals, they had an effect upon my taste and perception, which I was quite unable to account for, but which I sensibly experienced so much, as to prefer them to every other kind of general reading.

I happened accidentally to meet with a little English compend of Botany; I learnt to distinguish the various kinds of plants, according to the modern system, and amused myself, on my field walks, with gathering, arranging, and distinguishing the different species of plants; and having a turn for drawing, a master soon taught me to apply my pencil to the copying these charming productions of nature. I did not stop here; for I studied the economy and culture of useful trees, shrubs and vegetables; and having a little garden in

the country on Enfield chace, I set myself to verify my studies by actual operations, many of which I performed with my own hand. The pleasure of gardening led me to inquire concerning the nature of manures, the growth of plants; and their qualities drawing me gradually on to the knowledge of fossils useful in agriculture, or of plants useful in manufactures; in short, I became rationally curious, and was rationally employed. I was no longer disgusted with my own insignificancy, and no longer brooded over my disappointments.

The outsidcs of men became less interesting to me than formerly. I wished to know if there was any thing *within* my lovers, before I paid any attention to their external exhibition.

Having thus recovered my senses, and applied them to the recovery of my character, and the securing of my own happiness, independent of the world, though I had only a very moderate jointure, I was able to make it sufficient for all my desires; and my prudence obtained me a proposal of marriage from a gentleman of competent estate in the country, whose hand I accepted; and I hope I may venture to say, that he is satisfied with my conduct as a wife and mother, and my manners as a companion, and affectionate friend, who, if he should detect my hand in this letter, will, I dare say, forgive my becoming authoress anonymously, for the good of the ladies to whom I recommend, especially on their marriage, the reading of Dean Swift's letter to a very young one upon that occasion; which, to save them the *unsufferable fatigue* of looking over the indexes of 13 volumes, I beg leave to inform them, is to be found in the beginning of the fourth of the common editions.

I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and admirer,

A FORTUNATE DAUGHTER OF IDLENESS.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I HAVE read your Glasgow correspondent's anecdotes of Smith, which I dare say are very authentic ; and perhaps he may be in the right, that the Doctor would not have been very angry to have had such trifles repeated in the circle of social intercourse ; but I knew him too well to think he would have liked to have had a pifgah view of such frivolous matter obtruded on the learned world after his death. He would very probably have said, Why, Sir, I would rather my body were injected by Hunter or Monro, and shewn in Fleet Street, or at Weir's museum, than have these secretions of my mind in private conversation, made a spectacle of to philosophers, when I am laid in my grave !

I had the happiness, Sir, to be a disciple of Adam Smith's when he was at Glasgow. I went there on purpose, after I had entered the busy world, and completed all the courses in the universities of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and resided some time at Oxford, that I might, after the manner of the ancients, walk in the Porticos of Glasgow, with Smith and with Millar, and be imbued with the principles of jurisprudence, law, and philosophy.

I passed most of my time at Glasgow with these two first rate men ; and Smith read private lectures to me in jurisprudence, and accompanied them with his commentaries in conversation ; exercises which I hope will give a colour and a substance to my sentiments, and to my reason, that will be eternal.

He was a great man, Sir ; but, no doubt, he had his weaknesses. They were the weaknesses of a good man, who had seen much of the surface, but little of the interior of what is commonly called the world.

He passed the younger part of his life in a cloyster at Oxford, having been one of Snell's exhibitioners, from Glasgow college to Baliol.

His mother was a most virtuous and excellent woman, and impressed the Doctor's mind, when a boy, with the most exalted and correct principles of conduct, which he retained and improved to a degree I thought exceedingly uncommon.

He was always of Dr. Young the poet's opinion, that high worth was "elevated place; that it made more
" than monarchs made, an honest man!"

I never knew a man more amiable in this respect; but when he met with honest men whom he liked, and who courted him, he would believe almost any thing they said. Had he been a friend of the worthy ingenious Horrox, he would have believed that the moon sometimes disappeared in a clear sky without the interposition of a cloud; or of another truly honest and respectable man, that a professor of mathematics at Upsal had a tail of six inches long at his rump. The three great avenues to Smith, were his mother, his books, and his political opinions. The conquest of him was easy through any of these channels; and this came to be very soon known by the Dolphins that played in the wake of his great navigation in literature.

He approached to republicanisn in his political principles; and considered a commonwealth as the platform for a monarchy, hereditary succession in the chief magistrate being necessary only to prevent the commonwealth from being shaken by ambition, or absolute dominion introduced by the consequences of contending factions. Yet Pitt and Dundas, praising his book, and adopting its principles in parliament, brought him down from London a Tory, and a Pittite, instead of a Whig and a Foxite, as he was when he set out. By and bye, the impression wore off, and his former sentiments returned, but unconnected either with Pitt, Fox, or any body else. I saw him for the last time in

the February that preceded his death. I said, in taking leave of him; "My dear Doctor, I hope to see you oftener when I come to town next February." He squeezed my hand, and said, "My dear Ascanius, I may be alive then, and perhaps half-a-dozen of Februaries; but you never will see your old friend any more. I find that the machine is breaking down; so that I shall be little better than a mummy."

I found a great inclination to visit the Doctor, when I heard of his last illness; but the mummy stared me in the face, and I was intimidated.

Smith's well placed affection for Hume, as a man, hindered him from being a Christian, from the same foible I have already described.

He had no ear for music, nor any perception of the sublime or beautiful in composition, either in poetry or language of any kind.

He was too much of a geometrician to have much taste, though he had the justest perception of moral beauty and excellence.

With respect to his works, his theory of moral sentiments is, in all its essential parts, just, founded on truth and nature. He points out the foundation of the just, the fit, the decent, in our most common and allowable passions, making approbation and disapprobation as fixed by our instincts, the tests of virtue and vice; and shewing that those are founded on sympathy; raising from this simple and obvious truth, a most beautiful intellectual fabric.

His essay concerning the causes of the wealth of nations, is a complete analysis of society, beginning with the first rudiments of the simplest manual labour, and rising by an easy and natural gradation to the highest attainment of mental powers. In this book, not only arts and commerce, but finance, justice, public police, the economy of armies, and the system of education, are considered and argued upon, often profoundly, always plausibly and clearly, and with respect to wars

and public debts, and to monopolies in trade, and bounties in manufactures, especially as applied to the state of Great Britain and her colonies, remarkably close, as well as luminous in argument.

In many respects, Adam Smith was a chaste disciple of Epicurus, as that philosopher is properly understood; and Smith's last act resembled that of Epicurus, leaving as a legacy to his friend and patron, the children of his Metrodorus, the excellent Cullen. O venerable, amiable, and worthy man, why was you not a Christian!

I am, Mr. Editor, with much inclination to promote the success of your literary undertaking,

Your humble Servant,

ASCANIUS.

On the Practicability of rearing Silk Worms in Scotland.

IN the seventeenth number of this work, some mention is made of the possibility of rearing silk-worms in this country, and the useful purposes which this branch of manufacture might be made to serve.—Since that time, I have had many letters on the subject, the greatest part of which express a doubt of the possibility of introducing this branch of industry into a country whose climate is so cold as that of Scotland. The prejudice is natural, and ought to be removed by such facts and arguments, as could not have come under the cognizance of persons who have not had occasion particularly to advert to this subject.

Every production, whether of the animal or vegetable kingdom, that has never been reared in this country, is naturally supposed to be too tender to bear our climate, when first introduced into it;—nor can this prejudice be fully removed, but by experience, even where reasoning *a priori* might have been sufficient.—

The larch tree is not a native of this country;—it was introduced into it, even almost within our own memory;—yet it is now known to be much more hardy, and to thrive better in a variety of soils than the Scotch fir itself, and many of our other indigenous trees: Yet the Duke of Athol, who brought the seeds of this tree from the bleak hills of Carniola, thought it necessary to preserve it in his green house for many winters; and it was only necessity that obliged him, at last, to allow it to take its chance without doors, as it had become too large to be contained within the house. Then he had the satisfaction to perceive that it not only continued alive abroad, but prospered there much better than it did while cooped up in the greenhouse.

But if the general prejudice be so strong, as to make us even dread that plants from a cold region will be too tender to prosper in the open air here, it is much more natural to be doubtful of the success of those that come from climates that are much hotter than our own; though experience has demonstrated, that, even in this respect, we may often judge erroneously.—The sweet-scented pea, so commonly cultivated in our gardens, is a native of the island of Ceylon, in the torrid Zone;—yet that pea not only lives in the open air in this country, but is even the hardiest *annual* pea with which we are acquainted; as it is the only sort that bears our winter's cold, without any shelter.—No inference, therefore, that can be absolutely depended upon, can be drawn, as to the hardiness of any vegetable, *merely* from considering the nature of the climate, where it was first accidentally discovered.

I shall soon have occasion to shew, that wherever the mulberry tree can be made to thrive, the silk-worm may be reared, and that cold regions are, in some respects, more favourable for the insect itself, than hot climates;—yet prejudice is so much more powerful in influencing mankind than reason, that it has required

some thousands of years to ascertain the truth of this important fact, as a slight sketch of the history of the progress of silk-rearing will clearly shew.

To the Chinese, the Europeans are indebted for the knowledge of this curious insect, and the uses to which its labours can be applied in manufactures. How long they have been in possession of this branch of knowledge, cannot be ascertained; but it is not two thousand years since even the very name of silk was unknown in any part of Europe. When the Roman power extended over half the globe, this brilliant and ornamental article of dress was not known. From Egypt, it first was imported into Rome;—and among all the articles of elegance belonging to the luxurious Cleopatra, none seemed so much to excite the admiration and astonishment of the Romans, as to observe, that the very sails of her pleasure barge were made of silk. From that time, the *lords of the world* became acquainted with this article, and it served to ornament the robes of emperors, and to adorn ladies of the highest rank, who alone were able to purchase these costly trappings.

For many centuries, raw silk could only be procured from China;—nor was it then believed possible to produce it in any other part of the world. At last, however, some begging monks, who had wandered as far as China, having observed the manner in which they fed the worms, and performed the other parts of the operation, thought it might be introduced into Greece, where they knew the mulberry tree grew very well. They accordingly obtained some of the eggs, which, during the winter season, they transported with safety into Greece;—and having instructed the natives in the mode of managing them, these ingenious people, encouraged by the high price that silk then bore, gradually perfected themselves in this branch of business, and at length found that silk could be reared to as great perfection in Greece, as in China.

Still, however, it was thought to be in vain to attempt to rear this tender insect in the less genial climates of Italy or other European countries ;—and Greece enjoyed, for a good many centuries, a monopoly of this lucrative manufacture, till, at last, the Normans, by vigorous exertions, obtained possession of Sicily. This daring people, who had been successful in so many enterprises, which had been by others deemed impossible, were destined to open the eyes of their subjects, in regard to this article, as well as others. Roger, king of Sicily, about the beginning of the 12th century, imported the eggs of the silk-worm into his dominions, where they were soon found to prosper abundantly.—From thence, they spread gradually all over Italy ;—and here, again, their progress was stayed for several ages.

Italy has been long deemed the garden of Europe, and its climate has been accounted the most salubrious. Men were accustomed to look towards it with a kind of religious veneration ;—nor did those who inhabited northern climates, even venture, for a long time, to think they had the least reason to suspect it was possible they could rear any of those products which had been peculiar to it.—At last, however, Henry the Fourth of France, whose mind was endowed with too much vigour to be led in the trammels that entangled the vulgar, turned his thoughts to this subject, and saw reason to believe that it would not be impossible to rear silk-worms even in France itself. This extravagant idea, as it was then thought, was strongly combated by the sagacious Sully, who, though a man of great talents, was incapable of entering in this particular, into the more liberal views of his illustrious sovereign. Henry, in spite of the opposition of his minister, persisted in his resolution of having the experiment tried ; and the success of two hundred years has abundantly testified, that he judged wisely ; for the rearing of silk in that country has been from that time till the pre-

sent, a principal employment to a great proportion of the people of that fine country.

Here, however, the progress of the silk-worm was once more interrupted; nor would they have found their way farther northward, perhaps for some centuries yet to come, had not another hero appeared upon the borders of the Baltic, who, like Henry of France, had his mind unshackled, and his judgement clear;—the great Frederick of Prussia, whose warlike exploits have been heard of through every part of Europe, but whose beneficent internal regulations to promote the prosperity of his dominions in peace, are little known, with a keenness of perception peculiar to himself, observed the erroneous ideas that had universally prevailed for so many ages in regard to this article,—and boldly resolved, at once, to introduce the culture of the silk-worm on the banks of the Oder, where he saw it would furnish a lucrative and healthy employment to many thousands of his subjects, who would otherwise have been, in a great measure, unprovided for. The experiment succeeded;—in a few years, this valuable branch of business was fully established;—and though he was not a young man when he formed this project, he had the satisfaction, before his death, to see this improvement firmly rooted and spread over a considerable extent of country, and giving bread to a great many thousands of women and children, who would otherwise have been destitute,—and still spreading wider and wider every year.

This short historical sketch of the progress of rearing silk-worms, will probably tend more directly to weaken the prejudices against the attempt to introduce it into this country, than any reasoning could have done. The facts above stated are all well known, and sufficiently authenticated. It may perhaps, however, prove still more satisfactory, to add a few other observations, tending to shew that there cannot be the smallest rea-

172 ON REARING SILK-WORMS IN SCOTLAND, June 8,
son to doubt of the success of the undertaking in this
country, whenever it shall be fairly attempted.

Without at present entering into the question of the practicability of rearing silk-worms on any other food than the mulberry leaf, my aim shall be to shew, that this approved food can be at pleasure raised in abundance in any part of this island for the purpose required. It is the *leaf* of the mulberry alone that this insect requires; therefore we have no occasion to concern ourselves about the *fruit*. But that the mulberry plant lives in this climate, and resists its severest cold, cannot be doubted, as there is scarcely a nursery, or an old garden in any part of the country, where the proprietor has been curious in trees, that some of them are not to be found; and I do not remember ever to have seen one plant of it that had been in the smallest degree injured by cold. It is indeed a slow growing tree here as in every country; nor does it put forth its leaf early in the season. This, however, in the present case, is a matter of no sort of importance; for as the silk-worm lives only a few weeks, and as it is very easy *in this climate* to keep the eggs from being hatched till the very day we incline, it is always in our power to prevent the worms from coming forward, till we shall have plenty of food provided for them; so that it is a matter of indifference whether these leaves attain their full perfection in May, in June, or in July. Whenever the food is ready for them, and no sooner, we can bring the worms into life; an advantage we do not enjoy in respect to any other live stock whatever.

In regard to the preservation of the worm itself, as respecting climate, it has been found by dear bought experience, in the countries where they have long been reared, that nothing is so much to be dreaded, or so difficult to guard against, as suffocating heat, which renders the worms so weak and languid, as to be unable to spin their cocoons properly; or violent thunder, which, in one hour, is frequently known to kill

the whole flock, so as not to leave a single individual to propagate the species. These are grievous calamities, which tend greatly to abridge the profits, and to render the business precarious and dangerous. For these reasons, the worms dare not be entrusted with safety, without doors, in warm regions; though neither can they be so conveniently managed within doors. But in Britain this inconvenience could not be experienced. Our heats are never so excessive as to be in danger of weakening this animal; nor are our colds during the summer months ever so intense, as to prove in the smallest degree dangerous to them. And as to thunder, it so seldom happens, and it would be so easy here to protect them from danger when it did come, that our advantage over others in this respect is very great.

The effects of climate on this insect, as above represented, are so different from what will be in general apprehended, that I should not have dared to mention them, except upon very good authority. The Reverend Mr. George Swayne of Pickle-church near Bristol, who obtained the silver medal from the Society of Arts in London, for his communications respecting the rearing of silk-worms, invented a cheap portable case for keeping the worms (a description of which, with improvements, shall be given in some future number of this work) with a view to enable the poor who might engage in this employment to manage them with propriety. To ascertain what may be the effects of keeping them in the open air in this climate, he tried the following experiments.

“ In the latter end of May last (the 28th 1788) I put a number of silk-worms (fewer than a hundred) which were then just hatched in the frame (the frame is quite open on all sides), and placed it in my garden. The weather at that time was cold and windy: In the evening, the frame was removed into an out-house, and returned to the garden next morning. This was

continued for a night or two; for a few nights longer, it was covered with a bassmat; and afterwards was suffered to remain in the garden by day and night, without covering. At the time I placed these in the garden, I placed others (a somewhat greater number) in the dwelling house; both colonies were fed with the same kind of food, which was mostly the leaves of the white mulberry, at the same time, and in a proportionable quantity, and were treated alike in every particular. During their growth, there was no discernible difference between them; they went through their several changes, and began to spin about the same period; indeed the first that they spun was in the frame in the garden.

“The weather, during the last three weeks, was very wet, and *during the whole time unseasonably cold.* As soon as I observed one of them in the frame begin to spin, I took the frame within doors, as the weather was so wet; that had it remained in its former situation, I should not have been able to have attended to the spinning of the worms, without great inconvenience.”

No difference in the quality, &c. of the silk produced was remarked.

By means of this portable frame, therefore, silk-worms, in this climate, can be allowed to enjoy the benefit of the open air, which is so conducive to their health, as well as to that of the persons who attend them, while, by having a proper place provided for their reception, they can be removed thither with ease, whenever circumstances shall render it necessary. In these frames, a person could with ease remove twenty thousand of them at once; and by a proper apparatus, with handles, two persons could take away at least a hundred and fifty thousand; so that in case of a thunder storm, the whole might be removed into a place of safety in a few minutes.

On some future occasion, this subject shall be resumed.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

Stockport, May 16th, 1791.

I received your polite letter, and am sorry, that, for various reasons, I cannot, at present, make public my new process in bleaching. I should have been glad to have been able to indulge you in this respect, as I think you are entitled to the esteem of the world, for the ardour with which you inquire into subjects of general utility. What follows, is all that I would wish to communicate concerning it at present.

The method, which I have lately devised, supersedes every former process, and must be considerably cheaper than that which is recommended by Mr. Berthollet, as the materials employed are less expensive than his. The process itself is also more simple.

That my liquor is *essentially* different from his, will be apparent from the following consideration. His, unless when combined with an alkali, destroys every colour which is put into it; but mine, without the use of any alkaline substance, preserves the blue in the selvages of British Calicos; and, as far as my experiments have gone, it does no injury to any other fixed colour.

My preparation is so safe, that I have taken cotton cloth, which had been steeped in strong liquor, and without washing it, have dried it both in the open air, and at the fire, and found that the fabric was not impaired. There is also another process, peculiarly suitable for strong goods, where there are no dyed colours to be retained.

I would not be understood as boasting of what I have done. I would ascribe my success to a little attentive observation, aided by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. The present is a time of discovery, and

big with important events. Rays of light break through on every side, and direct us in the way of improvement. The lovers of science are invited into the field of investigation. The friend of truth is encouraged to inquire and persevere. I am, Sir, with sentiments of respect, your very humble servant,

J. WILSON.

Remarks on useful Vegetable Juices inspissated, that are the Native Productions of Europe.

As a supplement to the account that was given of the *elastic resin* or *couthouc* in a late number of this work, (vol. ii. p. 100.) it will be proper to mention some of the vegetable productions of Europe, that have been found to afford juices that possess some of the qualities of that substance.

In Sweden, they obtain a juice from the *Viscum Album Linn.* the white mistletoe, which is said to possess many of the properties of the *Couthouc*.

Mr. Faujas de St. Fond tried the glue of the Holly, which we call *birdslime*, for that purpose. This is prepared at Abbeville in France, from the inner bark of the Holly, as an article for sale. In the state it is offered for sale, he observes it contains a superabundance of water, and does not burn like elastic gum, when thrown upon a red hot coal, but by boiling it for about an hour, it becomes then inflammable, and burns with a clear flame, emitting a smell similar to that of elastic gum when burning. This substance is insoluble in water, or in ardent spirits. It can be dissolved both in *expressed* and *essential* oils. With the first, when prepared with litharge (usually called drying oils) it forms a varnish, in some respects analogous to the elastic gum, long indeed in drying like the *couthouc* varnish; but silks covered with it have the same brilliancy, transparency, flexibility; the same impermeability; and the same facility of developing the electric fluid, as if they had been covered with *couthouc*, which makes it very proper for covering the

filk of those large electrical machines which now are found to produce such great effects.

There is found in Provence (a southern province of France) at the roots of the *Chondrilla Juncea* Lin. very common in steril land, a kind of glue produced by an exudation of a kind of milky juice from that plant, which greatly resembles the elastic gum. The milky juice of the fig-tree, of several kinds of *Tithymalis* and *Apocynium*, produce also, we are told, particularly in the meridional parts of France, a substance which has a great analogy with the elastic gum.

Mr. Faujas de St. Fond gives the following receipt for making a varnish that may be employed for covering balloons, electrical filken cylinders, or other filks, impenetrable by water, which will prove nearly as good as that of elastic gum (dissolved in oil), and is much less expensive.

“ Take, says he, a pound of glue *; put it in a new earthen pot; make it boil slowly for about an hour, till it ceases to bubble, or, what comes to the same thing, till, upon trial of a drop of it takes fire, when thrown upon a live coal. Pour then upon the glue a pound of spirit of turpentine, stirring it well with a wooden spatula, and removing the pot from the flame, lest the whole should take fire;—let it boil for five or six minutes; pour then upon it three pounds of boiling oil, that has been prepared with litharge. Walnut oil, linseed oil, or poppy oil, may be employed at pleasure. Stir it well, and allow it to boil for a quarter of an hour; and the varnish is made.

“ When it has stood 24 hours, and the sediment has fallen to the bottom, pour off the clear into another vessel. When you are to use it, let it be warm, and lay it on with a flat pencil, upon silk, *well stretched*. One good coat is enough. Allow it to remain thus stretched out in the open air to dry.”

* This, though not expressed in the receipt, I presume means the glue of Holly, or birdslime above described.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

You lately favoured us with a review of Mrs. Gunning's Pamphlet. If a future edition shall be required, I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to suggest to the lady the following quotation from Shakespeare, as a motto for her title page.

" *Orla.* O but she is wise."

" *Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this ; the wiser the waywarder."

" *Ros.* You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O ! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself ; for she will breed it like a fool !"

TUMBLEDOWN.

To the Editor of the Bee.

If you think the following worthy of a place in your miscellany, please insert it.

A Receipt for killing Rats.

In 1783, a premium of five guineas was given by the Dublin Society for the following receipt to kill rats.

Take 1 quart of oat meal, 4 drops of oil of Rhodium, 1 grain of musk, 2 nuts of nux vomica powdered. Mix the whole together, and place it where the rats frequent ; continue to do so while they eat it, and it will soon destroy them, be they ever so numerous.

G. R.

*For the Bee.**Ode to Maria.*

WHAT is beauty? tis a flower
 Born to perish in an hour;
 'Tis a shadow flying fleet
 On the nimble courser's feet;
 'Tis a creature of the spring,
 Spoiling on its wanton wing,
 Scarcely seen beneath the sun,
 When its rapid race is run.

No! Maria, though our sight
 Gaze a moment with delight;
 Think not that the soul is caught
 By a thing so void and naught:
 'Tis the graces of the mind,
 Not to time or place confin'd,
 That we ever fond admire,
 That we ardently desire.

No! Maria, though thy eye
 With the diamond's lustre vie;
 Tho' thy cheeks the bloom disclose
 Of the lily and the rose;
 Tho' sweet smiles thy lips adorn,
 Sweet as blushes of the morn;
 It is not these:—It is thy truth
 That lures the love of every youth;
 It is thy soft and tender heart;
 It is thy ease, devoid of art.

C———N F———K.

*Extempore on a young lady being displeased at the colour
 of her hat.*

No wonder you're mad,
 Your hat looks so bad,
 When your cheeks the colour outvies;
 Those roses that grace
 That sweet pretty face,
 Must all imitation despise.

*For the Bee.**Ode to Contentment.*

HAIL! ever-sweetly smiling maid,
 Whose power can lull our cares to rest,
 Though keen afflictions darts invade,
 Thy friendly ray can calm the breast.
 Though ghastly poverty should sting!
 Though dire misfortunes pangs await,
 Thy placid looks relief can bring,
 Beguile the wretch's pain, and cure the ills of fate!

Oh! come, sweet soother of the mind,
 And bless me with thy heavenly aid;
 Direct my wandering steps to find
 Thy balmy comforts, gentle maid!
 Teach me my humble lot to prize,
 A stranger to ambition's fire,
 The pomp of splendor to despise,
 And ne'er to gaudy show, or glittering wealth aspire.

Oh! come with all thy heaven-born train,
 Soft meek eyed peace, in smiles array'd,
 And harmony with social strain,
 And roscat health! gay blooming maid.
 Let white-rob'd innocence attend,
 And friendship light her sacred fires
 Let gentle hope her influence send,
 And soaring contemplation, who from giddy crouds retires.

SCOTIANNA.

*For the Bee.**Sixth Elegy of Politian, translated.*

IF, when they quit the present scene,
 Our souls are conscious to the past,
 And, through the shades that intervene,
 A look of fond remembrance cast,

My dearest boy! support me now;
 Wipe off this vain rebellious tear;
 Replace composure on my brow;
 Teach me this piercing stroke to bear.

While silent midnight shrouds the sky,
 When oft, as beauty's bards have said,
 Gleams on the pale seducer's eye,
 The form of her his vows betray'd.

Ah! leave the regions of the blest;
 Revisit this devoted earth;
 Aid me in soothing into rest
 That injur'd girl who gave thee birth.

Though, since affliction's helpless heir,
 Her trespasss holy spite reprov'd,
 She once—I blush not to declare—
 Like thee, was lovely and belov'd.——

Let pedants, whose unsocial nerves
 Nature's first impulse ne'er could fire,
 Whose frigid virtue never swerves
 From what discretion's rules require,

From every vulgar failing free—
 Let them detest me, if they can;
 I neither seek, nor wish to see,
 A mortal more, or less than man.

Whate'er a father's pride could ask,
 Was center'd in thy infant charms;
 Each dream restores my pleasing task,
 And fancy feels thy clasping arms.

Again to view thy features rise,
 Again thy prattle lulls my ear,
 While prompt imagination eyes
 The childish laugh, the childish tear.

A gush of joy o'erwhelms my breast,
 Starting, to press me close to thine.
 I wake—Let him describe the rest,
 Who knows an agony like mine.——

To parents death distracts not yet,
 Whose hearts have ne'er like ours been wrung,—
 Whisper that pity should forget
 What passion forces from my tongue.

When she, whose tortures shock my soul,
 Is to her early grave consign'd,
 My victim's tender cares controul,
 Tell her—I dread to stay behind!

To the Editor of the Bee.

Edmund, a Tale.

HAIL native stream, said EDMUND, setting himself down on a grassy plot; thy flowery banks invite me here to rest my weary limbs.—Thy gentle murmurs cannot however soothe my sorrow.—Oh! scenes of my juvenile amusements, you bring not along with you your former endearments.—An old man approached him—He leaned on his staff—His silvered locks waved to the gentle breeze—Experience and benignity marked his venerable countenance. You seem to be faint with travel, said Mr. TOUNSHEND, for that was the name of the old gentleman. “I am very much so,” replied EDMUND—“If you please to retire to my house, which is just at hand, a little rest and refreshment will enable you more agreeably to pursue your journey”—“I intended to have gone a few miles farther before I had stopt; but, as I find myself exceedingly fatigued, I cheerfully accept of your friendly invitation.”—So saying, he rose up, and followed MR. TOUNSHEND to his villa.

‘You are a stranger, I suppose, in this part of the country,’ said MR. TOUNSHEND.—“I was born in a village at no great distance from this; I believe however, very few here will now know me; I am much altered: besides, I am poor.—I have brought nothing home with me but a few scars received in the service of my country;” looking at a stump, the remains of his left arm, which MR. TOUNSHEND had not before observed.—“Oh! these are marks of glory, exclaimed the old gentleman; infinitely more valuable than riches—May I be allowed to ask your name?”—“My name is ROBERTS; if you have resided here any considerable time, you are perhaps not a stranger to my family—Do you know my father?”—“I have often heard of him, but never had the pleasure of his acquaintance.” “From your parlour window, I can see the gently sloping hills where roam his snowy flocks, and the spreading groves which shelter his little farm.—Oh! delightful spot—residence of exalted virtue—Place of my nativity, inexpressibly endeared to me by the indulgence of the best of parents—A parent, perhaps

e'er now intombed in earth—Dreadful thought!—Oh! why was I torn from him in his old age?"—"Torn from him, did you say?"—"Yes, in the cruellest and basest manner."—"I feel myself interested in your concerns; do favour me with your company till to-morrow, and a recital of your story."—EDMUND having yielded to the intreaties of MR. TOUNSHEND, he accosted him as follows.

"My mother died when I was but a boy; my father remained a widower.—Though but little acquainted with the world or the sciences, by a close attention to nature, he acquired some of the most important principles of useful knowledge. The cultivation of his little farm afforded him an agreeable exercise; the enjoyment of a select circle of friends sufficiently occupied his leisure hours. He early impressed me with the principles of virtue; my mind, naturally susceptible, from his example, acquired a relish for social endearments. As he intended me to succeed him in his property and profession, he took care to give me an education suitable to such a station. At the grammar school of our parish, I contracted an intimacy with a lad about my own age, the son of a gentleman in our neighbourhood; this connection in time, advanced to a most perfect friendship.

"Having one day taken the diversion of hunting, the pursuit of our game carried us farther from home than we intended. Hunger reminded us that it was dinner time. I carried MR. WILLIAMS, which is the name of my friend, to the house of a widow lady in that neighbourhood, where I had before once visited; we were received in the politest manner. It was then I was first blessed with a sight of my MARIA;—blessed did I say? no surely, it deserves another appellation, since it proved the commencement of my misfortunes. I will not attempt to describe this lovely maid; any representation I could delineate, would fall infinitely short of the original. Her charms inspired me with the sincerest passion; and I had every reason to think it mutual. Oh! I was mistaken; she was not sincere; at least she was not proof against the solicitations of another. By permission of my father, whom I had made acquainted with the whole matter, I went one day to visit her. At my arrival, I found the family in the utmost disorder;—MARIA was missing. She had gone the day before on a visit to a lady

who resided at a little distance, and had not from that time been heard of. I was so struck with this intelligence, that I remained for some time in a manner insensible; I soon however recollected myself: concluding she must have been forced away, I resolved not to lose a moment in attempting her recovery. I dispatched a short note to my father, and one to my friend, briefly acquainting him with what had happened, directing him to take a different route from that which I intended, and appointing a place where we should meet. This done, I took leave of the family.

"Having spent the day in fruitless inquiries, I arrived late at night at the place of rendezvous. MR. WILLIAMS was not come; I waited with impatience till next morning. "Have you heard any thing of MARIA?" cried I, as soon as he appeared—"I have"—"Where is she?"—"At MR. OSBURN'S"—I stretched forth my arms to embrace him.—"Repress your joy, my EDMUND, said he; this discovery only adds to your misfortunes."—"What do you mean?"—"She is there by her own choice"—"Impossible"—"That will but too well convince you of its reality," said he, putting a letter into my hand, which he said, he received from herself. I tore it open:—Its contents informed me, that she had particular reasons for discontinuing her correspondence with me, and at the same time advising me to think no more of her. The letter dropped from my hand. I stood for some time motionless with surprise.—I had, it is true, never before seen any of her hand-writing; but I had the utmost confidence in my friend. "Come, MR. WILLIAMS, said I, I must see the faithless MARIA once more; I shall at least have the pleasure of punishing her seducer." "Take care said he, that instead of chastening your rival, you do not receive from him an additional injury. You know he is a professed libertine: A man who can commit a crime like this, will not hesitate to crown it with another, perhaps of a worse nature." I remained firm to my purpose. Having found I was determined, he agreed to accompany me. When we were within a little of MR. OSBURN'S, my friend told me, that it was through one of the domestics of the family, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, he had got access to MARIA; and if I pleased, he would go a little before, and endeavour to procure me an interview by

the same method. I approved of his proposal. He was hardly out of sight, when several men rushed suddenly from a concealment ; one of them seized my horse by the bridle ; while I struck at him with the butt end of my whip, I received a blow on my head, which brought me senseless to the ground. When I recovered, I found myself in a paltry looking apartment, surrounded by a number of fellows, whose countenances told me I had no good to expect from them. I asked them the meaning of all this, and was answered I should know that in proper time. I was immediately forced into a carriage, one of the fellows placed on each side of me,—carried to PORTSMOUTH, and put on board a transport, which sailed next day with troops for Germany.

“ Time will not permit me to relate particularly the various circumstances which happened during the different campaigns in which I have served. As a reward for my sobriety and attention to duty, I was soon raised to the rank of serjeant. At the battle of Ramalies, my behaviour was esteemed brave ; it was mentioned in very high terms to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who soon after presented me with an ensign’s commission. In this new sphere, I formed an intimacy with a number of the officers, particularly a young gentleman of the name of DOUGLASS, a native of SCOTLAND, whose life I had the happiness to preserve from the sword of a base assassin. From that moment we were united in the indissoluble ties of friendship. At the attack of the French lines of MALPLAQUET, I had my left arm shot away, beside a ball lodged in one of my thighs. Surrounded by the enemy, I should certainly have fallen a victim to their ferocity, had not MR. DOUGLASS, who perceived my situation, come to my relief. The victory was glorious : it was decisive ; but I lost my friend. He was certainly killed, or at least taken prisoner ; for from that day till this, I could never learn what became of him. The loss of so much blood, and a long and tedious recovery, made a return to my native country necessary, in order to recruit my debilitated constitution. In the bosom of a parent, in the company of my friend MR. WILLIAMS, I now expect to find a solace to my affliction. This remaining happiness, how is it embittered by the recollection of MARIA, once the same

of my felicity, and source of my misery ; now, as I was long since but too well informed, hid in the shades of death for ever from my view."

' I see, said MR. TOUNSHEND, you expect the highest pleasure from the enjoyment of your friend.'—" I do indeed—Oh ! how sweet at this moment is the recollection of our past endearments—How pleasing the hope of their revival"—' How vain is such a hope:—Him you call your friend is the blackest villain.'—" What do you say; said EDMUND? with a look of astonishment and indignation; you certainly do not know him."—" I should indeed be ashamed of such an acquaintance; you may however be assured of what I tell you, that he is the basest of villains, and the worst enemy you ever had."—" My enemy, exclaimed EDWIN; what do you mean?—Sure I can read sincerity and benevolence in your countenance; you would not impose upon me, nor willingly make me wretched—Oh ! for heaven's sake explain yourself." ' Know then, WILLIAMS betrayed you in the affair of MARIA. Excited by a guilty passion, and finding her proof against every delusive art, he found means to carry her off by force. The letter he brought you was a base forgery. In case you should be inclined to examine more fully into the matter, as he apprehended you would, he hired those ruffians who carried you away in the manner you have yourself related. I need say no more : this is the truth of the matter ; for the confirmation of which, I can produce the most undeniable proof, if you demand it.'—EDMUND trembled and turned pale ; a thousand minute circumstances now rushed on his memory, which tended to shake in some degree, the confidence he had placed in his friend.—MR. TOUNSHEND perceived his distress, and attempted to soothe the agitation of his mind. " May I be allowed, said EDMUND, to ask you by what means you became acquainted with those circumstances."—" You behold in me the father of the unfortunate MARIA."—" The father of MARIA, cried EDMUND in the utmost astonishment ; and can you behold with such a placid countenance, the wretch, who has, though unintentionally, been the occasion of her misfortunes?"—" You was deceived ; you was cruelly disabled from discovering the deception.—The lady with whom MARIA resided, continued MR. TOUN-

SHEND, is my sister ; she wrote me concerning your visits, and her apprehensions of the consequences.—The day after receiving her letter, I set out to see my daughter ; I had not got half way, when I was alarmed with her cries from a carriage which drove past. Fortunately I had brought a servant along with me, by whose assistance I rescued my child. We returned home ; I questioned MARIA concerning your correspondence with her ; she gave me a circumstantial detail of the matter, concluding with an account of her being seized and carried off by two men whom she had never seen before, not a quarter of a mile from her aunt's house. I was inclined to think this to be a contrivance of yours ; and not hearing any more of you, confirmed me in that opinion. It was but very lately I was undeceived ; a severe illness produced a confession of the whole affair, from the wretch whom you fondly call your friend.'

" Oh ! how am I disappointed, exclaimed EDMUND ; betrayed by one whom I esteemed my bosom friend—MARIA lost for ever !—Distracting thought—What now remains for me ?—Oh ! heavenly FRIENDSHIP, soul of happiness, where shall I now find thee ? who shall now lead me to thy abode ?" ' Young man, said MR. TOUNSHEND, you need not go far to find her—She dwells beneath this humble roof—You have yet a friend.'—EDMUND stretched out his hand to the old gentleman ; his feelings were too big for utterance ; the tear started in his eye.—' Look on me as your father, continued MR. TOUNSHEND—I have yet a daughter—Perhaps in her you may find some traces of your MARIA.—EDMUND remained silent, except the sigh which burst from his agitated bosom. MR. TOUNSHEND retired ; but soon returned, leading in a woman. " HEAVENS ! what do I see, exclaimed EDMUND, the moment he set his eyes on her—My MARIA—Sure I cannot be mistaken."—' You are not, said MR. TOUNSHEND ; it is she herself, though brought indeed by sorrow to the brink of the grave, heaven was pleased to restore her to her aged parent, to preserve her as a blessing to her EDMUND, as the reward of his virtues, as the compensation of his sufferings.' Sweet was the embrace of love, beyond the power of word to express ; the charming MARIA hid her modest face in her EDMUND's bosom, while the tears of sensibility flowed plentifully from her eyes. He appeared not now the

sprightly youth she had once beheld him—The bloom of health glowed not on his cheeks—Care had silvered over his flaxen locks; and grief had marked his manly countenance. A messenger was dispatched to Mr. ROBERTS, who arrived next day. In the midst of a scene, which displayed in the strongest, the tenderest manner, the power of parental and filial affection, EDMUND was struck with the appearance of a gentleman who had accompanied Mr. ROBERTS; he suddenly quitted the embraces of his father, and rushed with ardour into the arms of the stranger—It was Mr. DOUGLASS; he had been taken prisoner at MALPLAQUET, but on his parole had returned home, and called at Mr. ROBERTS on his way to SCOTLAND. EDMUND was united to his MARIA. Her father removed along with them to Mr. ROBERTS, where they were long blessed with every domestic felicity and social endearment. Heavenly peace dwelt in the bosom of EDMUND; joy ever sparkled in his MARIA's eyes. Happiness increased with their increasing years, and diffused his richest sweets through their rural habitation.

C.

Intelligence respecting Arts, &c.

A new Hydraulic Invention.

THE committee of agriculture and commerce in Paris, gave a report to the National Assembly on the 3d of February last, concerning an hydraulic discovery, said to be made by a *M. de Trouville*, which is announced in the most pompous terms, by the reporter *M. Herault Lumerville*, deputy from the department of Cher, as one of the most extraordinary discoveries that has been made in the present age. "The author, says he, has devised the means of elevating water to an indefinite height, by a simple effect of aspiration, of balancing alternately of air and water. His machine is not embarrassed with the apparatus of pistons, wheels and levers. Reflection and practice have lifted up to him the veil, which still covers in many parts, the great law of nature, and has given to him, thus to speak, the useful mecha-

nism (la mécanique utile). By the aid of his invention, he can raise enormous masses of water to heights unknown even to us."

Mr. Lumerville proceeds in the same stile of overstrained hyperbole, which is now supposed to constitute the quintessence of eloquence in popular assemblies, to enumerate many other particulars, which a sober philosopher endeavours in vain to comprehend. The secret consists, says he, in understanding better than any other person the doctrine of the syphon. "The author has reversed, combined, returned upon itself, divided, and subdivided this simple instrument; he has become master of it under all its forms, and has drawn from it the secret of his forces. The instruments employed are hollow columns, basins for reservoirs, valves, sometimes compressive, sometimes sucking (*aspirantes*). The air is the invisible balancer of the whole."

If our readers can form any distinct ideas from the discovery thus announced, it is well; for our own part, unless it be on the principle of the spiral wheel, employed for rearing water in some parts of Switzerland, by means of alternate portions of air and water in the same pipe (which is one of the most curious hydraulic contrivances yet discovered though no new invention), we can form no idea of it. The National Assembly, however, in consequence of this report, have appointed a committee of *their own members*, to examine this invention more fully, and to make an estimate of the expence that will be required for constructing a machine of this kind at large, so as to ascertain the precise value of the discovery. When this machine is executed, we shall be able, not only to judge of its real efficacy, but also to develop the principles of its construction to our readers, which we shall not fail to do as soon as possible.

In the mean while, it is rather an unfavourable prognostic, that the royal academy of sciences, have declined to give any report in its favour.

On the Revolution in Poland.

In former ages, the eighteenth century will make a most brilliant appearance, when compared at least with those that went before; "Then, it will be said, was laid the foundation of those numerous improvements, which so much distinguish the modern times from those dark ages of barbarism, in which Europe had been so long involved. True, indeed, the politicians of that æra knew but little;—The erroneous notions that had so long prevailed, had warped their judgment to such a degree, that they were unable to reason with that discriminating accuracy which has since prevailed. But they then began to think for themselves, and to reason in their own fashion. It was only by following the route on which they then entered, that we have been able to attain to that perfection which constitutes our highest glory. Let us therefore revere the liberal exertions of our rude progenitors. Though ignorant and unpolished, they are still entitled to our highest esteem."

Such, I doubt not, will be the language of those who shall live some centuries hence. Reason begins to dawn among mankind; and when the reign of systematic error shall be totally abolished, who can form an idea of the extent of these improvements we shall be able to attain?

The seeds of this happy revolution, if not first sown in Britain, were first cherished there, so as to be productive of any beneficial effect. It was in regard to religious subjects that the human mind first began to exercise its powers, and to shake off some of those fetters that had formerly enthralled it. But slow was its progress, and feeble was its force. Truth had scarcely begun to appear, when it formed a league with error; a baneful coalition was formed, which has retarded our progress, and still will continue to retard it here; while others, inspired by the prospect of what we have done, shall have exerted their native powers with still greater vigour, and left us perhaps far behind. The revolutions that have taken place with regard to government in America and France, may perhaps be fluctuating and unstable; because their political institutions may be defective and erroneous. But the grand revolution is that which respects the mind; and this, if we may judge from past events, will be permanent and sure. We know of no instance since the art of printing was invented, of any nation, in which the individuals had once acquired the habit of reasoning with perfect freedom on every subject, who ever could be again subjected to the dominion of abject ignorance. It is this empire of reason which I trust will be permanent, because every exertion in the present moment, will tend to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge, which is the only sure foundation on which reason can establish her throne.

Among all the triumphs of reason over prejudice, that have occurred in the present age, that which hath recently taken place in Poland

is the most surprising and wonderful, and what was least to be expected. That the body of a people, when by any accident they obtained power, should wish to reduce those who were above them to the same level with themselves, is so little surprising, that we know of scarcely any instance where it was seemingly within their reach, that they have not attempted it. But the surprising thing is, that in Poland, where a system of more rigid aristocratic despotism has prevailed for many ages, than was perhaps ever known to have subsisted in any other part of the globe, these nobles, without the smallest compulsion, or even solicitation on the part of the people, have voluntarily abandoned some of their highest prerogatives, of which they have on all former occasions shewn themselves most rigidly tenacious. This looks like enchantment; yet there seems to be no possibility of denying the fact.

The following letter gives such a clear and satisfactory account of this transaction, as to deserve to be preserved as an historical record of the most singular kind, for the information of future ages.

Warsaw, 19th April 1791.

“Yesterday was a day of triumph to millions; a day that will form a glorious epocha in the annals of this country, and render immortal the name of Stanislaus Augustus, in whom we revere all the qualities of a truly Patriot King.

“If Newton found the world in want of light, he found it at least well disposed to receive it. But in what state did Stanislaus Augustus find Poland on his elevation to the throne? Was it not in a state of anarchy, and still averse to any reform? Was it not exposed to all disasters, without any means, in the King's hands, to prevent them?

“The King felt the cause of so many misfortunes. He knew the defects of government, and was not unacquainted with the spirit of his nation. With unwearied exertion of his zeal and abilities, by gentle persuasion and example, he not only introduced order into the administration of different departments of the State, but even pre-disposed minds for the most difficult and most glorious reformation; a *reformation in the sentiments of the nation at large*; a reformation that inspired the *inhabitants of cities*, who for ages past had lived in a kind of slavery, with *courage* to reclaim the enjoyment of their ancient rights, and the *nobility*, who had so long exercised the entire sovereignty, with *generosity* to grant them unanimously, even more than they asked.

“Yesterday, civil and religious prejudices, perhaps equally difficult to be overcome, were abandoned in the same moment, and the *Tiers Etat* admitted, without distinction of birth or religion, to a *participation* both of the legislative and executive power; and declared capable of any office, civil, military or ecclesiastical, excepting in the national cavalry, and in some chapters destined for the benefit of the poorer class of a numerous nobility.

“When the National Assembly of France reduced the *nobility* to an equality with the *citizen*, the greater number of its members consisted of the *Tiers Etat*; but when Poland raised her citizens to that equality, the Diet consisted of nobility only. And yet there was no division within doors, nor commotion without! Eloquent and persuasive as the

King is on all occasions, on this he seemed to outdo himself. The subject touched his heart; he spoke with an uncommon degree of fire and enthusiasm; and his hearers caught the flame. Count Malachowski and Prince Sapieha, Marshals of the Diet, were particularly animated and happy in the arrangement and solidity of their arguments. Prince Adam Czartoriski Wawrechi, and Niemcewicz, member for Livonia, also distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner. "None of us (said this last gentleman, speaking of the exclusion of all such as are not nobles from offices of trust and honour) " knows who were the ancestors, or what was the religion of Washington and Franklin; but all of us know what important services these illustrious characters rendered to their country. Let not therefore the modesty of our citizens prescribe limits to our generosity. Let us not ask, nor look into old papers, to ascertain what they have a right to demand; but let us grant them, out of our own free accord, all that the welfare of our own country requires that they should possess." Mr. Suchorzewski, member for Kalisz, a gentleman equally respectable for his integrity and abilities, has the merit of having framed the bill that was adopted. As soon as it had passed, the members embraced one another, and their new brothers the citizens, who were numerous, present in the house; then, in token of their gratitude to the King, for the pains he has taken to obtain so glorious a reform in the constitution of their country, desired leave to kiss his hand. What a triumph for all parties!

"Now may we expect to see our half-inhabited towns re-peopled, our industry and commerce revive. Nothing further than the emancipation of our peasants seems to be now wanting, in order to render all ranks as happy as they are brave; and the country as independent and powerful, as it is fruitful and rich; but this can only be effected by degrees."

Here, however, as in every instance of a similar sort, the philosopher who admires the spirit which dictated that revolution, will find reason to doubt of the judiciousness of the measure. In several respects he will condemn it as unwise. But can wisdom be expected to spring up in a moment among all the members of a numerous and an illiterate assembly? It could not be—They only begin to think, and wish to act with liberality of mind. Let them continue to be influenced by this principle, and they will gradually imbibe knowledge. Their errors will then be corrected, and a general diffusion of happiness over the mighty nation will be the consequence.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1791.

Travelling Memorandums continued from page 122.

SEPTEMBER 15th. I dined and supped at the Hotel d' Angletterre Chantilly. Many years ago, I saw the grand palace, gardens, and famous stables here, objects of admiration to travellers of taste, for the greatest distinctions of high life—I, as a plain philosophical sort of a man, am better pleased to observe, that the present Prince de Condè encourages industrious people to settle and build good houses in his village—He says, I am told, and I think most nobly, that he would gladly surrender one great house appropriated to himself and his family for several thousands of free industrious people, thriving and happy, every one in his own house—He has taken one measure conducive to this good end, by erecting a china manufactory here, which succeeds very well—The English landlady at this inn is sensible and civil—Here I have paid the highest bill of any on the road, chiefly owing to the circumstance;

that, in the mode of the south of England, every article is charged separately—yet I was far from dissatisfied—for my accommodation and entertainment have been remarkably good.

I now approach to Paris, and recollect that on all this route I have not seen one male waiter—only one landlord has made his appearance—and, alack a day ! not one pretty girl—In this country all kinds of vehicles on the high-roads must give way to post-carriages, by the King's ordinance, which is constantly observed—Our commonality are apt to spurn at such useful regulations—If they had a proper sense of liberty, they would at least be as well disposed to obey the acts of our legislature, as the French are to revere the royal edicts.

16th September. Without any instance of ill usage or imposition in the course of this journey (except that at the post-house, first stage from Chantilly, they exacted 36 sous for my breakfast, which is more than double the usual rate), I this day arrived in Paris, at the Hotel de York—The landlord is a very sensible civil man—His wife, well qualified for her station, is English ; and he speaks the language well, though born at Dunkirk—I have two handsome apartments for myself, and sufficient accommodation adjoining for my two servants, at one Louis d'or and a half *per* week—I pay fifteen livres a day for a good chariot, two horses, and driver—The late scarcity of fodder occasioned an edict, which authorises, for a limited time, a rise in the rates of hired horses, both on the post roads and in cities—I have settled terms with a reputable *Traiteur*, at the rate of five livres, when alone, and six livres a-head, when I have company—I am very well served, and so plentifully, that the fragments are always sufficient for the use of my servants—I am well served with wines, by my obliging countryman Mr. MacLagan, who is in company with Monsieur Bouffée, presently at

London. As a specimen, I set down the following note of wines, now sent to me.

	L.	S.
Burgundy, one dozen, at four livres per bottle, - - -	48	0
Three bottles vin de Grave, at three livres per bottle, - - -	9	0
Three bottles vin de Chables, at fifteen sous per bottle, - - -	5	5
<hr/>		
Amounting to two louis d'ors, fourteen livres, and five sous, - - -	62	5

The *vin de Grave* is the white wine of our favourite Bourdeaux or Claret, very pleasant and salutary, though I know not if it is at all imported to our country. The small wine called Shables is a white Burgundy, very refreshing, and serves, I think, with advantage, for small beer—I was happy to meet with a countryman, and very old acquaintance, Chevalier Macgregor—To him I owe a great share of the amusements, comforts, and information I have enjoyed, during my residence here. At an unlucky and early period of his life, he was obliged to retire from his native country. He engaged in the French service, and has distinguished himself, little to his advantage, though honoured with a badge of merit. If he could have reconciled himself to make a profession of the Catholic religion, his advancements in the service would certainly have been considerable.

24th September. This day I entertained a small and choice party of friends at *la Rapè*, near the Boulevards, and on the side of the river—It is a house in high vogue for dressing a luxurious dish, called Matelot—It is a kind of fish Olio, composed of eels, carp, &c. with a high seasoned and savoury sauce—I own I have a vulgar taste, and like what in Scotland we call fish and sauce, if well made, much better—We had other

nice dishes, and very good wine—We discovered an evident design to impose upon us as Englishmen; but my honest friend Macgregor restrained them within moderate bounds—We were well diverted with some circumstances which I set down—Our landlord assured us we should have dinner on the table, *dans une bonne demi heure*—After waiting an hour and an half, we called—the waiter, somewhat a wit, and very much a knave, assured us that dinner should be served in a minute; but he added pertly, *une minute ici est composé d'une bonne quart d'heure*. Our friend the Chevalier had before hand so correctly fixed the rates of every article in our bill of entertainment, that the house had no extraordinary advantage to expect—The mettled waiter, however, tried to remedy this grievance, by whispering to me that we might have a bottle of excellent Champagne—I demanded the price—To which he gave an evasive answer—I then said aloud, “Ask Monsieur le Chevalier if we shall have a bottle of Champagne, without settling the price.” The answer was laconic and decisive “Non.” The lively waiter replied “*Monsieur, cela est fort distinct.*” So we had our entertainment for a very moderate reckoning. When I paid the bill, my friend desired me to give the waiter no more than 12 sous.—However, I gave him two livres, which he received very thankfully, and acknowledged that he always had four times more from the English and Irish, than from his own countrymen—There are delightful walks at the Palais Royal, surrounded with rich, at least splendid shops, containing all sorts of wares. It will be a monument to the memory of the present Duke of Orleans, and a great revenue to his family. Here I was conducted one evening, to see a very singular species of dramatic entertainment, performed by a company, called *Les Petites comédiens, de son altesse*, the Duke's son. The Royal Theatre has an exclusive right to exhibit plays—At this Theatre they have fallen upon a very curious artifice to

elude the privilege—The actors who appear on their stage, do not speak one word; their lips move, and they go on with corresponding action and attitudes. But every word of the play is uttered with surprising propriety and character by persons behind the scenes. The play was near over before this singularity was discovered to me, and others of our party. The whole was so strangely managed, that we could have sworn the visible actors were also the speakers.

The *Bibliothèque Royal* is a grand building, filled with books, manuscripts, busts, medals, paintings. The *Guard Meuble de Roy* is another great building, which contains all the fine, rich, and curious superfluities of the monarch.

Here we saw, in great variety, armour, arms, statues, busts, Chinese figures, tapestries, and several cabinets of precious stones richly ornamented—a mass of valuable and splendid property, useless to the owner, and only amusing to others—The king was ignorant of these precious stores, till the emperor, who eagerly went about to see every thing during his late visit here, informed him of its existence, curiosity, and value;—it is now open to be seen on one particular day of every month.—A company of us obtained a special warrant from the proper officer for access to it.—Though I was at no small expence for fashionable articles of dress, and kept a handsome carriage, I felt too old and awkward to aspire at, what is called, the best company and high life.—Yet I renewed old acquaintances, and made some agreeable new ones, both French and British—My old acquaintance, Mr. Colbert, now bishop of Rodez, received, and treated me with many marks of liberal kindness.—He is a man of superior talents, and highly esteemed in France.

At this time, L——d B———l bishop of D——y was at Paris;—he honoured me with very obliging attentions—He is an extraordinary man, and appears to me remarkably pleasant, spirited, and intelligent—He

has made the tour of Europe mostly on horseback—He must be very kind and hospitable to his clergy; one day at dinner he asked his principal servant,—“how many hogtheads of claret did we use last year?” The answer was, “Sixteen, please your Lordship.”—Such instances prove the great benefit of dignities with high revenues in the church of Christ, and how much it is advanced and *improved* since the days of the apostles.

I became acquainted with several English travellers of distinction, particularly Mr. H——ly, and Mr. F——s, sensible and well-informed gentlemen, and both lately from the East Indies.—I had the pleasure to be sometimes in company with Lord John Murray, the oldest general in the British service, past eighty, the finest and most agreeable figure of an old man of fashion I ever beheld.

Somebody of my acquaintance informed the famous old natural philosopher, Monsieur Buffon, that I had a dog begot by a wild fox on a terrier bitch in the mountains of Scotland; He signified, by a message, his desire to be satisfied as to the truth of this matter.—I was not able to wait on him, as I intended; but I communicated to him the grounds of my belief.—“That the
“ original owner, a person of credit, assured me of the
“ fact:—I stated his fierceness and surly temper, and his
“ constant practice in the early part of every spring, to
“ commit some depredation on young poultry, and to
“ hide his prey, till restrained by severe correction, as
“ indications of his parentage—That the figure of this
“ dog was very singular, with a striking and hand-
“ some resemblance to the fox, in shape and colour,
“ and other circumstances.”—Had he lived to publish a new work, I suppose my dog would have made a figure in Natural History.—At coffeehouses, and other places of public resort, this creature drew many curious persons to converse with me—For some hours in the forenoon, I had levees even from persons of distinction to visit him, and I began to apprehend, that if I had

staid longer at Paris, he would have introduced me to too much good company of both sexes.

I have heard many severe complaints against the Parisian tradesmen and inn-keepers for undue advantages upon strangers, of which I did not experience one instance. Mr. Mary my banker, used me in the most liberal and candid manner; from my bookseller Laureat, Rue Turrennou, I made many purchases of books, maps, &c. at very moderate prices. His wife, remarkably handsome, as well as good humoured and polite, surprised me indeed; when I made some compliment on her beauty and blooming looks, she told me she was the mother of twenty children. Mr. merchant taylor, was Henry Mitman, Rue de Sien; he served me unexceptionably. Mr. Courhon, au Palais Marchand, supplied me with very fine, and indeed, costly laced ruffles, without any sort of imposition. I had several wigs a la mode, from Monsieur ———, at half the price they would have cost either at Edinburgh or London. I must not omit sincere acknowledgements to my landlord and hostess at the hotel, for their civil treatment and moderate charge. In short, I am convinced, that no traveller is in danger of being imposed upon at Paris, if he is at due pains to inform himself concerning the character of the persons with whom he deals. Dealers at random with tradesmen and shopkeepers, are no doubt in hazard of being cheated, but always in a more polite and obliging manner than any where else.

Though I believe Paris is the most agreeable place of residence for young and gay people, or even for literary men in perfect health; yet I do not think it a proper place for valitudinarians. While there, I found my health declining—The air cannot be wholesome, where one is offended, in almost every quarter, with disagreeable or bad smells—This, I believe is occasioned by the narrow dirty streets, and the universal practice of frying cookeries, which about dinner time of day, in several quarters, is almost suffocating.

To be continued.

Characteristical Sketches.

Lord North:

Of all the passions that actuate the human mind, the love of power, especially after its sweets have been experienced, is perhaps the most difficult to subdue. An *ex minister*, an antiquated beauty, and an orator who has fallen into neglect, are persons whom the world take pleasure to mortify, without adverting to the pitiable situation in which these persons are placed. This is perhaps the greatest mark of barbarity that exists in the manners of the present age. It is the highest eulogy of urbanity and civilization, that it tends to mitigate the evils of life, to pluck the thorn from the wound of the afflicted, and to soothe the mind, while under the pressure of misfortune: But in the cases here specified, mankind seem to depart from a rule that ought to be universal, and are emulous in pressing forward, to add the wantonness of insult to the load of distress, which, of itself, sits very heavy on the depressed mind.

Few instances can exemplify the above remarks more fully than the fate of Lord North. This nobleman long occupied the place of first minister in this kingdom; and during the time he held it, he had as unlimited power, and met with as unbounded applause, and obtained an adulation as servile from his adherents, as any other minister ever experienced. He was, at last, like others, forced to relinquish the helm, and, like others too, has been since obliged to experience the most degrading insults. These insults, however, are not more degrading to him than the adulation he formerly received.—They both equally tend to lessen the person who offers them, rather than him to whom they are offered.

Swavity of manner, and gentleness of disposition were the most striking features in the character of this nobleman. Before he entered into office, a sort of anarchy had prevailed in the government of Britain, that became highly distressing to the well-disposed part of the community; and the public were well pleased to see, that by a steadiness of conduct, without any acts of unbecoming severity, a stop was put, by him, to those turbulent proceedings, which, if not effectually checked, did threaten the well-being of the state. This soon conferred upon him a degree of popularity, which till then he had not possessed, and which laid the foundation of that power he long exercised, with the entire good-will of the nation at large; a power greatly augmented by the mild manner in which he exercised it,—and that native good humour, with which he repelled those rude attacks to which he was so often exposed.

Indolence, however, and its native concomitant, a reluctance to disoblige those whose opposition seemed likely to produce trouble to him, formed the basis of his character. These laid the foundation of those errors in administration, which, at length, effectually overturned his power. From certain fundamental errors that had taken place under former ministers, respecting colonial government, Lord North found himself placed in such critical circumstances with regard to this particular, that though it became necessary to act, the most intelligent men on all sides, at the time, confessed it was a difficult matter to choose how to act with propriety. Instead of temporising, as others had done, and endeavouring to leave matters in the same state of indecisive uncertainty he had found them, Lord North, in an evil hour for himself, and as it is confidently asserted, much against his own wishes, was impelled, by the influence of a higher power, to adopt a line of conduct that required talents and dispositions of mind in a minister very different from those that fell to his share.—From that moment,

his administration was marked with errors of the most conspicuous sort.

To carry on the operations of war with propriety, depends perhaps as much upon the particular temper of the minister, and the mode in which the energies of his mind operate, as on the reasoning faculties he possesses, and the power of judging as to what ought to be done.—The talents of Lord North, in as far as respects the reasoning faculty, will perhaps admit of a fair comparison with those of any other minister in Britain, without suffering by the parallel.—But, as a war minister, the timidity of temper proceeding from his aversion to bustle and contest, threw him into embarrassments, that perhaps the meanest of his opponents never could have experienced. Feeling then, as he must have done, this natural defect, nothing could have been more injudicious in him than his agreeing to continue in office, when he found he must be placed in a situation so little congenial to his own natural propensities of temper and disposition: Nor can any other apology be offered for him, but that native love of sway, which the human heart can never resolve to abandon but with reluctance. And where, it may be asked, is the man, who, possessed of the cordial good-will of his sovereign, and the general favour of a great and free people, would deliberately resolve to resign the power and emoluments of office, merely because he might conjecture that his own dispositions were not suited to the nature of the business in which he is about to engage, especially when he is sensible too of no deficiency, in regard to the faculty of judging with propriety?—Where is the man who can form, without trial, a just estimate of his own powers? and where is the man who can resist the flattering invitations of a great prince, supported by the applause of a mighty people? This exertion presupposes a daring inflexibility of temper, very different from that which nature bestowed upon Lord North.

He yielded to the flattering seduction, and was undone.

What is past, cannot be recalled: but it is not incurious to contemplate in imagination, the difference between the present situation of Lord North, and that in which he would now have been placed, had he chosen to leave to another the conduct of the operations of war, when he found that war was unavoidable.—He would have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the nation, to resume the reins of government in peace; and would have been now idolized by a whole people, as their guardian angel, instead of being buffeted, abused, and maltreated, as he now is, by every puny scribbler, who thinks he displays his own prowess, by spurning at the man to whom he formerly looked up with adoration and respect. The lion being no longer the king of the forest, the ass dares strike him in safety.

As an orator, Lord North, while in power, had no equal in the House of Commons: Nor did this proceed entirely from the superior respect with which men listened to the words of the man who had the power of disposing of emoluments; a circumstance which adds infinite force to arguments on all occasions. While his mind was at ease, he was enabled to exert all his faculties in their fullest force; and there is to be found in his speeches at that time, more real attic wit, seasoned with good humour, and conclusive reasoning, than is perhaps to be found any where else in the records of parliament.—Since his dismissal from office, however, the falling off, in these respects, has been great and striking.—On some occasions, his reasoning, since then, has been indeed clear and conclusive; but the wit, the good humour, the elegance, which gave to his speeches their former zest, are now looked for in vain; and no man, we are assured, can be more sensible of this defect, than the noble Lord himself.

No part of Lord North's oratorical powers could ever be ascribed to the manner in which these orations were

204 CHARACTERISTICAL SKETCHES--LORD NORTH. June 25, delivered. His tone of voice is heavy, drawling, and monotonous, so as to form the greatest contrast we have ever perceived to the matter they contain, which is in general, cheerful, elegant, and sportive. His figure, too, is heavy and inanimate: Nor does his manner improve, as he becomes more warm and animated in debate. Instead of strong and energetic tones, expressive of passion or of feeling, he only rises, on these occasions, to a louder sort of howl, a kind of bellowing vociferation, that can tend of itself only to excite disgust.

Among the compliances which Lord North, while in office, was obliged to make to higher powers, that of abruptly dismissing Mr. Fox from an office he held under government, was one of the most conspicuous, from its consequences to him. From this moment, that daring orator became the open and avowed opponent of the minister, and many and violent were the philippics he uttered against him. These, however, Lord North attributed to their right cause, nor ever troubled himself about them, farther than to make at times a few lively remarks, to put the house into good humour. These two statesmen, however, though circumstances threw them into opposite parties, it is possible, as they now aver, never did differ very much from each other in respect to important matters of state. Nor did they scruple to unite, when circumstances rendered their political disunion no longer expedient for either party. This *coalition*, as it has been called, has given rise to a copious flood of popular abuse, and not perhaps without cause. These statesmen should have known, that in a popular government like ours, men who wish to obtain sway, should be careful so to conduct themselves as that their words and their actions should not be too obviously irreconcilable with each other, especially when not in place, and more particularly at the critical moment of their going out of office, when every word or action is construed in the worst sense. In this instance, these gentlemen certainly sinned against one of the clear-

est rules of modern policy; and they now feel the effects that transgression*.

* These politicians may indeed allege, that it is in *degree* only, and not in *kind*, they have differed from their predecessors in this respect, all of them, without exception, having been guilty of inconsistencies of the same nature. There seems indeed to be a strange infatuation to which the bulk of the people in all ages are subjected, that nothing is capable of removing: viz the believing that statesmen in general, especially ministers while in office, are men of irreproachable integrity of morals, who are entitled to equal credit for what they say in their official capacity as other men. Though the most *invariable* experience hath decidedly proved, that in times past this hath perhaps in no one instance been the case; yet the *present persons* are, by their party, always held up to view as an exception to this universal rule, and by the *multitude* of their favourers they are actually believed to be so. Sensible men however know, that if ever there can be an exception to the rule, it must very rarely occur: nor can any individual be admitted as exceptionable, till it shall be clearly *proved*, that he is fairly entitled to that rare, and singularly honourable distinction, which can in no case be done, till long after he shall have left the stage. It is upon the supposition that the conduct of ministers and their adherents, as well as that of their principal opponents, is regulated by the same principles *at present* with what we know that of their predecessors has been, that the writer of these sketches pretends to delineate their characters, and to represent them in general, as regarding with great indifference some of those fundamental moral principles, which other men *rightly* think, are of the greatest importance in civil society. God forbid, that ever the moral principles of the nation at large, should become as much relaxed as those of the ministerial tribe, and their chief rivals for power; for the ruin of the nation would then be at hand. But could men in general be induced to view the whole tribe of courtiers, in their true light, the people would not be in danger of being perpetually gulled by their little arts, as they now are.

Those who know nothing of courts, either from personal experience, or a careful perusal of the records of past times, will read this note with horror.—Perhaps *some* may look upon it as little short of blasphemy.—Others, however, will recognize the justness of it; and while they internally smile at the ignorant credulity of the vulgar, will try to avail themselves of its influence.—It is the duty of every honest man to display every interesting object in its true colours.—Error ought to be universally eradicated.—We, with good reason, laugh at the folly of our forefathers, who respectfully believed in the infallibility of the Pope.—Do those act more consistently, who rely, with implicit confidence, upon the infallibility of a minister?

These observations are *general*, and are not meant to be applied to any particular person, or concatenation of incidents.—The advancement or degradation of any particular party, is not, in the eye of a good citizen, an

Among the allurements of ministerial power, the temptation it affords of accumulating family wealth, is generally esteemed one of the most powerful. Yet this, like every other ministerial pursuit, there is good reason to believe, is often productive of effects, very different from those intended. Domestic tranquillity is perhaps the circumstance which contributes the most towards the happiness of mankind. But a great and sudden influx of wealth, is, perhaps of all others, the circumstance which ofteneft disturbs the peace of families. If that wealth be even in the most permanent manner secured, it affords temptations to dissipation and irregularities of conduct among the younger branches of a family, that can seldom add to the happiness of the parents, but much the reverse: But if the wealth be only temporary, arising from emoluments that may be withdrawn, the consequences are more deplorably distressing. A man whose family has been accustomed to live in a certain stile, finds it necessary that they should continue to live at the same rate. When his temporary emoluments therefore are withdrawn, he finds himself subjected to a real distress, which the habits his family have acquired, render it impossible for him to evade. Had they been accustomed to live on his original patrimonial estate, his family would have been contented and happy, and he himself might have preserved all that independency of mind, which justly constitutes the pride of a free man. By the *fortunate* event, as it is usually deemed, of his temporary elevation to office, he is however effectually deprived of all this comfort: a continuance of emoluments becomes necessary; he must court

object worth regarding; but to moderate the power of the rulers of the people, so as to make them cautiously avoid engaging in those ruinous schemes, which, while they serve to augment ministerial influence, by increasing the sphere of corruption, directly tend to relax the industry, and to weaken the energy of the state, will ever, by him, be viewed as objects of the very highest importance, that call for the utmost exertions of his powers, to counteract.

this at the expence of compliances, which his mind, before it suffered this degradation, would have spurned at with contempt. He becomes a little, mean, dependent thing, who, if ever he possessed any native dignity of mind, must feel how much he deserves to be despised, and who, therefore amidst the glare of pomp that surrounds him, must envy the superior respectability of the independent man, however low in rank, who dares to look inward with self approbation, and to assert without fear his own privileges, alike against the minions of the minister, the minister himself, or even the king, and all the powers that be.

The philosopher thus contemplates at a distance, the consequence of those pursuits in which mankind are ever engaged, with the keenest ardour, and the moralist attempts to appreciate the value of those high offices that are so universally desired ; not with a hope of dissuading those who think these things are within their reach, from attempting to obtain them, but with a view to prevent many others from looking forward to these objects, and coveting them as the most certain means of procuring enjoyment in life ; as there cannot be a doubt, that those men who depend upon their own exertions alone for subsistence, without any share of court favour, have the best chance of enjoying life with satisfaction to themselves, and comfort to their families.

For the Bee.

Historical Fragments.

IF the Editor of the Bee shall think the following fragments worthy of a place in his publication, they are at his service. It is unnecessary to make any apology for the stile in which they are written, or to tell how they fell into my hands ; it is enough for me to say, that

he will never receive any challenge from the writer for inserting them : — But whether I shall be permitted to transcribe more largely from the work of which this is a part, I cannot say. — Wishing success to your laudable undertaking, I am, &c.

CANDIDUS.

Chronicles of Great Britain, Chap. cv.

21. AND it came to pass, that, in those days, a desire of revolutions prevailed, and whole nations were employed in ascertaining the rights of men ; and scarcely any thing else was spoken of than liberty.

22. And the people of Britain *believed* themselves to be a free people, and they prided themselves upon this privilege.

23. And they boasted, that by their bill of rights, it was decreed, that the person of no man among them could be seized, *unless he had been guilty of a crime* ; and that their judges had declared that no man could be a slave in this land.

24. And the trade of this nation was very great, and its seamen were hardy and bold, insomuch that the people used to boast that their ships formed a wooden rampart around their isle.

Chap. cvi. *The Sailors.*

1. Now it came to pass, that a ship had returned from a voyage to a far country, the mariners whereof were emaciated with hunger and fatigue ; for they had been absent from home many years.

2. And when they landed, they rejoiced ; and their hearts leaped within them, on the prospect of once more meeting their wives, their children and friends, and in recruiting their exhausted strength in the bosom of their families.

3. And they went cheerfully along conversing together, unsuspecting of harm,—when lo ! a band of ruffians fell suddenly upon them in broad day, in the sight of all the people.

4. And they beat them with clubs, and bound them with cords, and dragged them along to a darksome dungeon, into which they were thrust among many others who had been treated after the same manner.

5. And they said to the ruffians who attacked them, what evil have we done ; but they got no answer, except oaths and curses, and severe usage.

6. And they called out to the people for assistance, saying, we have done no harm ; but no one regarded them.

7. And they passed sorrowfully along through crouds of people ; and they smiled at their fate, while they shouted incessantly, “ Liberty ! liberty for ever !—“ This is the land of freedom !”

8. And these men were forced to go down again directly into the sea in ships, without having seen their wives, their children, and their friends.

9. And their wives and their children were sore distressed by poverty, and hunger, and nakedness.

10. Neither could the men afford them any relief, for they were constrained to go out to battle against their enemies.

11. And many of them fell in battle, and perished ; and their names were forgotten among the people.

12. And their children were reduced to beggary, and were despised because they were poor.

13. Behold such is the liberty that mariners enjoy, and such is the protection that the law affords to their best defenders in *this land of freedom*.

Chap. cxxv. *William and Elizabeth.*

1. And it came to pass, that, in those days, there lived a poor man, a weaver to trade, and his name was William.

2. And William was an industrious man, and he toiled hard for bread; but his gains were so small, as to be sufficient barely to subsist himself.

3. And he cast his eyes upon a young maiden, who was comely to behold, and his heart was smitten with love of her. And the name of the maiden was Elizabeth.

4. And he courted the damsel, and he found favour in her eyes, and they married together.

5. And William doated on his wife, for she was fair and lovely; and he delighted to see her decked forth in gay apparel, for he saw that she rejoiced in it; and every wish of his heart was to please her.

6. And Elizabeth was lively and gay; and when she was dressed, she delighted to be seen and admired by others;—and she went to visit her neighbours, and had neither time nor inclination to work, to assist in adding to the stores of the family; neither did she know that it was necessary for her so to do.

7. But William, for the love he bore to her, redoubled his activity.—He rose early, and went late to rest; nor ever lost a moment that could be saved.

8. But all this would not do.—His income was too small to support the expence he now incurred;—and his heart was wrung with anguish on that account: nor did he know how to relieve his distress.

9. His neighbours also observed his countenance was fallen, and pitied him; but neither did they know how to afford him any relief.

10. And there was among them a little old man, whose name was Jacob. And Jacob possessed great wealth; for his sole study from his youth upwards had been how to amass gold. His heart was steeled against every tender

feeling ; but he was artful and supple, and could assume any shape to effect his purpose.

11. Now when Jacob saw Elizabeth, that she was beautiful and lovely, his heart panted with desire to enjoy her ; and he plotted how he might effect his purpose continually.

12. And when he saw the altered countenance of William, he rejoiced ; for he said within himself, I shall be able to effect my purpose, by means of his necessities.

13. So he watched the times when William came abroad, and he threw himself in his way :

14. And he said unto him, what aileth thee, neighbour ; thy looks are altered, and shew that thou art not in good health.—Tell me, I pray thee, what is the matter : thy mind seems to be distressed ;—perhaps if I knew it, I might be able to relieve thee.

15. But William at first answered him not. And Jacob once more kindly intreated him, saying, nay, but I beseech thee, neighbour, tell me the cause of thy distress, that I may see if it be in my power to relieve thee.

16. And William was constrained to tell ; and he said, a pressing demand for money hath come upon me, and I have it not at present myself,—nor do I know where to find it,

17. And Jacob answered and said, let not thine heart be troubled because of this ; neither let this thing distress thee?—am not I thy friend, and I can at present assist thee !—How much, I pray thee, dost thou want ?

18. And he said, fifteen pieces of silver would free me from my present distress.

19. So Jacob ran home, and fetched the money, and put it into his hand, saying, Friend, let thine heart be at ease ;—here is the money ;—take it, and welcome ;—and had it been ten times the sum, it should have been freely given unto thee.

20. And the heart of William overflowed with gratitude, so that he wept ;—and he squeezed his hand in testimony of thankfulness ; for he could not utter one word.

21. And he went home rejoicing, and blessing heaven for having sent him such a neighbour : For he knew not the evil that this was intended to bring upon him.

22. And he applied himself with redoubled activity to his work, for his spirits were raised, and his strength returned to him again.

23. And he said in his heart, I shall not cease to toil by night and by day, until I shall be able to repay this money ; for it is not fit that so good a man should suffer any loss, because of his kindness to me.

24. So he worked hard, and fared meanly, that he might repay his debt :—But he concealed his difficulties from Elizabeth, lest it might give her pain.

25. Nevertheless he could not succeed,—oppressed by toil and abstinence, he became languid.—A fever seized him, and he was thrown upon the bed of sickness.

26. And when Jacob heard of his distress, he made haste to visit his friend :—for now, said he, I shall have an opportunity of conversing with the amiable Elizabeth.

27. And he visited William daily, and pretended to be much concerned for his distress.

28. And when the fever increased, so that he became delirious, he still attended him, and helped Elizabeth to manage him.

29. And he spake kindly unto her, and inquired if she wanted any thing ; and he pressed money upon her, to procure the necessaries she might have occasion for, which she thankfully accepted, being in great want thereof.

30. And it came to pass, that after many days, the fever began to abate ; and when the delirium was gone,

Elizabeth told William of the kindness of Jacob; and it filled his heart with thankfulness.

31. And the care of Jacob was not abated.—He waited on the sick man many hours every day, and helped to amuse him in his state of languor and weakness.

32. And he gave him money to procure necessaries; and he made light of the favour, saying, “I take pleasure in assisting my friend in the day of his distress.”

33. And when the strength of William returned, he went to work, and he exerted himself as much as possible:—for he found he was now indebted to Jacob more than an hundred pieces of silver.

34. And it came to pass, that at the end of three weeks and four days from the time of his recovery, early in the morning, Jacob, with an altered countenance, called upon William.

35. And he said unto him, Woe is me! for I am undone. David the banker, who had most of my money, is failed;—and my creditors are come upon me.

36. Now therefore, I must intreat thee instantly to pay that which thou owest unto me.

37. When William heard this saying, he stood motionless with horror; for he had no money, nor could he possibly raise it at the time.

38. But now, he answered, I am in health; and if thou wilt but have patience, I will give thee one half of my earnings until that the uttermost farthing shall be repaid.

39. But Jacob turned a deaf ear to his intreaty; and he ordered him to be cast into prison that very day: for he feared, that if William should be left at liberty to solicit others, he might find a friend, who would advance the money; for he was much beloved by all who knew him.

40. Now when William was shut up in prison, no one saw him, nor considered his case; and he was allow-

214 FRAGMENTS—WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH. June 15,
ed to pine there in idleness and misery for many
years.

41. And the name of William was soon forgotten by
his neighbours, as if he had been dead ; neither did they
think of his sorrowful days ; but in the hour of festivi-
ty, they, regardless of his fate, still shouted, " Liberty !
" Liberty ! we are a free people ; and no one can be at-
" tached among us who has not been guilty of a crime."

42. Now, when William was absent, Jacob taking
advantage of the necessities of Elizabeth, prevailed
on her to become his concubine ; and he went in
unto her, and committed adultery with her in secret,
and enjoyed without disturbance the fruits of his vil-
lany.

To be continued

To the Editor of the Bee.

Hints to the Learned.

SIR,

MR. Gerard von Papenbrock (ancien President des Eche-
vins) at Amsterdam, is said by Mr. Coste, the editor of
Montaigne's works, to have been possessed of more than a
thousand original letters of the most learned men in Eu-
rope, during the course of two centuries ; which col-
lection was reported to have been purchased some years
ago by the present Empress of Russia ; but on inquiry,
I found that these volumes are still at Amsterdam, or
in Holland.

Mr. Mutzenbecher, a very learned clergyman at
Amsterdam, may perhaps be good enough to give in-
formation to the Bee, concerning this valuable mass of
letters, from which an useful selection might be made
for the public.

Another valuable collection of letters, written by
Grotius, Puffendorf, and other eminently learned men,

with notes and illustrations by Puffendorf, is to be found in the great library of the late Count de Būnaū, now incorporated with the elector of Saxony's library at Dresden.

In the Royal library at Berlin, there is a large collection of literary and political correspondence of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and among the rest, several volumes of Cardinal Mazarin's letters.

The Abbé Granvelle, a descendant of the brother of Cardinal Granvelle, minister of the Emperor Charles the V. was possessed some years ago of the papers of the Cardinal, from which an useful selection might be made to illustrate Schmidt's history of Germany, and Dr. Robertson's history of Charles the V.

In the library at Breslaw, there is a fair and fine manuscript of Froissart's history, fuller than that which has been printed. The curators of the library of Breslaw cannot allow any manuscript to be borrowed out of their apartments; but it might be proper to have it collated, with the printed copies, and to print that which has not hitherto appeared, and mark the corrections that are found to be necessary for a new edition of Froissart.

Mr. Bernoulli at Berlin, has a large collection of original letters of the learned, prepared for the press, with proper illustrations, which he would be willing to part with on a moderate indemnification, by any man of learning, who is disposed to publish them.

N. B. Nothing can so much contribute to the perfection of the history of the progress of the human mind, and of literature, as a judicious selection of the correspondence of the learned.

A learned and elegant life of George Buchanan is much desiderated; and for this undertaking, there are

abundant materials already printed by Ruddiman and others.

A good history of the revival of literature in Scotland in the present century, beginning with Lord Kaimes, would be a very saleable and interesting work, if executed by a masterly hand.

L.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

As, like many other Scotchmen, I have a partiality for my native country, and am an admirer of the Doric dialect, if we may so call that broad and open manner in which we pronounce the English language, I was much pleased with the first article in your sixth number, relative to Scottish Songs. The ingenious writer of that article seems to hint, that of said dialect, there was a court and a city or country mode *. I can easily conceive, that there might be a propriety in the mode of expression used by men of learning and politeness, far different from that of the unlettered vulgar. I also imagine that vulgarisms used by some of our writers, have tended to bring our dialect into disrepute: But if the gentleman would be so obliging as favour us with a specimen of elegant Scotch, such as he knows to have been in use at the time of the union, I am persuaded it will be agreeable to many others of your readers, as well as to

J. C—E.

* It might perhaps be worth inquiry, how it happens that both in London and Edinburgh the language of the lower class of people is inferior to that of some of the county towns: Also, how it should happen that the vulgar in London and Murrayshire, though so distant, should agree in converting the *V* into a *W*, and *vice versa*.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

Stockport May 16th 179.

I OBSERVED what was said in the 14th Number of the Bee with respect to some experiments, which were thought to prove, that vegetables uniformly produce pot-ash. It was there suggested, that the soda which is obtained from the ashes of marine plants, is owing to the vegetable alkali which they contain, evolving the mineral alkali, by decomposing the sea salt with which the marine plants are impregnated.

To form as just an opinion as I could of this curious subject, I procured some barilla, and made a strong lye of it. I saturated the solution with vitriolic acid, in order to see if it would produce vitriolated tartar; and if it did, what proportion it bore to the glauber's salt. I conducted the experiment with a considerable degree of attention, and I obtained somewhat more than five ounces and a half of the sulphat of Soda, a few chrystals which seemed to be Epsom salt, and some other impurities; but not one *certain* vestige of the sulphat of potash. I did not depend altogether upon the form of the chrystals; but I exposed them to the air, and they effloresced, which vitriolated tarar will not do; and having laid some of the most doubtful shape upon burning coals, they did not crackle nor fly to pieces, as do the crystals of the sulphat of potash.

Thus, Sir, I have set before you the result of an experiment, in making which I endeavoured to be correct; and if you please, you may lay it before the public. But I would be understood as speaking with that diffidence, which subjects of this kind require. Moreover, barilla and kelp may be found very impure, provided they have been adulterated with the ashes of extraneous plants.

May we not suppose, that much depends upon the food of plants; and that those which grow where mineral alkali abounds, naturally produce Soda. We are informed, that the plant barilla is cultivated on the declivities of hills by the sides of salt marshes, or on the banks of canals which are cut to water and manure the land; and yet the ashes of barilla, according to my experiment, produce Soda considerably pure. If much did not depend on the nutriment or the nature of the plant itself, so great an effect could not be accomplished by saline exhalations, not even by the spray of the sea, though within its reach. These might impregnate the plant with common salt; but were there not another cause, its ashes, I think, would abound with vegetable alkali, which I have not found to be the case.

I should be glad to be informed, if barilla has ever been cultivated in inland countries, and in situations where other plants always yield potash. If in these circumstances it produced mineral alkali, then we should have a positive proof, that it was its nature so to do; but if it yielded vegetable alkali, then it would be as evident, that the Soda obtained from the ashes of plants, is in part owing to their food, and perhaps in part to saline impregnations by external causes.

I shall be happy to find this subject more fully treated of; and it would give me pleasure if gentlemen who make experiments, or who speculate on useful subjects, would embrace the opportunity, which your useful miscellany affords them of throwing out any important hint, without waiting to form a complete treatise upon it. Thus the ideas would be caught by kindred souls, and might be again and again returned with improvements through the medium of the Bee, till they received a form and excellence, which would render them ornamental to science, and highly beneficial to the world.

Sir,

Yours respectfully.

J. W.

*For the Bee.**On the Death of William Cullen, M. D.*

WHEN lapdogs die,
 Or ladies sigh,
 Or linnets cease to sing,
 The poet then
 Will take his pen,
 The muse will spread her wing.

Shall real worth drop like the flower at eve,
 Without a friendly wreath to deck its grave;
 Shall Cullen fall, that venerable name,
 Which from Edina spread the rising day,
 And soar'd immortal on the wings of fame,
 Far as fair science darts its palest ray?
 Say, shall he fall without a tear,
 Or grateful tribute to a name so dear?

The pupil best can feel a teacher's death;
 One who has felt a Cullen's soft'ning care,
 One who rejoic'd each friendly word to share,
 Can best lament him, when depriv'd of breath.
 Oft when he cheer'd with philosophic blaze,
 The darken'd paths of theory's winding maze,
 And nature's footsteps trac'd,
 Still shunning hypothetic rules,
 And all opinions of the schools,
 But such as practice grac'd,
 The student look'd and wonder'd at his plan,
 And thought the teacher something more than man.

But vain is all the praise I can bestow,
 And vainer still, should I attempt to shew
 The wit which made the haughty pedant bow;
 The liberal hand
 Which made hard-struggling merit's bosom glow,
 And bade the opening bud of genius blow,
 And gratitude expand.

His fame shall rest upon a nobler tongue,
 Whose mild humanity exalts the song,
 Where suffering mortals vex'd with racking pains,
 Confess his healing hand in grateful strains,
 Where patients driven by the fever's wrath,

To the dim threshold of the house of death,
Extol a Cullen with their latest breath.

Bræes of Yarrow, }
June 4, 1791. }

M. P.

For the Bee.

Buchanan, Lib. 3. Epig. 1. imitated

For heavy crops the farmer prays,
The tradesman but for *cent per cent*;
The bard would rival Shakespeare's lays,
The gambler gain the sums he's spent,

The bed-ridden victim begs but ease;
A place repels the patriot's whim;
The parson thunders for his fees;
The surgeon scents a fractur'd limb.

With me the utmost fate can give,
The greatest bliss I dare conjecture,
Is only—"Long may G—— live,
"Merit's munificent protector!"

Laurence-Kirk, } *EMILIUS,*
June 1, 1791. }

For the Bee.

Horace, Lib. 3. Ode 26. imitated.

Once a buck of high renown,
The art of love was all my own;
My locks were always *a-la-mode*,
My passion prattled in an ode.—
I led the fair to balls and plays,
And wasted time a thousand ways;
But now the spring of life is o'er,
And all such folly fits no more.—

Nay, worse—I'm most completely tired
Of all the books I most admir'd

I laugh at *Eloise Nouvelle*,
 And hate to hear of MARMONTEL :
 No time on *Telemaque* I waste :
 Such is the progress of my taste !

Nor needs the fatal change surprize,
 Since wedlock every want supplies,
 Confounds me with a million more
 I never heard about before,
 Sucks all the vigour from my veins,
 And purse and person duly drains.

GLASGUENSIS.

For the Bee.

A Hint for Country Gentlemen.

*Abiturus illuc quo priores abierunt,
 Quid mente ceca, miserum torques spiritum.*

PHŒDRUS.

A man ambitious to do ill,
 Who hath at once the power and will,
 Can always find a fair pretence
 In justice, law, and common sense,
 To grind the faces of the poor,
 And turn his tenants to the door,
 To stop the starving orphan's plough,
 And kill for rent the widow's cow.

For all such gentlemen as these
 (They may depend on't, if they please)
 A spacious elegant hotel
 Hath long been fitted up in hell.
 The landlord, there, will scorn to fleece,
 Or strip his lodgers of their lease.

Inveraray, }
 May 15, 1791. }

HARDYKNUTE.

*For the Bee.**Elegy, occasioned by the Death of a Friend.*

—Longas in fletum ducere voces.

VIRG.

WHAT means that doleful knell from yonder fane,
Whose mournful accents pierce my list'ning ear?
The solemn peal now strikes my sense again,
And vibrates slowly through the placid air.

My throbbing heart in quick disorder beats,
Whilst echo lengthens out the sadd'ning sound;—
The fun'ral bell again the note repeats,
And spreads the melancholy strain around.

A sudden horror steals upon the mind,
And gamesome frolic stops her wild career;
E'en heedless mirth a-while her smiles resign'd,
With rigid brow assumes a serious air.

"Ye sons of men this solemn scene attend,
"The mournful dirge proclaims in fancy's car,
"Your time is hourly passing to an end,
"And death with ev'ry moment still draws near."

L———m, } JUVENILIS.
May 25, 1791. }

*For the Bee.**Written after giving a Gentleman a Breast Buckle.*

YOUR Stella's face with blushes glow'd,
When she that buckle first bestow'd,
Nor did you guess the cause;
As, Damon, it was then design'd,
To keep your roving heart confin'd,
Till bound by Hymen's laws.

J. D * * * * *

For the Bee.

*The Harper of Mull, a Tale, written in the year 1780,
never before printed.*

Ah crudele genus, nec fidum femina nomen!

Ah pereat, didicit fallere si qua virum.

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora,

Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos!

Tibul. lib. iii. El. 4.

In the days of yore, there lived in the ile of Mull a celebrated harper, who married for love a young woman of exquisite beauty. This musician was superior to all his contemporaries in taste and execution; but perhaps he owed part of his fame, to a harp so happily constructed, that no artist could hope to equal, much less surpass it. Next to his wife, it was the pride and joy of his heart, and his companion wherever he went.

This pair had a relation on the opposite coast, whom they were called to visit on a sudden. They who are acquainted with that rugged island, will not wonder, that a woman should sink under the cold and fatigue of the journey. And accordingly, on a high hill, which they could not avoid passing, she fainted away quite exhausted. The husband, with the utmost tenderness, exerted himself for the preservation of a life so precious; and seeing some signs of recovery, made haste to kindle a fire to warm her. He struck a flint, and received the sparks among a little heather which he gathered with difficulty; for the place was too high and exposed, to produce that plant in abundance, though a native of barren soils. In this penury of fuel, the good man scrupled not to sacrifice his beloved harp, breaking it in pieces, and feeding the flames with its fragments.

Meanwhile a young gentleman remarkably handsome and genteel, happened to be at no great distance a hunting; and spying the smoke, made towards it. He appeared to be greatly struck on seeing in that wilderness a fine woman in distress, whilst she was so much disordered at the sight of the stranger, that the husband dropped another flint. The

youth made many professions of sympathy and concern, and offered to them some provisions and usquebagh he had with him. This was too seasonable a proposal not to be accepted with gratitude; for they had set out in a violent hurry, ill prepared for any accident; and without some cordial, the wife's ailments might return before they got to an inhabited place.

By degrees however, her agitation subsided; and she was prevailed on with some intreaty to partake of the repast. In a little while her spirits revived, and she seemed to make light of her late disaster. The joy of the husband was excessive; nor did he once regard the loss of his harp. He was even pleased to see his wife exert herself with such alacrity to entertain the youth, to whose courtesy they were so highly indebted. Their conversation became soon so animated and particular, that a less happy husband, with the slightest tincture of jealousy in his temper, would have suspected that this was not their first meeting. And indeed they were old acquaintance, though, as the young man saw her not disposed to recognize him, he chose to behave as a stranger.

Our heroine had been bred with a grandmother, whose name she bore, and from whom her family had expectations. The old woman's house was a great way to the northward, and very near that of the youth's father. From early infancy they had been companions; and in all the little pursuits and pastimes of childhood, had ever chosen each other as associates. As they advanced in years, their fondness increased, which was not a little encouraged by the idle pastoral life then led by the young Highlanders of both sexes: For at a time when boys of his age in another country would have been confined to a school or college, he was employed in hunting, fishing, or listening to the songs and tales that were the delight of all ranks of people. Of course, he had numberless interviews with our fair one, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition daily increased. Their friendship was fast ripening into love, when her grandmother died, and she returned to her father's house. From that time to the present they had never met, though she was not married till full two years after.

They were both much afflicted at the separation. Not that they thought of marriage; for he was too young; and besides, there was an unfurmountable bar to their union. He was born a *Duin-wassal* or gentleman; she a commoner of an inferior tribe. And whilst ancient manners and customs were religiously adhered to by a primitive people, the two classes kept as unmixed in their alliances, as the coats of Indostan. In those times, a gentleman of no fortune, or in Dr. Johnson's phrase, a beggar of high birth, was respected by his countrymen, and addressed in the *plural* number; whereas, a commoner, though ten times more substantial, was saluted with *thou* and *thee*, and, with all his pelf, could not pretend to the poorest gentlewoman.

But this had been no bar to their friendship. In every age and country, boys and girls, left to themselves, pay little regard to rank or external circumstances in the choice of their companions. Spirit, generosity, and complacency of manners, are the qualities that knit young hearts together. Besides, in every other article but marriage, the old Highland gentry and commons lived together in habits of kindness and familiarity, of which, at present, there are few examples.

It is not surprising then, that the young woman should in time get the better of a hopeless passion; at least, consider it as no bar to an establishment in life. Her marriage, therefore, was what is called a prudential one: She had no objection to the man; only when she consented to give him her hand, her heart was not at her own disposal. Her first love still lurked there, though reason and virtue whispered the impossibility of his being ever her's. In the course of a few months, her husband's worth and tenderness, and the desire of standing well in the opinion of the world, had greatly weakened these impressions; so that hitherto she had acted her part in the marriage state with propriety and applause. A meeting however so romantic and unexpected as the present, was a temptation too strong to be withstood. A thousand tender incidents of childhood and youth crowded into his mind, and too successfully suggested, that the comparison of his happiest years was alone worthy of her love.

The young man, on his part, was equally captivated; and, indeed, the charms which had touched his heart in early youth, were now in full bloom, and, in his opinion, much improved by time; and guessing by her demeanour, and the language of her eyes, that he still maintained a place in her affections, he listened enamoured to her converse, which, being in the presence of her husband, was lively and innocent; while hurried away by the impulse of passion, his purpose was to carry her off to a country, where they were both unknown.

The husband at length proposed to his wife to proceed on her journey, when the stranger politely offered to accompany them a few miles. By the way, he found means to whisper his scheme, and was happy to find his old mistress impatient as he could wish, to abandon, for his sake, all that a virtuous woman holds dear. Such was the return she made her husband for all his tenderness and love! and so blind was she to that misery and shame that were soon to overtake her! Towards the foot of the mountain, in a wild woody glen, the husband having occasion to stay a little behind, the guilty pair made their elopement, and were out of sight in a moment. Bereaved thus of his wife, and of his harp, the wretched husband exclaimed in an agony of grief: "Fool that I was, to burn my harp for *her* sake †!"

This exclamation has long been proverbial in the Highlands, when an honest generous man is treated with monstrous ingratitude.

Intelligence respecting Arts, &c.

A new discovered Method of producing Yeast.

SOME years ago, the ingenious Dr. Henry of Manchester found by experiment, that by the addition of some fixed air to a decoction of malt, in proper circumstances, real Yeast might be produced, that was capable of raising

† *Smeirg a loiseadh a thiompan ria.*

bread, and had every other known quality of Yeast obtained by the usual mode of fermentation.

This process, however, on account of its requiring a particular apparatus, and materials, with which common people are in general unacquainted, has never, that we have heard of, been applied to any use in economy or arts. The account of it was published about three years ago in the transactions of the philosophical society of Manchester.

Since then it has been discovered, that Yeast may be actually produced at pleasure, from a decoction of malt, without the addition of fixed air, or any thing else whatever. This discovery was made by a plain man, named JOSEPH SENYOR, servant to the Reverend Mr. William Mason of Alton near Kotheram in Yorkshire, and is published in the eighth volume of the Transactions of the Society of Arts in London, who, after having tried the experiment according to the recipe after mentioned, and finding it to succeed perfectly in every respect, awarded to him a bounty of twenty pounds. As it may be of use in many circumstances to know how this may be done, the recipe for obtaining this is here transcribed.

Recipe to convert a Decoction of Malt into Yeast, without any Addition.

“ Procure three earthen or wooden vessels, of different
 “ sizes and apertures, one capable of holding two quarts,
 “ (*i. e.* one pint Scots) the other three or four, and the
 “ third five or six: boil a quarter of a peck of malt for
 “ about eight or ten minutes in three pints (three mutch-
 “ kins) † of water; and when a quart (a chopin) is pour-
 “ ed off from the grains, let it stand in a cool place till not
 “ quite cold, but retaining that degree of heat which the
 “ brewers usually find to be proper when they begin to
 “ work their liquor; then remove the vessel into some
 “ warm situation, near a fire, where the thermometer stands
 “ between 70 and 80 degrees, (Fahrenheit) and there let
 “ it remain till the fermentation begins, which will be
 “ plainly perceived within thirty hours [the society say the
 “ fermentation came on in three days]; add then two
 “ quarts (one pint Scots) more of a like decoction of

† This seems to be too small a quantity of water, but I transcribe faithfully.

“ malt, when cool, as the first was ; and mix the whole in
 “ the larger sized vessel, and stir it well in, which must be
 “ repeated in the usual way, as it rises in a common vat :
 “ then add a still greater quantity of the same decoction,
 “ to be worked in the largest vessel, which will produce
 “ Yeast enough for a brewing of forty gallons (ten gallons
 “ Scots).”

“ Some of this Yeast,” say the Society, after having repeated the above experiment, “ being mixed with a due proportion of flour, water, and salt, answered all the purposes intended, for bread ; and might certainly have been equally well applied to brewing, in the common method. In fine, being pure and good Yeast, it will answer all the intentions of that useful article.”

It has been long known that the juice of the vine can be brought to ferment after this manner, without the addition of any Yeast ; but it seems never before to have been suspected, that malt liquor could be made to undergo the like process. By means of this discovery, no one needs now be at a loss for Yeast, for carrying forward the process of brewing wherever they may be situated, in particular at sea ; so that on this, and other accounts, I conceive it must prove an useful article of information to many persons.

The theory of fermentation, as it has been hitherto usually taught, is doubtless, in many respects, erroneous. It has been generally believed, that all kinds of vinous fermentation depended upon a *saccharine* vegetable juice ; and that of course, it was only sweet substances that were liable to run into it. Hence it was believed, that the process of malting was necessary for rendering grain capable of undergoing the fermentative process ; and that until the grain should thus be rendered *sweet*, it could not be fermented.—It is now, however, well known, that meal and grain any how broke down into small parts, can be made to ferment, although it has never been malted ; and it was found in this experiment. That the addition of sugar to the wort prevented the fermentation. I shall here subjoin a process for baking bread with a very small quantity of yeast, that ought to be more generally known than it is.

Recipe for making a very small quantity of Yeast answer the Purpose of baking a large quantity of flour.

“ TAKE four table spoonfuls of pure water, heated to the warmth of new-drawn milk ;—add to that some flour, and about a tea-spoonful of good Yeast, and stir and mix it well, till it be of the consistence of thick cream, or batter for making pan-cakes : cover it up, and set it in a place where the temperature is moderate,—that is, in a warm chamber in winter, and in one without fire in it, or that is not exposed to the sun in summer : In six or eight hours, a fermentation will commence,—the surface will hove up—and at the end of twelve or fourteen hours, it will have acquired the appearance and consistency of fine light yeast.—You may then add to this twice as much water, as at first you employed, still milk warm.—Stir the whole; so as to mix it thoroughly ;—then add more fresh flour, and stir it up thoroughly as at first, till it be again of the consistence of batter ; cover it again up, and let it stand as before ; the fermentation will immediately commence ;—and in a few hours, it will again assume the appearance of fine light yeast. If you have now a quantity sufficient for your purpose, it may be used instead of yeast for bread ;—but if you still want more, you may again double the quantity, by adding as much water as you had employed at both the former times, and mixing it up with flour as before, and leaving it again to ferment.—How often this process might be thus repeated with safety, I cannot tell ; but certain it may be repeated three times, as here described, without any risk of becoming sour ;—and the time required for this purpose, will be about twenty-four or thirty hours. One tea-spoonful of yeast, my recipe said, might serve to bake a bushel of flour.—I never had occasion to push the experiment so far ; but believe it might be so.

“ When you have obtained as much of this kind of yeast as would be sufficient of the *best* common yeast to bake the quantity of bread at the time, you need not proceed farther. Mix up this yeast in your paste, as you would do any other ;—and when it is well kneaded into it, form your paste into the shape you mean your bread to be ;—but take care to let it lie upon the board for some hours

“ after it has been kneaded up, before it be put into the
“ oven;—then bake it properly, and you will have fine,
“ sweet, and light bread, perfectly free from any taste of
“ sourness, if your flour has been good,—and equally free
“ of the bitterness, that is so often communicated to bread
“ by yeast from beer.”

The above is not a fanciful receipt prescribed by theoretical notions, but is one, of which I can speak with certainty, having had the experience of it in my own family for more than a dozen of years. In the country, a private family is often subjected to great difficulty in getting new wheat bread, from the want of fresh yeast—This induced me to try the above, which is no invention of my own, but which I picked up somewhere; and after many years experience of bread made of it every day, I can speak with certainty upon the head.

Allow me however to observe, that in this method of baking, as well as every other mode, much depends on the judgment, attention and practice of the baker. An unskilful person may make it very bad after this mode; but by attention and care, those of my family who took charge of that department, had acquired such a knowledge of the circumstances that varied the process, that I could, when I pleased to order it, have bread of any kind I required. It could be made close and weighty, though well fired, to those who desired it so, or light and spongy to any degree required, so as even to leave scarcely any crumb at all, to those who liked crust better than crumb of a roll. In short, by this process, the bread could be made to suit the taste of the person who was to eat it, whoever it was. I must therefore add, that whoever shall try it and not succeed, must ascribe it to their own want of practice, or slovenly carelessness, and to nothing else. I cannot however specify all the particulars in the process that occasioned the abovementioned peculiarities, for they fell not under my own cognisance. They fell to the charge of one who was more attentive, and more capable of judging than myself, but who now, alas! can never communicate any part of that knowledge to others.

*Remarks on some English Plays, from Miscellanies in
Prose and Verse, continued.*

*The City Wives, or the Confederacy; a Comedy, by
Vanburgh.*

THIS is one of those plays which throw infamy upon the London stage, and general taste, though it is not destitute of wit and humour. A people must be in the last degree depraved, among whom such public entertainments are produced and encouraged. In this symptom of degenerate manners, we are, I believe, unmatched by any nation that is, or ever was, in the world. There is one good line in the epilogue; but neither judgment nor moral in the play, though there are strokes of wit, and some detached scenes of humour in it.

The Suspicious Husband, a Comedy, by Hoadly.

IT is well that I am only a private critic, otherwise I could hardly avoid being torn to pieces for many offences; and, among the rest, for avowing no great admiration of this play. Perhaps, even in the small circle of readers, who may chance to meet with, and choose to read my odd irregular remarks, some few may not materially differ from my opinions. But as I have broke all terms of peace with the many, I desire to keep in my lurking place, and fairly out of their sight. I have always thought, that this favourite play is not founded on a real knowledge of life and manners, but upon a motely imitation of characters and incidents in other plays. Benedict, Don John, and Captain Plume, are the models of Ranger. Strickland is but an ill copy of Kately. Meggot is a collective imitation of Marplot, Captain Brazen, Wittol, and other dramatic good natured half wits. The rest of the characters are undistinguishable, and serve only to fill up a great part of the drama; for the whole diversion lies in Ranger. Till he appear, the audience yawn. Clarissa is Mariana, ill drawn, from Fielding's miser. But, though I am clear that this play cannot be justly esteemed as an original piece, it has the merit of better imitation than ordinary, in our later comedy; and when the parts of Ranger and Clarissa are well acted, it is a good entertainment on the stage; yet still it is a poor one, at best, in the closet. And when examined with more attention and judgment than is, or ought to be employed by spectators, it will be found that there are only two good scenes in it.

*The Capricious Lady, a Comedy, altered from Beaumont
and Fletcher.*

WHATEVER in this play is lively, proper, and characteristic, belongs to the ancient poet. The modern part of it is motely, constrained, and

deviates from nature most widely ; yet it is not inferior to some other modern alterations of good old plays. Indeed, the original, though it contains some excellent scenes, is not of a piece, and is not, on the whole, one of the best of Beaumont's and Fletcher's plays. I suppose this play had a great run, and high applause, at Covent Garden.

*The History and Fall of Caius Marius, a Tragedy, by
'Otway.*

WHEN I read this, and other plays in which Shakespeare's writings are partly introduced, I always reflect on a beautiful passage in his *Richard the Second*, which Dryden has justly celebrated in one of his prefaces.

“ As on a theatre, the eyes of men,
“ After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
“ Are idly bent on him that follows next,
“ Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
“ Even so, or with much more contempt,” &c.

This distinction is handsomely confessed in the prologue to *Otway's* play.

“ Like greedy beggars that steal sheaves away,
“ You'll find he's rifled him of half a play.
“ Amidst his baser dross you'll see it shine,
“ Most beautiful, amazing, and divine !” &c.

The Fair Quaker of Deal, a Comedy.

THE sea characters are well-drawn and preserved ; there are some scenes of humour and natural conversation ; but the two last acts fall off. The plot is neither well invented, well wrought up, nor interesting.

She would, and She would not, a Comedy, by Cibber.

THESE modern plays have some merit, and afford entertainment when well acted on the stage, but are liable to many exceptions, and just criticism, when coolly considered in the closet.

Ulysses, a Tragedy, by Rowe.

THE genius of Shakespeare formed natural characters and conversation, and probable entertaining plots, dignified above common life, by the power of true poetry. This author has ventured to imitate his manner, but very unsuccessfully. Though there are some happy strains of poetry intermixed, yet, in general, the circumstances of the plot are romantic and uninteresting. The conversation is laboured in one uniform style ; and the characters, like the composition in modern drama, studied and artificial.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1791.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Education of young Ladies.

SIR,

YOUR kind reception of the letter I sent you under the signature *A fortunate daughter of idleness*, induces me to hope you will not be displeased to have a few further observations on that important subject, the result chiefly of my own experience, which I shall use the freedom in this, and perhaps a few other letters, to communicate to you. It is a subject that has long ingrossed a great share of my attention; and could I flatter myself with the hope of turning the attention of those of my own sex more towards it than has been the fashion of late, I should not despair of very soon seeing happy effects resulting from it.

It is an astonishing fact, for the truth of which I appeal to all your most intelligent readers in Europe, that

the education of women has never been made the subject of serious inquiry by any of the myriads of scribblers that have infested the republic of letters since the days of the famed philosophers of Greece to this moment. Turn over the whole papers of that most excellent periodical work upon manners, the Spectator, and you will find nothing but strictures upon the unhappy consequences of a bad education of the sex, but not one syllable of serious good sense on the subject of amendment. The same remark is applicable to the paper called the World, the Connoisseur, Adventurer, Rambler, and so down to the Mirror, and Observer of the present day. Dr. Gregory indeed left a letter to his daughters, which was published some years ago, and contains some good hints for the conduct of young ladies, rather in the line of *Chesterfieldian* address, than to direct parents how to render their daughters pious, virtuous, amiable, and properly accomplished for the commerce of the world, in subordination to the duties of a wife, mother, and companion. Dean Swift's famous letter to a young lady on her marriage, though it is by far the most capital thing I ever saw upon the subject, yet it proceeds upon what I hope I shall be able to prove is a false position; *That women are incapable of becoming truly and logically learned, or of applying the fruits of study to the useful purposes of society.*

Let us consider for a few minutes, Mr. Editor, the consequences that have arisen from the barbarous education of women in all ages as playthings, or housekeepers for gentlemen of fortune, or for mechanics, and we shall be able to see at a glance, that the whole code of female education must be changed, before Dean Swift's assertion can be verified, or that it can be proved, that it would not be infinitely better, that women in the present state of civilized society, should have, in almost every respect, an as truly learned institution as men, in the higher ranks,—and in the lower ranks, be fitted for the practice of such of the fine or mechanical arts as are

sued to their bodily strength, and to the decency required in their behaviour.

The faults that have been uniformly ascribed to our sex, as arising from the feebleness of our frame, are attachment to sensual pleasures in preference to those of the understanding, superstition, bigotry in religion, love of admiration directed to our personal charms only, impatience of contradiction, inability to give reasons for our moral or political conduct, attachment to the splendor of dress, excessive curiosity to discover secrets, and excessive desire of prying into the trifling business of our acquaintance, love of public shows of all kinds in our youth, and attachment to card playing in our old age, &c. &c. All these faults, Sir, are evidently the consequence of the want of substantial knowledge acquired by regular education, and are equally incident to ill educated men. I speak here feelingly, Sir, from experience, and hope those who have not experienced the same vicissitudes in life as myself, will be inclined to give me a little credit on this head. Where the pleasures of the imagination, and the pleasures arising from the acquisition of knowledge are not felt, the pleasures of sense must be the only objects of pursuit; and as intellectual delight cannot be procured, without a very great degree of culture and systematic education, the mode of educating women in all ages and countries, has effectually precluded them from being what the men are foolish enough to expect. As well might the philosophers of China hold the women in that empire, who are of better condition, cheap, because they cannot walk without difficulty and awkwardness. The men of Europe have crushed the heads of the women in their infancy, and then laugh at them, because their brains are not so well ordered as they would desire.

I am perfectly convinced, that the state and education of women, is a remain of the feudal system of Asia,—of the tyranny and jealousy of the east, which,

with migration and conquest has overspread the rest of world, but which will soon disappear before the light of liberty and learning.

The rights of men begin now to be every where felt, understood, and vindicated; by and bye, I would fain hope, the rights of our sex will be equally understood, and established upon the basis of a new code of education, suited to the dignity and importance of our situation in society. And it is hard to say, whether the general welfare of the community will not be as much promoted by this last revolution as by the first. Women will then perhaps receive an education no way differing from that of men, in all things relating to the cultivation of the rational powers of the understanding : women in the higher or more opulent ranks of society, will receive every instruction in the sciences and fine arts, that may render them happy in themselves, agreeable in their families, and useful to society. A female professor in a college, as at Bologna, will be no longer mentioned as a solecism, nor Macaulays, Montagues, Carters or Blackburnes be stared at as wonders, or envied by the ladies, and laughed at by the gentlemen.

In the middling ranks, women will be educated to trades suited to their sex, and behaviour in society ; of which there are a sufficient number to share them with the other sex without encroachment. Haberdashers, grocers, and every kind of shop-keeping, watch-making, and all the nicer operations of the hand in sedentary occupation might be performed by them, whereby the wealth and strength of nations would be greatly increased, and a greater militia kept up (without hurting the community) to preserve order at home, and defend the property and honour of nations abroad.

I shall be told, perhaps, by some of your correspondents, that the education of women, and particularly of gentlewomen, is now quite a different affair from what it was formerly ; that young ladies are now taught to read English, French, and Italian ; to play exquisite-

ly on all musical instruments; to sing, to dance, to draw, to paint, and what not, for filling up their time agreeably, and rendering them interesting to society. To this I answer, that without the foundation of grammar, verbal and universal, without logic, without the principles of moral and political philosophy, without a just knowledge of universal history, chronology, and the study of mathematics, to lay the foundation of thought and of reasoning, all these accomplishments, as they are called, in the sex, are no more than the performances of Automatons.—But perhaps I am running here a little before the spirit of the times. I therefore check my career a little, to take a view of the world as it goes at present.

Figure to yourself one of these charming accomplished young ladies, fresh from six or seven years culture, at one of the best boarding schools, or out of the hands of the most capital governess, and the best instructors at home, becoming a fashionable miss, or Lady Mary in the circle of the ton; then married, and a mother. All goes on delightfully for a few years; Miss, or her ladyship, is exceedingly happy, and, no doubt, much admired; but where are her real resources at home? Is she capable of conducting herself upon sound principles of wisdom? Is she capable of bearing a part in truly rational conversation among men of science, or respectable and useful members of society, either in town or country? What becomes of her after her beauty and fashion are at an end, which a dozen of years must infallibly produce? She then becomes a promoter of pleasures to a new crop of fashionable misses, under the holy mask of patronage, of chaperonship: She betakes herself to cards, to continual driving about from party to party; or she turns Demirep or Methodist, or some strange thing or other, to prevent her from feeling that horrid languor which must ever accompany the want of real business, where true science and the satisfaction of rational curiosity does not interpose their aid to obviate the dreadful consequences of idleness!

This miserable woman, who looked so charming, was so gay and happy, and was so wonderfully accomplished ten years ago, is now a troublesome, discontented, capricious, dissipated old cat, that cannot be endured even by her most servile dependants. In town, she is continually chagrined; in the country, she dies of the vapours, or must go to Summer races, to Buxton, Harrogate, or some place of public resort, or take a jaunt to the Cumberland lakes; and, in short, must either have recourse to continual amusement, to opium, or the closet.

Is there a family in Europe, Sir, that hath not experienced, or that is not at this moment experiencing in some degree the dreadful truth of my observations.

Mothers, it is to you that I ought to address myself. Unfortunately it is too late for you to remedy the misfortunes of your own preposterous education; but you may, by your influence, remedy them in your daughters. With respect to yourselves, if dissipation, and the present reigning manners of Europe have left any part of yourselves behind, give me leave to recommend to you the mature consideration of the following advice of Dean Swift in the letter above mentioned.

“ If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences, out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer; and in time have your part. If they talk of the laws, manners, and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men of Greece or Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an

English lady not to relish such discourses, nor to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the custom, to consult the woman who sits next her about a hat, a bonnet, or a muslin."

Fall, if it be possible, into the train of some innocent and useful employment, to fill up all your leisure time, and prevent you from being troublesome to your families, and to society, when you grow old, by your cankered tempers, which are the infallible followers of idleness.

I am, Mr. Editor, with regard, your constant reader and well-wisher,

SOPHIA *.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

As chemistry and botany are favourite and fashionable studies at present, and many who reside in the country cannot have it in their power to attend the lectures of professors at the university, several of your readers, as well as myself, of the above description, wishing not to remain entirely in the dark with regard to those branches of science, which you also touch upon at times in the Bee, are desirous, that, if it could be done with any degree of propriety, you would point out a path or plan of study, and such books as would enable us rustics, with a little application on our part, to understand the terms of art, and something of the nature of those two branches of knowledge. Your complying with the above request, especially if you think it will be of any advantage to us, will very much oblige,

Sir, your's,

A COUNTRY READER †.

* I assume this signature to avoid the tiresome length of my former. In my next, I shall give you a genuine account of the management I have adopted in educating my own daughters, with the result of that experiment.

† This subject shall be treated hereafter.

A Description of Norfolk Island, extracted from the Papers respecting Botany Bay, communicated to Parliament, April 8th, 1791.

OUR readers have often heard of Botany Bay, and the great expence of that settlement.—The island that forms the subject of the present article, is in the neighbourhood of that settlement,—and is several times mentioned in Governor Phillip's letters, as the most fertile spot they had yet observed. In his letter, dated April 11th, 1790, he says: "The
" goodness of the soil of Norfolk Island, and the industry of those employed there, rendered that island a resource, and the only
" one that offered, when, from the time that had passed since my
" letters might be supposed to have been received in England, there
" was reason to suppose some accident had happened to the store-ships
" sent out.

" I therefore ordered two companies of marines to be ready to embark, with a number of convicts, by the 5th of March, if no ship arrived before that time; and a proportion of what provisions and stores remained in this settlement, being put on board the *Sirius* and *Supply*, sixty-five officers and men, with five women and children from the detachment and civil department, one hundred and sixteen male, and sixty-seven female convicts, with twenty-seven children, embarked and sailed the 6th of March.

" The advantage I expected, by sending away such a number of people, was from the little garden-ground they would leave, and which would assist those who remained; and the fish which might be caught in the winter, would go the farther; at the same time, those sent to Norfolk Island would have resources in the great abundance of vegetables raised there, and in fish and birds, which this settlement could not afford them; and it was my intention to have sent more convicts to this island, if there had not been this necessity. The provisions sent, with what was on the island, and the wheat and Indian corn raised there, more than would be necessary for seed, was calculated to last full as long as the provisions in this place; and at Norfolk Island, from the richness of the soil, a man may support himself with little assistance from the store, after the timber is cleared away."

By the accounts laid before parliament, it appears, that the expences already incurred by this establishment, preceding the 9th February 1791, besides contingencies that cannot as yet be stated, amounts to 374,090 l. 15 s. 8 d. The total number of convicts sent out, is 2029.

The description of Norfolk Island, is as follows.

NORFOLK Island is situated in the latitude $29^{\circ} 00'$, and in the longitude of $168^{\circ} 00'$ east: Its form is nearly an oblong, and contains from twelve to fourteen thousand acres.

The face of the country is hilly, and some of the vallies are tolerably large for the size of the island; many of the hills are very steep, and some few so very perpendicular, that they cannot be cultivated; but where such situations are, they will do very well for fuel; on the tops of the hills, are some extensive flats.

Mount Pitt is the only remarkable high hill in the island, and is about one hundred and fifty fathoms high. The cliffs which surround the island, are about forty fathoms high, and perpendicular; the basis of the island is a hard firm clay. The whole island is covered with a thick wood, choaked up with underwood.

The island is well supplied with many streams of very fine water; many of which are sufficiently large to turn any number of mills. These springs are full of very large eels.

From the coast, to the summit of mount Pitt, is a continuation of the richest and deepest soil in the world, which varies from a rich black mould to a fat red earth; we have dug down forty feet, and found the same soil; the air is very wholesome, and the climate may be called a very healthy one; there has been no sickness since I first landed on the island.

There are five kind of trees on the island, which are good timber, viz. the pine, live oak, a yellow wood, a hard black wood, and a wood not unlike the English beech. The pine trees are of a great size, many of which are from 180 to 220 feet in height, and from 6 to nine feet in diameter. Those trees which are from 100 to 180 feet in height are in general sound; from the root to the lower branches there is from 80 to 90 feet of sound timber, the rest is too hard and knotty for use; it sometimes happens, that after cutting off

twenty feet from the butt, it becomes rotten or shakey; for which reason, no dependence can be put in it for large masts or yards. The timber of the pine is very useful in buildings, and is plentiful along the coast; its dispersed situation in the interior parts of the island is well calculated for erecting such buildings as may be necessary. From what I have seen of this wood, I think it is very durable. Two boats have been built of it, and have answered the purpose fully.

The live oak, yellow wood, black wood, and beech, are all of a close grain, and are a durable wood.

The flax plant of New Zealand grows spontaneously in many parts of the island, but mostly abounds on the sea coast, where there is a very great quantity of it; the leaves of which the flax is made is, when full grown, six feet long and six inches wide; each plant contains seven of those leaves; a strong woody stalk rises from the centre, which bears the flowers; it seeds annually, and the old leaves are forced out by young ones every year. Every method has been tried to work it; but I much fear, that until a native of New Zealand can be carried to Norfolk Island, that the method of dressing that valuable commodity will not be known; and could that be obtained, I have no doubt but Norfolk island would very soon cloath the inhabitants of New South Wales.

There are a great quantity of pigeons, parrots, hawks, and other smaller birds, which are now in a wild state.

The ground is much infested with different kinds of the grub worm, which are very destructive to the growth of vegetables; they are mostly troublesome about the spring. It is to be hoped that when more ground is cleared away, that this evil will cease.

There is no quadruped on the island, except the rat, which is much smaller than the Norway rat: These vermin were very troublesome when first we landed, but, at present, there are but very few.

The coasts of the island abound with very fine fish. No opportunities were ever lost of sending the boat out, which enabled us to make a saving of two pounds of meat, each man, a week.

The coasts of the island are in general steep too, and, excepting at Sydney, Anson, Ball, and Cascade Bays, they are inaccessible, being surrounded by steep perpendicular cliffs rising from the sea. Some rocks are scattered about close to the shore.

Sydney Bay, on the south side of the island, is where the settlement is made: Landing at this place entirely depends on the wind and the weather; I have seen as good landing as in the Thames, for a fortnight or three weeks together, and I have often seen it impracticable to land for ten or twelve days successively; but it is much oftener good landing than bad.

Anson Bay is a small bay with a sandy beach, where landing is in general good, with an off-shore wind and moderate weather; but as the interior parts of the island are so difficult of access from thence, no ship's boats have ever landed there.

Ball Bay is on the south-east side of the island, the beach is a large loose stone; when landing is bad in Sydney Bay, it is very good here, as it also is in Cascade Bay, on the north side of the island.

During the winter months, viz. from April to August, the general winds are the south and south-west, with heavy gales at times. In the summer, the south-east wind blows almost constant.

The spring is visible in August; but the native trees, and many plants in the island, are in a constant state of flowering: The summer is warm, and sometimes the droughts are very great; all the grain and European plants seeded in December; from February to August, may be called the rainy season, not that I think there is any stated times for rains in these months, as it is sometimes very fine weather for a fortnight together; but when the rain does fall, it is in torrents. I do not

remember above three claps of thunder during the time I was on the island. The winter is very pleasant; and it never freezes.

The proper time for sowing wheat and barley is from May to August, and is got in December; that which has been sowed has produced twenty-five fold, and I think the increase may be greater. Two bushels of barley sowed in 1789 produced twenty-four bushels of a sound full grain.

The Indian corn produces well, and is, in my opinion, the best grain to cultivate in any quantity, on account of the little trouble attending its growth, and manufacturing for eating.

The Rio Janeiro sugar cane grows very well, and is thriving.

Vines and oranges are very thriving; of the former, there will be a great quantity in a few years.

Potatoes thrive remarkably well, and yield a very great increase; I think two crops a year of that article may be got with great ease.

Every kind of garden vegetable thrives well, and comes to great perfection.

The quantity of ground cleared, and in cultivation, belonging to the public, was, on the 13th March 1790, from twenty-eight to thirty-two acres, and about eighteen cleared by free people and convicts for their gardens.

PHILIP GIDLEY KING.

London, }
January 10, 1791. }

An Account of the Number of Convicts which have been shipped from England for New South Wales, and of the Number intended to be sent in the Ships now under Orders for that Service; made out pursuant to an Order of the Honourable House of Commons, dated 9th February, 1791.

	<i>Numbers.</i>
Convicts shipped	2,029
Convicts intended to be sent in the ships now under orders	1,830
	<hr/> 3,859

Treasury Chambers, }
March 18, 1791. }

CHARLES LONG.

Essay on the Manners of Europe in Early Times.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Pope.

BEFORE the revival of letters, and the invention of printing, the manners of Europe were no less coarse than cruel.

In the cartularies of Charlemagne, judges are forbid to hold courts, but in the morning, with an empty stomach. It would appear, that men in those days were not ashamed of being seen drunk even in a court of justice.

It was customary both in France and Italy, to collect for sport all the strumpets in the neighbourhood, and to make them run races. Struvius mentions a te-

nure, binding a vassal, on the birth-day of his lord, to dance and f—t before him. In the same period, the judgment of Paris was a favourite theatrical entertainment: Three women stark-naked, represented the three Godeffes, Juno, Venus, and Minerva.

Nicknames, so common not long ago, are an instance of the same coarseness of manners; for, to fix a nickname on a man, is to use him with a contemptuous familiarity.

Swearing, as an expletive of speech, is a violent symptom of rough and coarse manners. Such swearing prevails among all barbarous nations. Swearing prevailed in France and Spain, till it was banished by polite manners. Elizabeth Queen of England was a bold swearer; and the English populace, who are rough beyond their neighbours, are noted by strangers for that vice. Swearing renders sacred names too familiar. *God's beard*, the common oath of William Rufus, suggested an image of our maker, as an old man with a long beard. In vain have acts of Parliament been made against swearing: It is easy to avoid the penalty by coining new oaths; and as that vice proceeds from an overflow of spirits, people in that condition brave penalties. Polished manners are the only effectual cure for that malady.

When people begin to emerge out of barbarity, loud mirth and rough jokes come in place of rancour and resentment. About a century ago, it was usual for the servants and retainers of the court of Session in Scotland to break out into riotous mirth and uproar, the last day of every term, throwing bags, dust, sand, or stones all around.

An act of the court passed for prohibiting this disorder, is sufficient evidence of its being customary.

Inns were unknown in Germany, and, to this day, are unknown in the remote parts of the Highlands of

Scotland; because hospitality prevailed greatly among the ancient Germans, and continues to prevail so much among our Highlanders, that a gentleman takes it for an affront if a stranger pass his house.

Magnanimity and heroism, in which benevolence is an essential ingredient, are inconsistent with cruelty, perfidy, or any grovelling passion. Never was gallantry in war carried to a greater height than between the English and Scots borderers, before the crowns were united. The night after the battle of Otterburn, the victors and vanquished lay promiscuously in the same camp, without apprehending the least danger, one from another.

Manners are deeply affected by persecution. The forms of procedure in the inquisition of Spain, enable the inquisitors to ruin whom they please. A person accused is not confronted with the accuser; every sort of accusation is welcome, and from every person: Nay, the persons accused, are compelled to inform against themselves, by guessing what sin they may have been guilty of. Hence the profound ignorance of the Spaniards, while other European nations are daily improving in every art and in every science. Human nature is reduced to the lowest state, when governed by superstition, clothed with power.

Edinburgh, }
April 4. 1791. }

PROMETHEUS.

A Card.

LORD BUCHAN avails himself of the extensive circulation of the Bee, to solicit the attention of his correspondents, both at home and abroad, to the advancement of Scottish biography; a plan for which he offered, about ten years ago, and endeavoured to promote its execution, by publishing a life of the great inventor of the logarithms.

Many lives of illustrious and learned Scots that have been already offered to the public, are so barren in incident, and so slight in composition, as to give but little information or amusement to the reader, and ought to be considered as no more than ground to be more fully explored and cultivated, of which the life of Buchanan is a remarkable instance, having been handled either critically and heavily, as by Ruddiman, or slightly as by Bayle and the British biographical dictionary.

Lord Buchan requests the communication of original letters that may casually be in the possession of persons who are not disposed to make a biographical use of them themselves, and would wish to see them made subservient to the honouring and illustrating the memories of the benefactors of mankind. He has received letters of the Scottish Virgil, Thomson, which will enable him to enrich the life of that truly eminent poet; and he wishes to be provided with materials for doing justice to the memories of his other great countrymen, which he has never been disposed to hoard as an antiquary, but to scatter upon the waters of literature, that they may be found after many days. Anecdotes of illustrious and learned Scots will be very acceptable, when they are characteristic, such as the following of Andrew Fletcher of Salton.—Fletcher being in company one day with the witty Dr. Pitcairn, the conversation turned on a person of literature, whose history was not distinctly known. I knew the man well, said Fletcher: He was *hereditary* professor of divinity at Hamburgh. *Hereditary* professor! said Dr. Pitcairn, with a laugh of astonishment and derision. Yes, Doctor, replied Fletcher, *hereditary* professor of divinity! what think you of a hereditary king?

Travelling Memorandums, continued from page 199.

As I am a lover of dramatic entertainments, I hoped to find at Paris some modern pieces in a better taste, less in the quaint and *outrè* style, than many of these, which, of late years, have been applauded at London;—hitherto I am disappointed.—They earnestly study to imitate nature:—But to use Shakespeare's expression, —they *either overdo or come tardy off* for want of that rare and precious gift of nature,—the power of original genius.—So, like ours, their dramatic productions are not easy imitations, but strained affectations of nature.—They resemble us too in quaintness for wit, and the *outré* in place of sublime.—Voltaire himself, with all his fame, abounds in those *modern* qualities of excellence, in dramatic composition, and in his *Henriade*—We seem to have formed insensibly a sort of treaty of dramatic commerce.—We mutually borrow fantastical plays from each other.

This harmony of taste seems to have chiefly prevailed under the monarchy of David Garrick over our London Theatre.—He had great talents as an actor, but was low in the character he much affected, of a dramatic writer.—His alterations on most of Shakespeare's plays, are as execrable, as his performance, in some of his capital characters, especially in the comedies, was natural, just, and admirable.—I discover that Garrick's *outré* characters of Flash and Fribble, which at this day give transports of mirth to the multitude of our spectators, were almost literally translated from a French play.—I felt no pleasing sensation when I saw his picture set up at Stratford upon Avon, as a companion for Shakespeare.—He looks like a Harlequin in the company of a hero.—The fooleries of his jubilee throw ridicule on our times—and are only pardonable for the

good intention.—Had Shakespeare himself been a spectator, he would have exclaimed, on hearing the ode,

“Extremely strain’d, and conn’d with cruel pain.

And upon the ballad, he would have repeated these lines :

“I’d rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
 “Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers.
 “I’d rather hear a brazen candlestick turn’d,
 “Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 “And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
 “Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
 “It’s like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

The inferior ranks of mankind, down to the lowest commonalty in Britain, certainly enjoy more effectually an equal and impartial administration of law and justice in all points, either civil or criminal.—They are much more secure from the haughty insults or cruel oppressions of the great, the powerful, and the nobles, than in France.—This is very obvious even on a transient comparison of the condition and manners of the people in London and Paris.—Our people in general are also *less* involved in the miserable delusions of superstition and priestcraft—These are glorious advantages for us—but sensible and considerate men will not vainly boast of and overvalue those benefits.—Trace our history fairly, and it will be found evident that we owe them more to accidental and fortunate circumstances, than to superior virtue or exertions.—Do not the bulk of our people in the South and North, often fly into all the excesses either of wild enthusiasm or licentiousness, and sometimes, by a strange association, into both at once.—In point of abject credulity, we are a match for the French—Not to mention any absurdities in the common tenets of our established faith—and leaving these to dealers in controversy—in divinity, physic, law, and politics, quacks thrive among us, and

no people on earth are more egregiously duped.—The Catholic belief of miracles and cures performed by relics of saints, is not a greater proof of weakness in the human understanding, than our prevailing credulity in the advertised puffs of infallible remedies, for every distemper—We are, almost in a constant succession, misled by pretenders to patriotism. In politics, those who are not the interested creatures of faction and party, form their opinions from the superficial information of feeble news-mongers, and declamatory pamphleteers—and we value new books generally according to the dictates of those assuming critics, who call themselves reviewers—and, for the most part, are neither wise nor impartial judges.

On the 20th September, I set out on the road through Burgundy from Paris to Lyons—all night at Essone, only twenty miles, at the Lion d'or—a dear bill; six livres for lodging, and six for poor entertainment.

29th September I passed Fontainebleau with little observation, distinguished only as the King's hunting seat in the middle of a wild barren country—yet the grapes produced in it are remarkably good—I proceeded no farther that night than to Moret, twenty-six miles—put up at the Belle Image, which Dürens says is a good inn—I found it execrable for entertainment, though my bill was moderate.

30th September I breakfasted at the post-house, Villeneuve.—My landlady, when I called for a bill, said, she knew the custom of this road was to charge the English higher than any other travellers—that some of them were offended at this practice as an imposition, and others seemed displeased at vulgar reckonings—She therefore begged I would pay what I pleased—or at the same rate as I thought reasonable at any other inn on the road.—I knew not from what motive, but this singular sort of discretion induced me to pay her very liberally.—I was all night at the post-house *Villeneuve le roi*, well used—Advancing southward, I think I already

feel a milder climate, and some benefit to my health: since I left Paris, from change of air and moderate journeys.—This day I have advanced about thirty-six miles—I think the grapes begin to be of a better relish and richer flavour—I find the pears in France excellent—the apples and the peaches in general no better than our own—the strawberries, gooseberries, and other small fruit not so good.—I do not think the wheat bread so savoury and nourishing as in Britain—I know not for what reason, whether from defect of soil fit for producing that grain, from want of proper cultivation, or from the circumstance, that they use leaven, and no barm or yeast—or from all these causes—I observe that through all this country, they have at the inns, &c. great plenty of pigeons, turkeys and other poultry.

1st October. I dined very well and reasonably at the post-house Auxerre, a town of considerable trade, and proceeded to Vermenton all night—about thirty-six miles; a delightful day's journey, the hills covered with luxuriant vineyards, and a very extensive plain also covered with rich vineyards, and intermixed with fertile corn-fields—I saw little pasture—and must inquire how their cattle, sheep and horses are maintained.—I observe many odd carriages, commonly drawn by two or four cows, for transporting wines and other merchandise.—I was particularly captivated with a species of poplar or willow abounding in this country—they are beautiful, finely husked—and grow both in thickets and rows very fast, and to a great height—They resemble both the Lombardy poplar and Huntingdon willow—but are of a different species, and more beautiful than either.—I am assured I may have excellent plants of them from the nursery-men near Lyons—and am resolved to try the experiment of propagating them in our country*. I observe, that the peasants and villagers in this country, employ an uncommon, and surprising number of asses for riding and petty carriages—

* In fact, I have done so with every promising appearance of success.

which is a certain indication of general oppression and poverty—equally detrimental to men of power and property in all countries.—I feel disturbed with some apprehensions, that enormous taxes, and the ill-judging avarice of many landlords in Scotland, may in time force our people to such use of this sluggish, but serviceable and easily supported little animal.

2d October, I breakfasted well at the post-house Lucy le bois—All night at the Maison Neuve, thirty seven miles, very well used—For dinner, wine, lodging and fire only twelve livres.—On the first two posts of this day's journey, the country appears barren and stony; it mends as we go on—is mostly a corn country, few vines to be seen except on distant hills—Some attempts appear to form inclosures in the English manner, by thorn hedges and rows of trees—unsuccessfully, for want of skill and care in the modes of planting and preservation—yet at a distance, and on a general view, the trees, and even defective hedges, give an ornament to the face of the country—I have remarked that the men and women, and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champaigne and Burgundy than in the other parts of France where I have travelled.—Certainly the French people in general have naturally a greater portion of what is called spirit, than the British—yet their horses are mostly sluggish, and have not the figure, fire, and mettle of ours—I suppose chiefly from defect of pasture, fodder, and proper grain.

October 3. I breakfasted at the post-house Viteaux—I observe, that my old friend Smollet was in a violent passion, when overcharged at the inns, and threatened vengeance by force or law, ever without redress.—On such occasions, hitherto rare, I have tried a different method with better success.—At this inn, the landlady demanded forty sous for my breakfast—I calmly remonstrated, to this purpose:—"I am no unexperienced traveller;—I know your demand is extravagant, near double the highest usual rate:—Yet, if you insist, I

“ shall pay you ;—but be sure I shall hereafter avoid
“ your house,—and report your behaviour to other tra-
“ vellers.”—The woman readily restricted her bill to
twenty-four sous, equal to one shilling sterling, and
received it thankfully.—By the same argument at
the Lion d’or, Elfrone, I reduced an extravagant bill,
no less than six livres,—which made it reasonable,—
and the balance was also thankfully received.—Indeed,
on such occasions, the experience and honesty of my
foreign servant have been materially useful.—He gene-
rally settles my bill before I enter the inn—but when
this precaution has been omitted, I never fail to re-
form an unreasonable bill, in the above method.—I put
up all night at the *Prince de Condé, Dijon*,—capital of
Burgundy.—It has a very agreeable situation, and thriv-
ing appearance,—populous and cleanly.—The prince
has a handsome palace here,—and there is a large fine
building for an academy of sciences.—Near this city,
there is a small territory, the prince’s property, which
produces the wine called *Romané*, of much superior
quality and flavour to any other Burgundy.—The great
family of Condé had long been in use to engross all this
excellent wine ; and what could be spared from their
own hospitality, they gave in presents mostly to the
king of France, and other sovereign princes.—This
prince of Condé finding measures of economy very ne-
cessary from the state of his finances, among others,
had ordered this precious wine to be saved for several
years past ;—and a large quantity of it was lately sold
to the merchants at Paris, of which my friends pur-
chased a considerable share, at such a price, that they
satisfied me, it could not be sold in retail at London,
under the rate of one guinea *per* bottle.—After repeat-
edly tasting it, I expressed regret, that I could not,
without apparent extravagance, take any wine at such a
price.—They very obligingly agreed to let me have a
hamper of nine dozen, without profit.—This parcel stood
me at the rate of nearly nine livres *per* bottle, prime





A Scene in Caffraria.

cost in Paris —In fact, it came into my possession in Britain, happily, without adulteration ;—but not without some breakage and embezzlement on the passage.—I have occasionally regaled my friends with a bottle of it.—When finished, I despair to have again so exquisite a *bon bouche* for their entertainment.—The prospects and environs of this town are delightful ;—for a great part of this day's journey, the country is mountainous ;—we saw few vines, and poor crops of corn.—I observe, that plantations of forest trees would thrive well ;—but they are quite neglected.—In some of the low grounds, especially on the borders of rivulets, my favourite poplars make a charming figure, and again invite me to an experiment at home.

To be continued.

Description of the Plate.

THE plate that accompanies this number represents a scene in Caffraria, near the Cape of Good Hope. The principal object in it is a large tree, the *Mimosa Nilotica*, which grows to a very large size, and is here esteemed one of the most valuable productions of the earth. Most of the trees of this genus produce gums, that are useful in arts, and which may be occasionally used for food ; but none of them produce gum in such abundance, or of such a nutritious quality as the *Nilotica*. This substance, which the natives collect with care, and preserve as a principal part of their food, supplies, in some measure, the place both of fruit and of grain. It grows in great abundance all over this district and the adjacent countries, but never has yet been cultivated in any other country ; neither is it yet known, if the gum this plant affords could be applied to any use in arts, nor has its nutritious quality, when compared with that of other kinds of food, been

ascertained by experiment; neither hath any attempt been made to procure it for the use of seamen on long voyages, though it is evident, that substances of this sort, if they were found to be very nutritious, and could be got at a moderate price, would be more proper for sea stores, than either fruits, or grain, or meat of any sort, as they could be preserved much longer from corruption than any of these. Had the natives of Africa been induced to cultivate this, and other useful trees and plants suited to their climate, along their vast extended coasts, how much more beneficially would they have been employed, than in hunting one another like wild beasts, to be sold for slaves to Europeans!

The leaves and young branches of this tree also is the principal food of the *Camelopardalis*, a singular animal of uncommon form and stature, which is found in these regions, of which we shall speak more fully below.

On one of the branches of this tree also is represented a very singular species of birds nest, of a construction that has nothing analogous to it, that we yet know of on the globe. The bird to which it belongs, is a species of *Loxia*, which always makes choice of this tree for its nest, seemingly on account of its great size, and the uncommon smoothness of its bark, on which serpents have great difficulty to mount, which are the great enemies of small birds of all kinds in warm regions. The great strength of the boughs also of this tree are well calculated to bear the great weight, which this singular congeries of nests sometimes attains.

For these birds do not build separate detached nests, as almost all others do; but they form, as it were, a town of nests built close to one another like the houses of men in a city, the whole structure being covered with one common roof, that protects every individual habitation from the inclemencies of the weather. This town is arranged into many streets, with nests opening

into them on every side, all the inhabitants of each street being obliged to pass and repass into it through one common entry, or gateway, if you please to call it so. Several of these entries are seen in the figure.

The number of nests that are thus brought together into one of these aerial towns, as our author *, with propriety enough, calls it, is sometimes very great. The particular city that he examined, he thought, could not contain fewer than from eight to ten hundred; and many he saw of much larger dimensions. Indeed there seems to be no bounds to their size, but the strength of the branches on which they are placed; for a town being once founded, he thinks they continue to join new habitations to it, as the number of the birds increase, by gradual additions, till the branch being entirely covered with them, and overloaded, breaks down, when they are under the necessity of deserting their ruined town and building themselves a new one.—The materials chiefly used for building these nests, is a kind of grass that there abounds, which they dexterously fasten, by way of thatch, over the whole. Sometimes, the top of one of these large trees is totally covered with these nests,—which must have required a great many years to complete them.

The *Camelopardalis* is represented on the plate, at a distance.—This quadruped, when it stands upright, assumes somewhat the same appearance of most other quadrupeds when in the act of rising; its foreparts being remarkably high in proportion to those behind.—Its head is crowned with two blunt protuberances, by way of horns, about a foot in length.—These are terminated with a kind of knob, and are straight.—The height of the animal, when its head is upright, is about fourteen feet.—On its neck, grows a mane, consisting of stiff straight hairs, of a reddish colour, about four inches in length. “ These animals, in the words of our author, chiefly subsist on the mimosa, and wild apricots. Their colour is, in general, reddish, or dark brown and white, and some of them black and white; they are

250 CAMELOPARDALIS-MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM. June 22,
cloven-footed ; have four teats ; their tail resembles that
of a bullock ; but the hair of the tail is much stronger,
and, in general, black : they have eight fore-teeth be-
low, but none above, and six grinders, or double teeth
on each side, above and below ; the tongue is rather
pointed and rough ; they have no footlock hoofs ; they
are not swift, but can continue a long chace before they
stop, which may be the reason that few of them are
shot." Its hoof is cloven like that of an ox.

From the aukward form of this animal, which
makes it necessary it should feed chiefly upon trees,
it does not seem probable that it could ever be do-
mesticated with profit, or converted by man, in a tame
state, to any very useful purposes. Its flesh is probably
wholesome and good for food ; but it is too rare ever
to become an object of general utility in that light ; and
we know of no peculiarities that can render it an ob-
ject of much interest to mankind.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Character of the Marquis of Rockingham.

His views of every subject were such as naturally pre-
sent themselves to the mind of the virtuous, and his
sentiments were characterised with manliness and libe-
rality. When all about him was uproar and confusion,
“ when heaven from above threatened, and earth trem-
bled under his feet,” he was perfectly serene and col-
lected. Estranged to the violence of the passions, his
measures were dictated by the purest benevolence and
patriotism. Exuberance of genius, and all the charms
of eloquence, were his least praise. Spotless integrity,
disinterested virtue, an unremitted love of his country
and its constitution ;—these qualities will hold him up
to the veneration of posterity, when his foes are forgot-
ten in contempt, or immortalized to infamy.—His par-
tizans quitted their places with a disinterestedness, which,
it is to be feared, will be more the object of admiration
than of example. They secured neither place, pension, nor
reversion to themselves nor any of their adherents. T. R.

*For the Bee.**The Cruel Visit.*

OFT to this place has cruel Chloe come,
 But not till certain I had quitted home;
 And knowing absence, if prolong'd, abates
 Th' impression beauty, when in sight, creates,
 Last time she call'd, she bade an artist trace,
 On mimic canvas her unrival'd face.
 He, such commands delighted to fulfill,
 Grasp'd his best pencil, summon'd all his skill,
 Cull'd the most brilliant colours from his store,
 To heighten charms too dangerous before;
 And now her form exhibited to view,
 Hangs a temptation; and a torment too.

This, fairest lady, you must needs confess,
 Is tyrannizing to a wild excess;
 Remove your portrait when you come again;—
 But that would only mitigate my pain;
 Yourself, to make me happy, must remain.

M.

For the Bee.

*Judicial Reformation, inscribed to those who are for
splitting the Court of Session into two courts.*

Now spinning wheels mechanic movements turn,
 And flails by hands unguided thrash the corn;
 Lassies no longer dirty linen rub,
 Or tramp half-naked in the splashy tub;
 But why are such contrivances confin'd
 To save the body's labour; 'tis unkind
 Not to diminish too that of the mind.

If then, great George two Courts of Session grudge,
 Let him supply us with machines to judge.

M.

*Ode for his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4, 1791. By
Henry Ja. Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat.*

I.

LoUD the whirlwind rag'd around
That shook affrighted Britain's shore,
In peals of louder thunder drown'd,
That mingled with the wint'ry roar;
Dreadful amid the driving storm,
The gliding meteor's horrid form
With transient gleam illum'd the air;
While through *December's* murky night,
Refulgent with unwonted light,
The livid flashes glare.

II.

But see! the radiant lord of day,
Now northward rolls his burning car,
And scatters with victorious ray
The rage of elemental war.
To rest the troubled waves subside,
And gently o'er the curling tide
Young Zephyr leads the vernal hours,
Adorns with richest dyes the vale,
And fragrance wafts on ev'ry gale
From *June's* ambrosial flowers.

III.

O may no lowering gloom o'ercast
Th' auspicious morn to Britain dear,
Or Eurus check with envious blast
The promise of the rip'ning year!—
Or should some transitory cloud
A while th' ethereal splendor shroud,
Soon shall the sun his stream renew,
Soon shall the landscape smile around,
With more luxuriant verdure crown'd,
And bloom with livelier hue.

IV.

Exulting in her prince rever'd,
Whose mild parental virtues grace
The sacred throne by glory rear'd
On freedom's adamantine base;
While Albion pours the festive strain,
Responsive to her choral train;
The muse enraptur'd joins the throng,
Proud that a grateful people's praise
Echoes the votive verse she pays,
And consecrates her song.

For the Bee.

*Spring, a Song of Gratitude.**The earth is thine, Oh Lord, and the fulness thereof.*

AWAKE! awake! my infant song,
And hail the vernal bloom,
The op'ning bud so sweet and young,
The painted heaths perfume.

The lily bursting on the plain,
The birds on every spray,
The genial glow return'd again,
With Sol's returning ray.

Oh inspiration, come divine!
Exalt my soul to sing,
Of him who made these blessings mine,
Himself all nature's king.

From him the earth receiv'd its dew,
From him the sun his heat,
The sky its mild celestial blue,
The grove its calm retreat.

The sylvan shade, the broomy hill,
Resound with grateful note
Of black-birds sonorous pipe so shrill,
And thrush's mellower throat.

The lark, dear trembler of the morn,
Assumes the way to heav'n;
The linnet perches on the thorn;
From all some tribute's giv'n.

The lambkin frolics on the mead,
In wanton gambols gay;
The mother pleas'd, beside it feeds,
Or joins in kindred play.

Nature inspires the varied lay,
Invites the varied song;
Reason instructs me to obey,
And join the grateful throng.

With native hearts *they* bless the sun,
I'll bless its maker's hand,
Who, e'er revolving time began,
All nature did command.

MASCA.

Intelligence respecting Arts, &c.

Bridge of a new Construction.

THE following intelligence is extracted from the Leyden gazette of the 13th of May last.

“ To all the lovers of architecture, I announce, that I have resolved to publish a work by subscription, giving directions for *constructing* a bridge of wood without pillars or supports, of which nothing like it has been described by any author who has hitherto treated of that matter, and which cannot be equalled by any of those that have been built in any place.

“ If there are some parts in Europe, where the largeness of the river has not permitted a bridge of four or five hundred feet in length to be constructed, for want of such an invention; there are also others in which there are already bridges with pillars and supports in the middle of the river, which are often carried away, or very much endamaged by ice and inundations: these misfortunes may be remedied by this invention.

“ The principal intention of this advertisement, is to inform the public, in the *first place*, that I shall deliver designs engraved upon copper, accompanied with descriptions very clear and intelligible, of a bridge of four hundred feet in length, by thirty-eight in breadth. *Secondly*, this bridge shall have no more than six feet of rise, that is to say, when you are on the middle of the bridge, and at two hundred feet from either end of it, you shall be only six feet higher than either end of it. *Third*, It is necessary to give to this bridge, at each side of the river, a firm foundation as in ordinary cases; but it does not require particular buttresses, because the bridge sustains itself, as a strong vault, altogether free, from one side of the river to the other, without pillars or supports. *Fourth*, this work is constructed in such a firm manner, that if it be made of oak, it may endure for several ages without being in want

of any repairs. *Fifth*, if the timbers should not even exceed twenty feet in length, the bridge may be nevertheless constructed with the same solidity. *Sixth*, a sufficient number of figures, to be represented on twenty plates, shall be delivered along with the work, which shall give such a plain representation of the work in all its parts, that an experienced architect shall be able, by the help of these, to direct the carpenters with the utmost certainty to execute every part of it. *Seventh*, to expose the side of it as little as possible to the force of storms, care has been taken to give to this bridge a very low roof, but which is not the less considerable for that, and, which is peculiar to itself, in place of pushing outwards as other roofs generally do, this answers the purpose of an anchor which tends to keep the bridge together at the top, and has at the same time a sufficient height to make the water run as much as is necessary. *Eighth*, I can assert that this sort of bridge is singular in its kind, on which the heaviest burdens may be carried with safety. There are a great many bridges in Europe of a considerable length, but not of such a length without pillars or supports; and there are likewise none to be found without a good buttress, and guards, and still less constructed with a simple foundation without abutment; not to mention the continual repairs which this new method would save altogether. *Ninth*, we shall give with the engravings and descriptions an estimate of the expence, as if a bridge were to be built at Hanover four hundred feet long, by thirty eight broad.

“ I receive the subscriptions myself; but I beg the amateurs to send their letters free; and as soon as there shall be a sufficient number of subscribers, I will put the work in hands, and make the plates be engraved. The price of the subscription is three Louis d'ors, each worth five German crowns, two of which shall be paid at the time of subscription, and the third on the receipt of the work. The names of the subscribers shall be put at the beginning of the work; any one who takes ten copies shall get the eleventh gratis.

Signed HENRI JACQUES LUTZ,
Master carpenter at the court of Hanover.

Postscript. After this work shall be published, I can communicate a model of a complete bridge, as also one for a house to exercise cavalry and infantry, four hundred feet in length within, without pillars and columns, after this method, to whoever shall want it, for a suitable price.

Intelligence respecting a sort of plaster for helping the growth of trees, for the discovery of which, the inventor, Mr. Forsyth, the king's gardener at Kensington, is to have a reward of 3000 l. in consequence of a report made in his favour by the commissioners of crown lands, to whom it was referred, in pursuance of an address presented last session by the House of Commons.

ITS uses consist: 1st. In healing wounds. In case of a wound sustained by a tree in the bark, being applied to the wound, it secures it against putrefaction, and enables it to heal. in the chirurgical phrase, *by the first intention.*

2d. In accelerating the growth of timber, and producing young timber trees from the roots of old pollards. Cut down an old oak close to the ground, cover the stump with the plaster; young shoots will spring up from every part of the circumference. Thin them out year after year as you want them, leaving one for a standard. That one in ten years will have made a shoot, equal to what a seedling oak would have made in thirty years.

3d. In infusing youthful vigour into the oldest fruit-trees and enabling them to undergo transplantation, cut down the tree in the spring, almost as low as the graft, cover the stump with the plaster, lay bare the roots, and cut them all but the tap-root; The next spring, after the stump has thus been made to push out shoots, cut the tap-root, and you may transplant the tree, however old, with safety.

Mr. Forsyth's account of the preparation and its uses is said to be in the press*. He is to have 1500 l. immediately, and the remaining 1500 l. after a certain time, should the discovery by that time have fulfilled, what it undertakes for.

* Mr. Forsyth's account is just published here, of which farther extracts will be given, if it appear necessary.

*Proceedings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland,
met at Edinburgh, May 1791.*

Thursday, May 19.

THE Right Hon. the Earl of Leven, his Majesty's Commissioner, attended by a number of noblemen and gentlemen, went as usual in procession to the High Church, where he was received by the Magistrates in their robes. The Rev. Dr John Walker, minister of Collington, the late Moderator, preached before the Commissioner, from 1 Tim. chap. ii. ver. 1. and 2.—“I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.”

After sermon, his Grace went to the assembly-room, when the Rev. Dr Robert Small, one of the ministers of Dundee, was unanimously chosen Moderator for the ensuing year. His Grace's commission was then read, and also his Majesty's warrant for 1000*l.* for propagating religion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, which were ordered to be ingrossed in the books of the Assembly in the usual manner.

The Commissioner then addressed the Assembly in a handsome speech; to which the Moderator made a suitable reply; and after appointing a committee to draw up an answer to his Majesty's letter, the Assembly adjourned.

Friday, May 20.

The following answer to his Majesty's letter was read, and being unanimously agreed to, was delivered to his Grace the Commissioner, to be transmitted to the King:

May it please your Majesty,

We have received with the utmost respect and gratitude the gracious letter with which your Majesty has been pleased to honour this General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The distinguished marks of approbation which your Majesty has formerly vouchsafed to give us, and condescended so graciously at this time to repeat, afford us the highest satisfaction, and are to us most animating motives to persevere in our zeal in promoting sound learning and true religion.

As we gladly embrace every opportunity of expressing our duty and affection to your Majesty's person, and of our firm attachment to your mild and auspicious government, your gracious acceptance of those humble expressions of our loyalty and zeal, and your assurances that we shall always meet

with your royal protection, and that it is your Majesty's determination to maintain and support the Church of Scotland as established by law, in the full and free enjoyment of all her just rights and privileges, at once fill us with the most lively gratitude, and encourage us to repose the greatest confidence in your Majesty's goodness.

We beg leave to assure your Majesty, that it shall be our study to direct our proceedings in future to the same laudable purposes as heretofore, and to continue our attention to such measures as are best calculated for diffusing the principles of genuine Christianity, and for instilling into the minds of all ranks of men committed to our care a conscientious regard to moral duties, and a strict obedience to the laws, and for promoting the general peace and happiness of society; and, to give dignity and authority to our proceedings, we shall be careful to avoid all unnecessary disputes and superfluous discussions, and to maintain that harmony which hitherto has obtained your Majesty's gracious approbation.

We consider your Majesty's appointment of David Earl of Leven again to represent your royal person in this Assembly as a fresh mark of your gracious condescension and goodness to us. His known loyalty to your Majesty, his attachment, like that of his ancestors, to the Church of Scotland, his tender regard to the interests of religion and virtue, and the fidelity with which he has so frequently discharged the duties of the high and important office which he now fills, render him most acceptable to us.

We accept of your Majesty's donation of one thousand pounds, for the propagation of the protestant religion in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as a fresh mark of your Majesty's paternal care of all your subjects. As we feel ourselves highly honoured in being made the instruments of your Majesty's pious intentions, it shall be our study to fulfill them by the most prudent and effectual application of the sum that is intrusted to us.

We trust that all our proceedings shall be conducted with that charity, unanimity, and brotherly love, and with that moderation, which your Majesty's paternal care leads you so anxiously to desire; and we accept of your earnest wishes for our prosperity and welfare as a most endearing proof of your Majesty's favour and affection.

That the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ may direct your Majesty's Councils to the public good; that he may bless you with every domestic comfort; that he may bless the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family;—that, after preserving your Majesty long to be the guardian of our free constitution, and of the rights of your

people, he may call you, full of years and of glory, to the possession of an heavenly crown : and that he may grant to your race, through future generations, to fill with dignity the British throne, and to promote the interest of his kingdom on earth, are the fervent prayers of, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most faithful, most obedient, and most loyal subjects, the Ministers and Elders, met in this National Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Signed in our name, in our presence, and at our appointment, by R. SMALL, Moderator.

The Assembly then appointed the following gentlemen to preach before the Commissioner, viz. The Rev. Mr M'Culloch of Dairsay, on Sunday the 21st in the forenoon ; and the Rev. Mr Hamilton of Gladsmuir in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr Taylor of Glasgow, on Sunday the 28th in the forenoon ; and the Rev. Mr Gordon of Sorn in the afternoon.

Saturday was chiefly employed in examining contested commissions.

Monday—May 23.

The Assembly took under consideration a reference from the Presbytery of Langholm, respecting the relevancy of a libel given in to that presbytery by some of the heritors, against John Telfair schoolmaster of Langholm, accusing him of several irregularities. There appeared for the presbytery of Langholm Mr John Russel and Mr John Laurie, and for the heritors of the parish Mr Robert Hamilton advocate ; Mr Telfair schoolmaster for himself, and Mr John Hagart advocate as his counsel.

After reading the minutes of the presbytery of Langholm, with the libel and answers, a motion was made and seconded, That this cause be remitted to the presbytery of Langholm, in terms of the decision of the Commission of last Assembly, with instructions to them to proceed without further delay, to the best of their judgment, according to the rules of the church, which were agreed to.

An overture from the synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, and another from the synod of Merse and Teviotdale, on the subject of the Slave Trade, were read, and ordered to be considered on Saturday following.

Sir H. Moncrieff-Welwood reported from the committee appointed to consider the augmentation of ministers stipends, that they are not yet ready to lay a proper plan before the Assembly, but that several things had been suggested to the committee which may promote the object in view. The Assembly approved of the report of the committee, the thanks of the House were given them from the chair, and a committee again appointed.

Tuesday—May 24.

Came on the cause of the united parishes of Tullich, Glenmuick, and Glengairden, wherein James Farquharson, Esq; of Invercauld, and others, were appellants from the sentences of the presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil, and the synod of Aberdeen, and the Earl of Aboyne patron, and Mr George Brown presentee to the said parishes, were respondents.

There appeared as counsel for the appellants, Mr John Miller, advocate, and the Rev. Mr Machardie for himself, who was likewise an appellant; for the respondents, Mr Allan Maconochie and Mr David Williamson, advocates; for the presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil, Mr Thomas Gordon; and for the synod of Aberdeen, Dr Gerard, Professor Thomas Gordon, and Mr Thomas Gordon of Craig.—The only objection to the presentee was, that he was not acquainted with the Gaelic language.

Parties being heard, and a good deal of reasoning having taken place among the members, a motion was made by Dr Walker of Colington, and seconded, That the Assembly shall affirm the sentence of the synod of Aberdeen, and ordain the presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil to proceed with the settlement of Mr George Brown in the united parishes of Tullich, Glenmuick, and Glengairden, with all convenient speed, according to the rules of the church.

Another motion was made by Dr Lamont, and seconded, That, in respect there has not been proper and satisfactory evidence produced to the Assembly, that the knowledge of the Gaelic language is not necessary in the united parishes of Tullich, Glenmuick, and Glengairden, and as it does not appear that the presbytery has taken the necessary steps for obtaining that evidence, the General Assembly remit this cause to the presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil, with an instruction to take the most proper and expedient steps in order to obtain a just knowledge of the real state of the parish, and report to next Assembly.

The state of the vote was *Affirm*, or *Remit*; and the roll being called, and votes marked, it carried *Affirm*, 74—*Remit*, 49.

It was then moved, and unanimously agreed to, That as there are few persons in the above parishes who have not the English language, the General Assembly shall instruct the committee on the Royal Bounty to appoint an itinerant, having the Gaelic language, to the said united parishes, with all convenient speed; instructing them at the same time to provide Mr Grant, the present missionary, in a situation equally comfortable.

Wednesday—May 25.

The Assembly had under consideration the contested settlement of Mr M'Lean as first Minister of Dunfermline. Mr

Mr Lean had received a presentation from the Crown, which the presbytery of Dunfermline sustained. The settlement was opposed by Mr Eckford, and an appeal from the presbytery was lodged to the synod, and from the synod to the Assembly. Mr John Miller advocate appeared as counsel for Mr Eckford, and Mr Robert Hamilton for the patron and presentee; for the presbytery, Mr Smith of Kinross, Mr Balfour at Torryburn, Mr Primrose at Dalgety, and others; and for the synod of Fife, Mr Swan at Scoonie. After hearing the counsel for the appellant, the other parties declining to take up the time of the Assembly, a motion was made, and unanimously agreed to, That the Assembly, considering this appeal as unfounded, frivolous, and vexatious, dismiss the same, and affirm the sentences of the synod of Fife and presbytery of Dunfermline. This motion became the judgment of the Court; and the Assembly ordained the presbytery of Dunfermline to proceed to the settlement of Mr M'Lean on or before the 15th of July next, according to the rules of the church.

The Assembly proceeded to consider the petition of James Ritchie, Esq; of Bussie, and others, heritors of the parish of Govan, appealing from a sentence of the synod of Glasgow and Ayr sustaining a presentation to Mr John Pollock, who had been preferred to the above parish by the University of Glasgow, the patrons. There appeared for Mr Ritchie, Mr Mortland advocate; for the University of Glasgow, Mr Miller and Mr Davidson advocates; for the presbytery of Glasgow, Dr Porteous and Mr Taylor jun. and for the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, Dr Meek. Parties being heard, the Assembly, without a vote, agreed to the following judgment: Find the appeal frivolous and vexatious, and therefore dismiss the same; affirm the sentence of the synod, and ordain the presbytery of Glasgow to proceed to the settlement of Mr Pollock with all convenient speed, according to the rules of the church.

Mr Hugh Hay, who had obtained a presentation to the parish of Ruthven last year, but whose settlement was delayed by the presbytery of Fordyce on account of alledged simoniacal practices, having informed the presbytery, that as he had got a presentation to be one of the ministers of Aberdeen, he renounced the presentation to the parish of Ruthven; this being reported to the Assembly, they instructed the presbytery of Fordyce to inform the patron of the above event, that the vacancy may be filled up without delay.

Thursday, May 26.

The report of the Committee on the last act was read, together with the minute of last Assembly on that business, which the Assembly unanimously agreed should be recorded.

No debate, however, took place ; for, after some general observations by Robert M'Intosh, Esq; Professor Hill of St Andrew's moved, That the Assembly should proceed to the cause of Ancrum, which was unanimously agreed to.

In this cause there appeared at the bar as appellants, George Gray, James Davidson, and Patrick Smith, heritors and heads of families, complaining of a sentence of the presbytery of Jedburgh, confirmed by the synod of Merse and Teviotdale, appointing the settlement of Mr James Oliver to be Minister in that parish. One of the appellants read a short speech from a paper he held in his hand, and was answered by Mr Douglas at Galathie's ; after which a motion was made, and agreed to without a vote, to dismiss the appeal as groundless, and ordained the presbytery of Jedburgh to proceed with the settlement of Mr James Oliver in the church and parish of Ancrum with all convenient speed, according to the rules of the church. From which decision one minister and two elders dissented.

The Assembly having gone through a number of matters of form, Mr Gordon of Carleton, elder for Kirkcudbright, moved, " That the General Assembly do now appoint a Committee to devise a method, by which a monument may be erected, or some public mark of respect be paid to the late Dr Alexander Webster, original projector and founder of the scheme by which a fund of provision was made for the widows of the ministers of the established church of Scotland."

The above motion was seconded by Mr John Jeffrey writer, elder for Lochmaben, and after a few words, unanimously agreed to, and a respectable Committee immediately appointed, Mr Gordon to be Convener.

Friday, May 27.

The Assembly had transmitted to them by the Committee of Bills, a petition with an extract of the minutes of the synod of Moray, respecting the suppression of the parish of Dundurcus, and the annexation of it to the parish of Rothes and Boharm ; which being read, and considered by the Assembly, they remitted the same to the Procurator and Agent, to do therein as they may see cause.

The Assembly had transmitted by the above Committee a reference to the Assembly from the presbytery of Ayr, respecting the cause of Dr M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr, accused of publishing erroneous doctrine. There was also transmitted a petition for sundry persons against Dr M'Gill, which was likewise read. Mr Sheppard, Mr M'Quae, and Mr Peebles, were heard for the presbytery on the reference ; and after reasoning, the Assembly agreed to hear Mr Thomas Muir, Advocate, for the complainers, on the point of *res judicata*. Parties being removed ; after reasoning at great length,

a motion was made, That the Assembly shall dismiss the complaint as a *res hactenus judicata*, which being put, it carried *dismiss* by a great majority.

Saturday, May 28.

The report of the trustees on the Widows' Scheme, containing an account of their proceedings since last Assembly, and a state of the fund under their management being given in, the unanimous thanks of the House were given to Sir H. Moncrieff-Welwood for his fidelity, attention, and prudence in the management of the fund.

Dr Walker, Moderator of last Assembly, informed the House, that, in consequence of an application made to the Lord Advocate, the Lords of the Treasury had given directions not to levy from the clergy of Scotland the new house and window duty of ten per cent. of the former taxes, imposed by an act of last session of Parliament. The thanks of the House were unanimously given to the Lord Advocate for his great attention to the interest of the clergy on this occasion, and also to Dr Walker for his diligence in the affair.

The Assembly proceeded to consider the overtures from the synods of Lothian and Tweeddale and Merse and Teviotdale, on the Slave Trade; and, after reasoning on them, the Assembly, in terms of their resolution on the subject of similar overtures in the year 1788, approve of the spirit thereof, and think themselves called upon, as men, as Christians, and as members of this national Church, to declare their abhorrence of a traffic so contrary to the rights of mankind and the feelings of humanity; but they judge it unnecessary to proceed further in this business, trusting that the wisdom and mercy of the Legislature will take such steps as they shall think proper for the relief of this unhappy race of men.

Monday, May 30.

The Assembly, in the case of the schoolmaster of Bothwell, after hearing parties on the point of jurisdiction (a bill of suspension having been presented to the Court of Session), without a vote, sustained the appeal to the Synod, as competent; and having been informed by the Procurator for the Church, that the question with regard to the power of the superior Ecclesiastical Courts to review the sentence of a Presbytery relative to the qualification of a schoolmaster, is now depending before the Court of Session, they authorised the Procurator and Agent to attend to the rights of the Church in this cause, and to report to next Assembly. The Assembly then referred to their Commission the merits of this cause, and all others which have been brought before them, which they could not overtake; and was dissolved in the usual manner, and another Assembly was appointed to meet on the 17th of May 1792.

TO preserve butter free from rancidity, and without overpowering its natural taste by the acrid pungency of the antiseptics employed for that purpose, has long been deemed a great desideratum. Common salt alone has been hitherto usually employed for that purpose; but this either does not preserve the butter effectually, or it must be employed in such quantities as to render it exceeding pungent, and disagreeable to most palates. These inconveniences will be both avoided by employing in its stead the following composition;

“Take two parts of the best sea-salt, (great salt, where it can be had, should in all cases be preferred,) one part of saltpetre, and one part of sugar; beat them fine in a mortar, and mix them thoroughly together. Of this composition employ one ounce for every sixteen ounces of butter, taking care to mix it intimately with it, and to beat it up in the same manner as you would employ common salt.”

Butter cured with this composition never acquires a very hard consistence, as it sometimes doth with common salt, when the butter is of a poor quality, but it always appears of a rich mellow consistence, and assumes more of a marrowy taste, than the same butter would have, if cured with salt alone, and it tastes much less salt, than if one half the quantity of common salt it actually contains had been put into it alone; though with ordinary attention and care, butter thus cured may be preserved in this country for *several years*, without discovering the smallest marks of rancidity, as I have often experienced.

It is unnecessary, however, to add, that unless the butter shall have been properly freed from the milk and other impurities before it be put up, it cannot be thus preserved, without danger of being tainted; and that if it be exposed long to the open air, in an improper manner, and suffered to become dry, it will acquire a strong taste. It is not proposed, that this should operate as a charm, but merely as an effectual preservative when due care is bestowed upon it; with that attention, I have known butter thus cured, that has been kept perfectly sweet in this country near three years, and how much longer it might have been preserved I know not.

Most persons will have a prejudice against using this composition, from a preconceived idea, that the taste of saltpetre must predominate and prove disagreeable; but this I can assure them is an ill founded prejudice; for, after a little time, the taste of the different materials is so intimately blended as to leave nothing of this kind perceptible, though for about a fortnight from the time it has been cured something of this sort may be perceived. Let those, therefore, who shall try this mode of curing butter, delay using it till a fortnight or three weeks after it has been cured, and after that period no taste of this kind can be perceived.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1791.

Travelling Memorandums, continued from page 247.

My rate of posting has been generally slow,—seldom above, and, for the most part, below six English miles *per* hour—I do not blame the drivers—I observe no instance of their being obstinately or wilfully tardy, as they sometimes are in Britain—They lash their horses even unmercifully, and their apology is commonly just; “*Monfieur j’ai fait mon possible*”—From the first stage this morning, the horses were fresh, and I was treated with the expedition of English posting—this merit I rewarded only by a sixpence extraordinary to the driver; and by continuing this little bounty, always reported to the next postillion, I was so well served, that though the longest day’s journey I have made, I reached my evening quarters some hours earlier than ordinary—I find the grapes here remarkably delicious.

October 4th. I breakfasted at the post-house *La Baraque*, and was all night at *Challon*—a fine, populous,

and trading town, beautifully situated on the Saone—My entertainment was good, and a moderate bill at the *Cheval Blanc*—I have this day travelled forty-five miles, through a delightful and extensive plain, abounding with the richest grapes of France, and in which some of the highest growths of Burgundy are produced.

October 5th. Breakfasted at *Sennecey*, at the usual rate of one shilling English, or twenty-four sous—Dined and put up all night at *La Maison Blanche*—forty-seven miles—On my journey this day, the face of the country has varied considerably—For the first two posts, it is bleak, without production of vines, or any other crop except Turkish corn, resembling tobacco—of this we saw various and extensive fields—About half way between *Sennecey* and *Tournus*, we passed a steep hill, from which a delightful prospect opens down upon the river Saone, and fine extended fields on each side of it, still without large vineyards till we come near to this stage—On the latter part of this day's journey, I observed some small fields of turnip, and more than ordinary good pastures—The turnip is not of the same form and size as ours, but has a root like our parsnip and carrot—Their cows are numerous, all white, which is reckoned a bad colour in our breeding countries—They are much employed in labour, both for carriages and plowing, which is very slightly performed, by one man, sometimes by a woman, and two cows—In the course of this journey, I have not observed any field of potatoes, though I am persuaded they might have great and useful crops of them in their light grounds.

I am habitually, if not naturally shy in the company of strangers—I do not remember, that in any part of Britain, I ever was the first to break silence to strangers whom I accidentally met, from an apprehension, I suppose in general mistaken, of an unkind or surly reception—From an opinion of French good humour, and cheerful politeness, I have begun to take the first word with a stranger, of which I have experi-

enced this day no less than three very agreeable instances—About half way on the first stage, we met a post-chaise: both postillions stopt to exchange horses—a practice usual, and very convenient, for obvious reasons—I saw, in the other post-chaise, a gentleman of a very pre-engaging appearance—He had much the air of a well-bred person, and the dress of a military man of distinction—He dropt some questions to my servant in English, which he spoke easily, though he had never been in England—I took the hint; a conversation ensued, which could not be lasting;—but to me it was very agreeable—I gave him the first intelligence of our commercial treaty, at which he expressed great satisfaction in the politest terms—He recommended *Arms de la Pays* at Lyon, as an excellent and reasonable hotel—My second interview was with a priest, as we both walked on the descent of the hill above mentioned—He appeared to be a decent, sensible man; and also expressed, in liberal terms, his joy to hear of the commercial treaty with Britain—My third interview was with a genteel-looking man, who walked about while I waited for post horses at *St. Albion*—I understood that he had the management of an estate, the property of a monastery, in that neighbourhood—He invited me to take some refreshment at his house adjoining—I excused myself, by telling him I was impatient to get on to a warm climate for health—It was then surprisingly cold—He told me, in that part of the country, the climate, from local circumstances, is unfavourable, and that I should find no material alteration till after I passed Lyons—For some time, I have paid four livres for breakfast—He informed me, that this is the settled rate for travellers by post, though less than the one half was commonly exacted from others—At my evening inn, the bill was very moderate; and here I find the white grapes are exquisite—I have no where yet found a mel-low and highly-flavoured red grape. N. B. At Lyons, I found them excellent.

October 6th. Breakfasted at *St. George's*—a paltry village, where the landlady attempted to impose on me unsuccessfully—In the afternoon, I arrived at Lyons—At Paris, I had been recommended to the hotel d'Artois; but I have no reason to repent, that, as advised on the road, I went to the hotel *de la pays*—The country through which I have this day passed, is finely diversified by hills mostly covered with vines to the tops—vallies of corn fields interspersed with vineyards—and a more extensive track of meadow and pasture grounds along the banks of the beautiful river Saone, than I have yet seen—Some attempts to inclose with thorn hedges appear—they have miscarried for want of skill and care—There is a shew of trees over the face of the country, and on some hills; but not being fenced, they are not thriving.

The city of Lyons and its environs, as we approach, make a glorious appearance—wild and romantic, yet highly cultivated and populous—Near the city, I saw, for the first time on this road, a field of fine clover, which would certainly be one valuable product for the country—The French have this evident advantage over us in Britain, that they may profit by *our* example in the culture of grass and grain, and in improvements by inclosures and planting—whereas we can derive no advantage by *their* skill and experience in the management of vines.

October 7th. This day I presented my letter of recommendation and credit from Monsieur Mary to Messrs. Andrew Taye and Company here—Mr Taye is a man of sense, of very obliging manners, and agreeable conversation—He and other gentlemen of this place confirm my purpose of residing, for most part of the winter, at Hyeres, as a climate almost invariably mild and serene—They reckon two hundred thousand people in this city—It is a common observation, that at *Marsailles*, where the occupations of the people are more in trade, than in manufactures, great numbers appear every day on the streets—but here they are all manu-

facturers or shop-keepers—so on ordinary weekdays, the streets appear almost empty—but on Sundays and holidays, we see a prodigious population.

I am very desirous to proceed on my journey, partly on horseback—I am told, that in this country they have a good breed of saddle-horses, and they deal with *Switzerland* for serviceable horses—Monsieur Tave assists me in treating with a great and reputable dealer—He informs me of an agreeable, easy, and cheap mode of travelling from here to *Avignon* by water in two days and a half—I shall consider of it—if I cannot find a proper horse for my use, which indeed is difficult:

“ A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! ”

I hire a good carriage here at the rate of twelve livres *per day*—My landlady is an excellent person ; I have not been in an hotel where the accommodation is more commodious and elegant, the entertainment better, and the attention to a traveller more agreeable.

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Notice of the early knowledge of the nautical uses of polarity of the Magnet.

SIR,

As I desire to see your excellent journal holding a high place among the periodical publications of Europe, and doing honour to that country, to illustrate which has ever been my highest ambition, I freely impart to you the copy of a very curious manuscript, in the King of France's library, written by Guyot de Provins, an old French poet, about the year 1180, which proves the nautical use of the polarity of the Magnet to have been known and used long before the days of Marco Polo the Venetian, or Flavio de Gioia ; since a poet is seldom like a Bee, to gather honey very early in the morning, and to be the first like your's to give literary intelligence.—I am, Sir, with regard, your sincere well-wisher,

ALBANICUS.

Iscelle estoille ne se muet,
 Un arts font qui ne mentir ne puet
 Par la vertu de la Manete,
 Une pierre laide et brunete,
 Ou li fers volontiers se joint,
 Ont resgardent lors droit point.
 Puez c'une aguile l'ont touchie,
 Et en un festu l'ont fichie,
 En langue la mette sens plus,
 Et li festuiz la tient desus;
 Puis se torne la pinte toute
 Centre l'estoille sens doubte;
 Quant li nûis est tenebre et brüne,
 Con ne voit estoille ne lûne;
 Lor font a l'aguille alûmer,
 Puiz ne puent il assarrer
 Centre l'estoille vers la pointe.
 Por ce sort li marinier cointe
 De la droite voie tenir:
 C'est uis ars qui ne puet mentir.

Literal Translation.

This star is unchangeable †,
 But there is an art which cannot err,
 By the virtue of the Magnet,
 A stone, ugly and brown in colour,
 To which iron kindly unites,
 And points *then* right to that direction.
 As soon as a needle has been touched,
 And properly fixed upon a pivot,
 It sets itself in motion immediately,
 And the pivot holding it in balance,
 It turneth itself to the precise point,
 Directed towards the star without doubt:
 When the night is dark and brown,
 When one sees nor star nor moon,
 Then one betakes oneself to the needle as a beacon,
 Since this cannot go astray
 In turning itself to the point of the star.
 By this is the mariner made acquainted
 With the right way to hold:
 This is an art that cannot err.

* Alluding, no doubt, to the pole star.

To the Editor of the Bee.

On female Education.

SIR

I AM the Sophia who troubled you some time ago with a summary of my history under the title of a *fortunate daughter of idleness*, and some further thoughts on female education.

I have good reason to consider education, when properly conducted, as the panacæa of the moral dispensary; and as it has in general been miserably neglected in all ages and all countries with respect to my sex, I have little doubt of your female readers paying some attention to my method of educating my daughter Alatheia, as it was undertaken in consequence of my own experience, set forth in my remarks on the dissertation on the art of idleness, and may be particularly useful to those who are still in doubt with respect to the propriety of treating us women as rational creatures.

In the sixth year of my second marriage, I found myself possessed of three daughters, all of whom I had suckled myself, and I had no other children; so that I began to grow uneasy about the future fortunes of a great fleece of misses, that my foreboding disposition led me to expect. I imparted my uneasiness to my dear Eugenius: We were walking out together in a lovely summer evening, and we stopped to look at some swallows teaching their little brood to fly, forcing them from the eves of a house where they nestled; the parents twittering and fluttering, and banging with their wings, and the little ones chirping and returning to the nest.

O my dear friend, said I, would that we were like swallows ; but how do you think we shall ever be able to manage our children this way ? I fear I shall never be able to teach my little hen swallows to catch flies and shift for themselves when they become too big for the nest.

My husband then casting upon me a look of inexpressible sense and benevolence, and gently squeezing my hand said to me, my dearest Sophia, you have performed hitherto the part of the old hen so exactly according to nature, that you have only to go on by her instructions and all will be well ; hereafter you will teach your young swallows to be independent, and to catch flies for themselves. Continuing our delightful walk, our conversation was fixed on the subject of female education : My dear Sophia, said Eugenius, it is difficult indeed for us to teach that which we ourselves have not been taught either by experience or institution ; but you have been taught by the first and the best, and disregarding the prejudices of society, you will form the minds of your daughters to virtue, industry, rational curiosity, respectable employment, to happiness and heaven. You know very well, that the foibles which we men ascribe to the sex, are not inherent, but artificial ; they have sprung from the vicious nature of civil governments, from our jealousies, and from our carelessness to remove them ; I might say from our disposition to foster and increase them for our glory and your abasement. Women, it is said, from the relaxed and feeble nature of their constitution, are incapable of high mental attainments ; they are cowardly, revengeful, obstinate, inquisitive, sensual, dissipated and idle, fond of dress and show, of change of place, of admiration of their personal charms only. The poet has satirically said,

“ Some men to business, some to pleasure take,
“ But every woman is at heart a rake.”

All these defects and vices, supposing them to be true in their utmost extent with respect to women, are to be traced to neglect, or vicious education.

All weak creatures not provided with natural defence, must be cowardly; cowardice begets revenge, and cunning devises the way to bring it to bear. Obstinacy and Ignorance must ever be inseparable in men as well as women. Curiosity is an inherent principle, and when divested of knowledge and prudence, and unsupported by science, it must be foolish, troublesome, and violent. Sensual pleasure is a real good, the desire of it is inherent in our nature, and it must remain our chief good till we find a better, and that better cannot be attained but by philosophy and intellectual refinement. Appetite predominates in all children, in savages, and in all ill educated men as well as women. As to dissipation, idleness, love of show, of dress, change of place, and every kind of amusement, these are the necessary consequences of the whetting and refining of appetite, without being possessed of the powers of higher enjoyment; and as to the desire of admiration for personal charms, how should it be otherwise, when all other ambition is industriously excluded by the nature of your education, or by the preposterous prejudices of society.

My dear Sophia, educate your daughters on principles opposite to these foibles and vices, and make them like yourself. You will then establish a foundation for the happiness of the men who shall have them for wives or mothers; and if they shall never be married, they will become respectable useful women, and indifferent about the old curse of leading apes on the other side of the Styx.

O my dearest Eugenius, said I, you have lifted me up into the third heaven; I will endeavour to fulfil your flattering desire.

My eldest daughter Alatheia had now completed her fifth year; healthy, beautiful and good natured, but without any extraordinary appearance of capacity. I set myself to consider the most effectual way of teach-

ing the lovely "young ideas how to shoot" in the mind of my daughter.

I considered with the excellent Dr. Beattie, that the mental faculties of children stand as much in need of improvement, and consequently of exercise, as their bodily powers : That it is of high importance to devise some mode of discipline to fix their attention ; and that, when this is not done, they become thoughtless and dissipated to a degree, that generally unfits them for the business of life.

I adopted the inherent and strong principle of curiosity, as the basis of my power, and influence over the mind of my pupil. I did not trouble her with maxims and lectures, but infused knowledge in proportion to the desire of it, which I took every possible way to excite.

The desire I had to keep a genteel good table for my husband at a moderate expence, made me particularly attentive to the garden, dairy, and poultry, and all those advantages which are furnished to a good housewife in the country. Alatheia and her sister (for the youngest was quite an infant) generally attended me in these occupations, and they produced thousands of little questions, all of which I answered in a manner suited to their capacities, drawing from them inferences in the same manner, that were perfectly understood, and afforded infinite pleasure.

Mamma, said Alatheia one day, what is the reason that my pretty crested hen has forgotten her chickens that she was so fond of long ago, and is going along like a fool with the ducklings. My dear, I will tell you how this happens ; the henwife cheated her, and put the duck's eggs into her nest, and she thought the eggs were her own, and hatched them ; by and bye the ducks will take the water, and the hen will forsake them. A hen would not do this if she were at home and had learnt to shift for herself in the fields by gathering seeds and corn, but we have brought hens about the house, and

by having every thing done for them by the servants, they have become silly and helpless. O mamma, what a terrible thing is this; will you teach me how to do every thing for myself? Yes, my dear, I will with all my heart, &c. &c.

Thus I initiated my Alatheia in the history of nature, and in general politics, beginning with her at five years old, and her sister soon after became a novice in the same science. I found one day Alatheia in tears for the loss of one of her garters; I condoled with her, but told her, that one of my own garters was worn through, so that I wanted one as well as herself, but that I was busy making another in its stead. I took out of my pocket a worsted garter half wrought upon gold, and began to knit, saying, it should not be long before I cured my misfortune. O mamma, will you teach me to make garters? I set Alatheia immediately to work; and in the course of a day or two, I teach her to knit in this simple manner; and in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, she comes in transports with a pair of garters of her own handy-work. She then proposes to work a pair for me in return for my having taught her the art, and then a pair for her sister Isabella; all goes on charmingly; the habits of industry and independence are established; she is as playful and happy as ever, but she never tires in the intervals. Bye and bye Isabella imitates her example; and I see the fruits of my system forming in the tree that I had planted. In this way I trained my daughters to all feminine employments; and at the same time continually cultivated their understandings, and regulated the strength of their imaginations.

Alatheia seeing the cook one day puzzled about the affairs of the kitchen, and coming to consult me, was surprised to find me looking into a book, and turning over the pages, instead of returning an answer. O mamma! why don't you tell poor Mary what she is to do? I am looking here, my dear, to be able to instruct her. I

wrote out a recipe from the book ; and having given it to the maid, away she goes, and all is right again. Alatheia, after some very interesting silence and beautiful expression of countenance, looks at me with pleasing astonishment, and says, O my dear mamma ! will you teach me to help poor Mary, when you are out of the way, and papa has company to dinner. Yes, my dear Alatheia ; but this will take a long time ; for you must learn both to read and to write before you can do this. Then her little soul is all on fire to learn, and I begin, without delay, to initiate her in the use of letters, teaching her as I go along, by illustrations suited to her infantine capacity, the reason as well as the mechanism of language, as far as she could understand them ; and she is the happiest of students, because she sees the reward of her studies at a distance, yet certainly attainable, while the road to it is easy and delightful.

My girls had a play-fellow or two of the clergyman's daughters in the neighbourhood, and they used to admire the ingenuity of Eugenius, who amused himself with a turning-lathe, and made most of the little trays and other utensils that were used in the family.

Seeing so many convenient things made out of shapeless masses, Alatheia, looking steadily at the moon one evening on a walk with us, she turned to Eugenius, and having kissed his hand, looked up with timid anxiety, and said, my dear papa, will you tell me who turned the moon ? Yes, Alatheia, I can tell you, that at once, it was the great papa of the whole world, that turned the moon ; and every thing in the world is the workmanship of his hands.

Here the conversation ended. Alatheia became immediately thoughtful, but soon after ran off to her play, and I heard no more of her query till next morning, when, sitting at our work, after the lesson of the day was over, Alatheia looked tenderly and significantly at me for some time, and said, my dear mamma ! what a strange thing that was my papa told me yesterday about the moon.

I durst not answer him ; for I thought he was saying a thing that was impossible ; and you know papa always tells me, that nobody should ever joke about God.

My dearest Alatheia, what your papa told you yesterday is not only not impossible, but one of the few things that one can know to a certainty. If you was to find a wooden trencher, a tray, or an egg-cup in the ground, would not you know that it had not grown there, but been placed there by somebody, and that it had been turned in a turning-lathe out of a piece of wood. Yes, mamma. Then my, dear Alatheia, the world was originally like a shapeless piece of wood, and the great papa of the world turned every thing in a lathe of his own to answer the good purposes of his children and his creatures ; and we are all his children and his creatures, men, women, children, horses, cows, sheep, and dogs, and every thing that lives or moves, or has any kind of being.

Alatheia leaps upon my knee, kisses me again and again ; and laughing in tears, cries out, O mamma ! this is charming. Then papa is my brother, and you are my sister, and my grandpapa made the moon and every thing else.

I now instantly take her off from the continuance of this conversation, as being quite above her capacity, and gently lead her to the workmanship and occupations of the day, leaving the impression to produce its beneficial effects hereafter.—Thus, Mr. Editor, have I given you a slight sketch of the commencement of my plan of female education, which, if you do not forbid, shall be followed out in some of your future papers, with a description of the more interesting, though not more important period of education which is to follow ; and I remain, Sir, with esteem for your undertaking, your sincere well-wisher,

SOPHIA.

Memoirs of the Reverend Mr. John Wesley.

JOHN WESLEY, one of the most extraordinary characters that ever existed, whether we consider him as a various and voluminous writer, a zealous and indefatigable preacher, or the founder of the most numerous sect in the Christian world, was the son of the Reverend Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth in the isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, and was born in that village in the year 1703. His very infancy was distinguished by an extraordinary incident. The parsonage house at Epworth was burnt to the ground, and the flames had spread with such rapidity that few things of value could be saved. His mother, in a letter to her son Samuel Wesley then on the foundation at Westminster school, thanks God that no lives were lost, although for some time, they gave up *Poor Jacky*, as she expresses herself; for his father had twice attempted to rescue the child, but was beaten back by the flames. Finding all his efforts ineffectual, he ‘*resigned him to divine providence.*’ But parental tenderness prevailed over human fears, and Mr. Wesley once more attempted to save his child. By some means equally unexpected and unaccountable, the boy got round to a window in the front of the house, and was taken out, by one man’s leaping on the shoulders of another, and thus getting within his reach. Immediately on his rescue from this very perilous situation, the roof fell in.— This extraordinary escape explains a certain device, in a print of Mr. John Wesley, engraved by Vertue, in the year 1745, from a painting by Williams. It represents a house in flames, with this motto from the prophet, “Is he not a brand plucked out of the burning?” Many have supposed this device to be merely emblematical of his *spiritual deliverance*. But from

this circumstance it is apparent, that it has a *primary* as well as a *secundary* meaning: It is *real* as well as *allusive*. This fire happened when Mr. Wesley was about six years old.

In the year 1713, he was entered a scholar at the charter-house in London, where he continued seven years under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Walker, and of the Rev. Andrew Tooke, author of "The Pantheon." Being elected to Lincoln college, Oxford, he became a fellow of that college about the year 1725, took the degree of Master of Arts in 1726, and was joint tutor with the Rev. Dr. Hutchins, the rector. He discovered, very early, an elegant turn for poetry: Some of his gayer poetical effusions are proofs of a lively fancy, and a fine classical taste; and some translations from the Latin poets, while at college, are allowed to have great merit. He had early a strong impression, like Count Zinzendorf, of his designation to some extraordinary work. This impression received additional force from some domestic incidents; all which his active fancy turned to his own account. His wonderful preservation, already noticed, naturally tended to cherish the idea of his being designed by providence to accomplish some purpose or other, that was out of the ordinary course of human events. The late Rev. Samuel Badcock, in a letter inserted in the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, No. XX. says, "There were some strange *phænomena* perceived at the parsonage at Epworth, and some uncommon noises heard there from time to time, which he was very curious in examining into, and very particular in relating. I have little doubt that he considered himself the chief object of this *wonderful* visitation. Indeed his father's credulity was in some degree affected by it; since he collected all the evidences that tended to confirm the story, arranged them with scrupulous exactness, in a manuscript consisting of several sheets, and which is still in being. I know not what became of the Ghost of

Epworth ; unless, considered as the prelude to the *noise* Mr. John Wesley made on a more ample stage, it ceased to speak when he began to act."

"The dawn of Mr. Wesley's public mission," continues Mr. Baddock, "was clouded with Mysticism—that species of it which affects silence and solitude ; a certain inexplicable introversion of the mind, which abstracts the passions from all sensible objects, and, as the French Quietists express it, perfects itself by an absorption of the will and intellect, and all the faculties into the Deity." In this "palpable *obscure*" the excellent Fenelon led himself when he forsook the shades of Pindus, to wander in quest of "pure love" with Madam Guyon ! Mr. Wesley pursued, for a while, the same *ignis fatuus* with Mr. William Law, and the *Ghost* of De Renty. A state, however, so torpid and ignoble, ill suited the active genius of this singular man. His elastic mind gained strength by compression ; thence *bursting glorious*, he passed (as he himself somewhere says) "the immense chasm, upborne on an eagle's wings."

The reading of the writings of this Mr. William Law, the celebrated author of "Christian Perfection," and of "A Serious Address to the Christian World," contributed, moreover, to lead Mr. John Wesley, and his brother Charles, with a few of their young fellow-students, into a more than common strictness of religious life. They received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper every week ; observed all the fasts of the church ; visited the prisons ; rose at four in the morning ; and refrained from all amusements. From the exact method in which they disposed of every hour, they acquired the appellation of *Methodists*, by which their followers have been ever since distinguished.

But a more particular account of the origin of this sect, we shall give from a celebrated publication : "The Methodists," says the editor of this work, "form a very considerable class, principally of the lower peo-

ple in this country. They sprung up, about fifty years ago, at Oxford, and were soon divided into two parties, the one under the direction of Mr. George Whitfield, and the other under that of two brothers, John and Charles Wesley. These leaders, and, if we except Mr. William Law, founders of the Methodists, were educated at Oxford; received episcopal ordination, and always professed themselves advocates for the articles and liturgy of the established church, though they more commonly practised the dissenting mode of worship. But conceiving a design of forming separate communities, superior in sanctity and perfection to all other Christian churches, and impressed, to a very considerable degree, by a zeal of an extravagant and enthusiastic kind, they became itinerant preachers, and, being excluded from most of our churches, exercised their ministry in private houses, fields, &c. not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but also in America; thus collecting a very considerable number of hearers and proselytes, both among the members of the established church and the dissenters. The theological system of Mr. Whitfield and his followers is Calvinistic; that of Mr. Wesley and his disciples Arminian; and the latter maintains the possibility of attaining sinless perfection in the present state. The subordinate teachers of both these classes of Methodists are generally men of no liberal education; and they pretend to derive their ministerial abilities from special communications of the spirit. The Methodists of both parties, like other enthusiasts, make true religion to consist principally in certain affections and inward feelings, which it is impossible to explain, but which, when analysed, seem to be mechanical in their spring and operation; and they generally maintain, that Christians will be most likely to succeed in the pursuit of truth, not by the dictates of reason, or the aids of learning, but by laying their minds open to the direction and influence of divine il-

lumination : And their conduct has been directed by impulses."

Our readers will judge for themselves, according to their various modes of education, and to the different lights in which they may respectively view the doctrines of our common Christianity, whether this representation of the origin of the Methodists, and of their distinguishing tenets, be accurate and just.—Not presuming to sit in judgment on the religious opinions of any man, we shall only observe, that an appellation, originally given in reproach, has been gloried in ever since, by those who have distinguished themselves as the followers either of Mr. Whitfield or of Mr. Wesley. "After the way called *methodism*, so worship they the god of their fathers †." But the ridicule and contempt which the singularity of their conduct produced, both John and Charles Wesley were well qualified to bear. They were not to be intimidated by danger, actuated by interest, or deterred by disgrace.

The boundaries of this island were soon deemed by Mr. Wesley too confined for a zeal which displayed the piety of an apostle, and of an intrepidity to which few missionaries had been superior. In 1735, he embarked for Georgia, one of our colonies, which was, at that time in a state of political infancy; and the great object of this voyage was to preach the gospel to the Indian nations in the vicinity of that province. He returned to England in 1737. Of his spiritual labours, both in this country and in America, he himself has given a very copious account, in a series of "journals," printed at different periods. These journals drew upon our laborious preacher, and his coadjutors, some severe animadversions from two right reverend prelates—Dr. George Lavington, bishop of Exeter, and Dr. William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester. The former pub-

† Acts xxiv, 14.

lished, in three parts, "The enthusiasm of the methodists and papists compared:" The third part of this performance containing a personal charge of immoral conduct. Mr. Wesley, in his vindication, published a letter to his lordship, which produced a reply from the latter.

Bishop Warburton's attack is contained in his celebrated treatise, intitled "The doctrine of grace: or the office and operations of the holy spirit vindicated from the insults of infidelity, and the abuses of fanaticism; concluding with some thoughts, humbly offered to the consideration of the established clergy, with regard to the right method of defending religion against the attacks of either party," 2 vol. small 8vo, 1762. There is much acute reasoning, and much poignant and sprightly wit in his "doctrine of grace;" but there is too much levity in it for a grave bishop, and too much abuse for a candid christian. On this occasion, Mr. Wesley published a letter to the bishop, in which, with great temper and moderation, as well as with great ingenuity and address, he endeavoured to shelter himself from his lordship's attacks, not only under the authority of the holy scriptures, but of the church itself, as by law established; and arguments, on this last authority, it must be allowed, could be urged, without much impropriety, in an address to a right reverend prelate of that church.

On his return from Georgia, Mr. Wesley paid a visit to count Zinzendorf, the celebrated founder of the sect of Moravians, or Herrnhuters, at Herrnuth in Upper Lusatia. In the following year, he appeared again in England, and with his brother Charles, at the head of the methodists. He preached his first field sermon at Bristol, on the 2d of April 1738, from which time his disciples have continued to increase. In 1741, a serious altercation took place between him and Mr. Whitfield. In 1744, attempting to preach at an inn at Taunton, he was regularly silenced by the magistrates. Although he chiefly resided, for the remainder of his life

in the metropolis, he occasionally travelled through every part of Great Britain and Ireland, establishing congregations in each kingdom. In 1750, he married a lady, from whom he was afterward separated. By this lady, who died in 1781, he had no children.

We have already mentioned Mr. Wesley as a very various and voluminous writer. Divinity, both devotional and controversial, biography, history, philosophy, politics, and poetry, were all, at different times, the subjects of his pen : and, whatever opinion may be entertained of his theological sentiments, it is impossible to deny him the merit of having done very extensive good among the lower classes of people. He certainly possessed great abilities, and a fluency which was well accommodated to his hearers, and highly acceptable to them. He had been gradually declining for three years past : yet he still rose at four in the morning, and preached, and travelled, and wrote as usual. He preached at Leatherhead, in Surrey, on the Wednesday before his death. On the Friday following, appeared the first symptoms of his approaching dissolution. The four succeeding days he spent in praising God; and he left this scene, in which his labours had been so extensive and so useful, at a quarter before ten in the morning of the second of March 1791, in the 88th year of his age. His remains, after lying in a kind of state at his chapel in the city-road, dressed in the sacerdotal robes which he usually wore, and on his head the old clerical cap, a bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, were, agreeably to his own directions, and after the manner of the interment of the late Mr. Whitfield, deposited in the cemetery behind his chapel, on the morning of the 9th March, amid an innumerable concourse of his friends and admirers, many of whom appeared in deep mourning on the occasion. One singularity was observable in the funeral service : Instead of " We give thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our *brother*," it was read, " our *father*." A sermon, pre-

viously to the funeral, had been preached by Dr. Thomas Whitehead, one of the physicians to the London Hospital; and, on the 13th, the different chapels of his persuasion in London were hung with black.

It has been justly observed of Mr. Wesley, that his labours were principally devoted to those who had no instructor; to the highways and hedges; to the miners in Cornwall, and the coalliers in Kingwood. These unhappy creatures married and buried among themselves, and often committed murders with impunity before the methodists sprung up. By the humane and active endeavours of Mr. Wesley and his brother Charles, a sense of decency, morals, and religion, was introduced into the lowest classes of mankind; the ignorant were instructed, the wretched relieved, and the abandoned reclaimed. His personal influence was greater, perhaps, than that of any other private gentleman in any country.—But the limits of this article will not permit us to expatiate further, at present, on the character of this extraordinary man.

He also extended his views to the poor negroes in the West Indies; and it is probable, that his disciples may do more towards the civilization of these poor people, than all the laws that can be made for that effect.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

ON reading the second number of the second volume of your present entertaining and valuable publication, wherein you give us a method of raising early potatoes, it occurred to me, that mentioning what I accidentally discovered a few years since, relative to that subject, might not prove unacceptable to you, especially as it might tend to save even the little trouble which

is required by the method which you have proposed. The discovery I allude to was, that whenever the season was mild, or rather warm, my stored potatoes (the champion kind), did constantly produce new potatoes, exactly in the manner which you have so fully and accurately described, and that these potatoes have been deemed as good and palatable by those who have eaten them, as any others of their age and size, the last of which is usually from that of a pigeon's, to that of a hen's egg. But as I think this new production may probably have arisen in a great measure from the manner in which they were kept during the winter, I will take the liberty to inform you of the method I pursued for that purpose. After having them taken up in the autumn, they are, as soon as their surface is tolerably dry, carried and put into a small house or hovel having clay walls, which are well lined with straw and a thatched roof; in this house very dry sand is always thrown upon them, which falls into and nearly fills up the interstices of them as they are brought into the house; after which they are covered with straw, to preserve them from the frost; in this heap, and thus covered, they very early in the spring begin to sprout on the surface, and on that, as also sometimes in the more central parts, produce the bulbs above mentioned in a great abundance; and I have further remarked, that these parent potatoes, if I may so call them, do not thereby become less proper to plant for a future crop than those which have never produced a progeny. I had this year young potatoes at my table in March; and was I to use means whereby to make the hovel warmer, I conceive they would vegetate still earlier, perhaps in every part of the winter; but this I have not tried; they who prefer young to full grown potatoes may easily do it.

The Ruta Baga plants, which Dr. Coventry found found on the first of September, after they had ripened their seed, I have reason to think, had then no buds

or sprouts growing on the crown, as he conjectures they had, because, though I frequently saw them, I never discovered any; and I have this year observed, that many of those, which were early in the last winter eaten down by the hares, quite into the ground, had in the spring most of the remaining pieces of the root perfectly found, though many more of these plants were under this operation totally destroyed, than were those of the turnip-rooted cabbages. I am likewise inclined to think, from some striking differences of the bulbs of these two plants, that the Ruta Baga is not merely a variety of the turnip rooted cabbage; for I observe the Ruta Baga grows much more above the surface of the ground, is almost globular, and with a single and not very large tap-root; whereas the turnip-rooted cabbages bury themselves very much in the ground, are frequently shaped like an inverted blunt cone, or not much unlike a short thick parsnip; and although I have for many years sown the seed produced by transplanted roots, I never have been able to raise them with fewer than two or three strong and thick roots or fangs, which occasions them to be raised from the ground with more difficulty and soil than is to be wished; however, if I hint my doubts on this head, it is with that diffidence, which I shall ever entertain, when my opinion clashes with that of so accurate an observer as your ingenious and intelligent professor, to whose undertaking I have the motive of great personal esteem, as well as regard for the public, to wish the utmost success. I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

THOS. BEEVOR.

Hethel,
May 23d 1791. }

For the Bee.

A Card.

THE Earl of Buchan presents his respectful compliments to the established clergy of the kirk of Scotland; and flatters himself they will permit him to recommend with success, the completion of the statistical account of their parishes, so happily begun under the care of his worthy countryman, Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster.

In trading towns, it is hoped, a concise history will be given of their occasional decline or advancement, with the proximate causes. In university towns, a short account of the foundation, mode of teaching, number of students, and succession of eminent professors and eminent scholars that have adorned these seminaries and their country. In countries of mines and minerals, it is intreated, that authentic accounts may be given of the working situations, produce and prospects.

Dryburgh Abbey, }
June 16th, 1791. }

Historical Fragments, continued from page 314.

Chronicles of Great Britain, chap. cxxvi.

America.

1. AND it came to pass also, that the people of Britain did evil in the sight of the Lord; and he gave them over to strange delusions, that they should believe in lies.

2. For they flattered themselves with the vain belief, that the men of their nation were all men of va-

lour, and that their armies would be invincible.—Howbeit, they often gave the command of them to men of Belial;—and children they appointed to rule over them.

3. They also vainly imagined, that they would extend their dominions over the great deeps, and over the isles of the sea;—and that the most distant lands would yield obeisance unto them.

4. And they sent forth their ships of war to the west, and to the east, and to the south, and spread the terror of their name among the nations.

5. Their armies also penetrated into far countries, and destruction attended their paths.

6. And though they were sometimes wholly overpowered, and swept from the field like grasshoppers, yet their numbers were renewed; for the people delighted in war.

7. And their rulers spake vain words, and they said, that if the people would suffer themselves to be plundered, they should become rich.

8. And the spirit of delusion that had overspread the land, prevailed to such a degree, that they believed in these sayings, and they answered, verily thou hast spoken wisely:

9. Nevertheless, the commanders abroad and the rulers at home sought every man his own advantage, and how he might make gain to himself.

10. And having found a desert waste of great extent in a far distant country, they took possession of it; and they said, let us plenish it with our own people, and nourish it out of our own bowels.

11. For the king and his servants reasoned thus: In doing this, we shall acquire fame among the people, because of the name of our extended dominions, and we shall acquire wealth by the distribution of such vast

sums as shall be required for their support; and power by means of the places we shall have to bestow*.

12. And they ceased not to extol that country; and they hired scribes to write in its praises; and the people believed in all the things that they said.

13. At length, a certain man arose, who devised mighty things, and he spake great words, and he prophesied.

14. And the people listened unto him, and they believed the words that he uttered, because they did not understand the meaning thereof: And they said one unto another, surely no man could have imagined these things, if he had not been inspired.

15. And he cried with a loud voice, and said: "Hear! O ye people, and attend! and ye rulers of Britain, give ear.

16. "Verily I say unto you, that every person ye shall send from your own country into these distant settlements, shall add to the wealth, and augment the prosperity of thy native country, as much as FOUR TIMES THE NUMBER would do, if they were suffered to remain at home*."

17. And this saying pleased the rulers; and they gave bounties and premiums to induce their own people to go thither.

18. For they said among themselves, the more money we shall have to distribute, the more we shall be able to retain to ourselves and to our friends.

19. And they made to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness: nor had they the fear of the Lord before their eyes.

20. Nevertheless, it was soon discovered, that the prophet was a lying prophet;—and that there had been a lying spirit in him; and that he had uttered these words only with an intention to deceive.

* Quær. Might not the same reasoning be applied to the settlements of Botany Bay?

See Franklin's political writings.

21. For those people that had gone into that far country, soon rebelled, and they turned their arms against their parent country, and they did what was in their power to undo the land of their fathers.

22. And they said, it is not fit that we should obey thee; neither will we longer be subjected to thy sway.

23. And the rulers of Britain were grieved thereat; and they stirred up the people, so that they were enraged;—and they warred against them for many years.

24. But the colonies at last prevailed, and they became a free people.

25. Neither did the people of Britain at first perceive the favour that their colonies had done them, by thus freeing them from a burden that they never would have been able to bear:

26. For their understanding had been perverted by those who govern them, and a spirit of delusion had gone forth through the land.

27. Verily, they still shut their eyes against the clearest light; nor will they now see, that while they are fighting to extend their dominions, they are only struggling to load themselves, and their children, and their children's children, with fresh burthens.

28. And the rulers smile at the success of their arts, and they say in their hearts, the bubble will not break till we shall have aggrandized ourselves.

29. Whom the Lord loveth to chasten, he hardeneth their hearts, so that their judgment is perverted.

30. Nevertheless, the people think they are a great and a wise people;—and that all other nations, when compared with them, are as nothing.

31. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; and he that hath an understanding, let him ponder these things!

*A Card from a gentleman in the old town, to a lady in
the new.*

LEANDER, who (old poets write)
The Hellespont swam every night,
(Strength mighty love supplied)
Would justly have exclaim'd and swore,
Had, when he gain'd the lady's door,
Admittance been denied.

I, no less a love sick swain,
Have as much reason to complain,
When shut on me your gate;
For I (though seeming strange, 'tis true),
Each time I go to visit you,
Brave as severe a fate.

What intervenes 'twixt you and me,
Although a bridge and not a sea,
Is equally unkind;
From water I confess it saves,
No fear of perishing by waves,
But very great by wind.

M.

Roy's wife of Aldevalloch, a favourite new song.

O Roy's wife of Aldevalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldevalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the bracs o' Balloch.

She vow'd and swore she wad be mine,
And that she loo'd me best of ony;
But, ah! the fickle faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnny.
O Roy's wife &c.

O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldevalloch.
O Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair fae fair, her een fae clear,
Her wee bit mou' fae sweet an' bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
'Tho' she's ta'en the carle and left her Johnny.
O Roy's wife, &c.

For the Bee.

To the Memory of Ledyard.

Ye highly born, ye lineal great !
 Ye gaudy trophy posts of state !
 Ye tombs of honour dead !
 Whose monumental titles shew,
 What sad remains are left below,
 Of noble spirits fled :

And you ye chief's of Mars's train,
 Through seas of blood, o'er heaps of slain,
 Who mount a galling throne,
 With human gore a tott'ring-crown
 Cement, and deem the best renown
 An universal groan.

You, let the dazzled poet praise,
 And him, the wretch whose venallays
 Are bartered for his food ;
 Unprejudic'd, the honest bard,
 To reason paying due regard,
 Applauds the greatly good.

He worth, not conquests pomp shall sing ;
 The *man*, not conqueror and king,
 Shall dignify his line.
 Let fools and parasites proclaim
 A Lewis's, a Caesar's fame ;
 LEDYARD, his theme is thine.

Thy greatly independent soul,
 Below no power, but heav'n's controul,
 Despis'd the narrow reign
 Of art, and rank, and wealth and force,
 And free pursu'd her liberal course,
 O'er nature's wide domain.

No country thine whose partial love,
 To partial enmity might move

The ardour of thy mind :
 To all the habitable earth,
 Belong the honours of thy birth,
 True patriot of mankind.

The aim was thine to swell the store
 Of human bliss possess'd before,
 And social comforts give
 To men, who miserably know,
 No wish beyond the 'scape from woe,
 But the mere wish to live.

Thy gen'rous courage dar'd essay,
 To trace in wilder'd wastes a way,
 And commerce means afford :
 The savage of the wild to tame
 Into a citizen, and frame
 A city of a horde.

By law security extend,
 Freedom with peace and plenty blend
 And friendly feasts prepare,
 Where famine o'er the chase presides
 And cannibals contending guides
 A brother's corpse to tear,

With sensibilities to feel
 Alluring pleasure's soft appeal,
 The sentimental ties
 Of gentle love and friendship true,
 And the dear praise to merit due,
 That civil life supplies ;

But more with vig'rous virtue blest,
 That each indulgent wish suppress'd,
 Magnanimously good ;
 The blandishments of leisure spurn'd,
 And lab'ring, human welfare turn'd
 To seats of hardihood.

Trav'ling with barefoot patience o'er
 The stony road, the rocky shore,
 A frozen sea to tread
 With guideless step, and naked go
 Through regions of unfathom'd snow
 Immeasurably spread :

With perseverance undismay'd,
 Thy toils no disappointment stay'd :

In vain the Bothnic deep
 His jaws with hideous yawn prepar'd
 'To gorge the vent'rous man who dar'd
 Disturb his icy sleep.

When on the verge of Yakutz flood,
 Thy ready hopes on tiptoe stood,
 With wings for flight unfurl'd ;
 A tyrant's blast oppos'd thy course,
 And swept thee back with jealous force;
 The space of half the world ;

In vain thy efforts were repress'd
 And famine, cold, fatigue distress'd
 And tortur'd ev'ry sense ;
 Still to promote the gen'ral weal,
 Thy indefatigable zeal
 Advanc'd with bold pretence.

From drifted snows beneath the pole,
 'To burning sands that whirlwinds roll,
 Where tawny Afric pours,
 From mountain breasts to sable sons,
 'The rich maternal tide, that runs
 In Nile's and Niger's shores.

What though too soon of life bereav'd,
 Before the great deed was achiev'd,
 Or thy new toils begun ;
 Yet motives sanctify the deed,
 Omniscient justice hath decreed
 Thy services well done,

Feb. 23d 1791.

WM. DRUTHIN.

R E V I E W.

The statistical account of Scotland, drawn up from the communications of the Ministers of the different parishes, by Sir John Sinclair Baronet: Volume first.

THE public are here presented with the first volume of a work, that promises to rescue great Britain from a reflection that has been thrown upon it by foreign nations, an inattention to its internal state, and the means that may tend to augment its prosperity; for if essential political improvements are to be made at all, they must begin with an accurate knowledge of the state of the country. Without this preliminary step, every attempt at improvement can only be deemed a sort of quackery; nor can it ever be known with any degree of certainty, whether the measures that shall be pursued at any one period, prove hurtful or beneficial. We therefore congratulate the public on the appearance of this work, as we trust it will prove the sure basis of future inquiries, that cannot fail to prove highly beneficial to the community at large, and to this part of the country in particular; and it is our most earnest wish, that no cross accident may intervene, to interrupt the progress of this highly beneficial undertaking.

The public are made acquainted in this volume, in a very accurate manner, with the present state of fifty-three parishes in various parts of Scotland; so that an attentive reader may be able, even from this specimen, to form a tolerably adequate notion of the whole. But when the work shall be concluded, if the remainder shall be executed in the same masterly manner with the present volume, there will be no exaggeration in the saying of the worthy Mr. Demster, "that no publication of equal information and curiosity has appeared in great Britain since doomsday book; and that from the ample and authentic facts which it records, it must be resorted to by every future statesman, philosopher and divine, as the best basis that has ever yet appeared for political speculation."

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the reverend and worthy members of the church who have so liberally and judiciously furnished the materials for this work. Many persons, on seeing the queries that were put to them, were apprehensive, that some might be induced, from a desire to display much reading or depth of research, to enter into long conjectural speculations on subjects which had not come fully to their knowledge; and although Sir John took care to warn them against this, yet few persons could have formed *a priori*, such an idea of the judiciousness of this body of men, as not to be afraid that some of them would run wild in the mazy road of speculative theory. The present volume however, gives an agreeable proof that these fears were groundless. The writers of these memoirs, have, with great judgment, in general, confined themselves strictly to the recording of such facts as fell under their own observation, leaving ideal hypotheses on other subjects to those who choose to engage in them; and if occasionally some uncommon phenomena of nature are accounted for, it is done with an ingenuous modesty that is worthy of a high degree of applause; as we shall illustrate on some future occasion, by examples drawn from this volume.

It is to be regretted, that on account of the little attention that has hitherto been bestowed on subjects of this nature, it was not possible, on many occasions, to compare the past with the present state of this country: but in all cases where it could be done, the compilers have made the best use for that purpose, of the few facts that have been preserved to them. Future observers will not have this difficulty to encounter, so long as this work shall be preserved, which will throw a still clearer light upon the future speculations of the patriotic politician, than we yet can boast of, notwithstanding the unequalled care and attention of the clergymen of the present day.

Hitherto, unfortunately for Britain, our attention has been almost exclusively applied to the marking the progress and improvements of our external possessions, while the state of our domestic concerns has been entirely overlooked, as if they were unworthy of any regard. Some recent events

might have served to convince us, that in doing this, we were pursuing an *ignus fatuus*, that only tended to mislead to our undoing : Yet still we are running after this *Will o' the wisp*, and a small addition of useless territory is, even now, in danger of proving a bribe sufficient to draw off our attention from concerns of infinitely greater importance. The present work, by serving to bring under our notice many of these important objects, will, I trust, prove an æra in the history of the political state of this country : An auspicious æra indeed it will prove, if it shall help to produce this effect.

Animated with these hopes, there seems to be no reason to fear, that a work so happily begun, will not be in a short time finally accomplished, by the joint endeavours of a set of men, who only wanted such an opportunity as the present to be brought forward to the notice of the public as a body, when taken in the aggregate, that can perhaps be equalled by none other on the globe. Hitherto they have been little known, farther than the bounds of their respective parishes. Now the names of every individual will be made known in an honourable manner through all the regions of the earth ; for they may rest assured that there is no European language into which this book will not be translated, nor any country into which it will not find its way. If the clergy of any other country, particularly of England, think they are entitled to equal respect, let them produce a work of equal merit. When that is done, a fair estimate of the merit and abilities of the *officiating* clergy in both countries may be made ; but if they shrink back from the trial, the Scottish clergy will be justly entitled to a priority of celebrity.

The uses that may be made of this work are innumerable, nor could any person at present point them all out. Some of these, together with a general abstract of this volume shall be given in our next.

Further account of the Ruta Baga or Swedish Turnip.

IN an early number of this work, the public were informed that this species of turnip preserved its freshness and succulence till a very late period of its growth, even after it had produced seed; and on account of that property, it was recommended to the notice of farmers, as an excellent kind of succulent food for domestic animals in the spring of the year, when common turnips, and most other winter crops have failed, and before grass got up to furnish an abundant bite for feeding beasts. This peculiarity, however, seemed so singular, that it was not to be wondered at, if many men of sound sense found themselves disposed to doubt the fact—and from that circumstance, I make no doubt but many of these have satisfied themselves by experiment as to this particular; this I myself have done, and I think it my duty now to communicate the result of that experiment to the public, being under no apprehension that it will be controverted by the experience of any other person: reasoning, in cases of this kind, is entirely out of the question.

I find then, that the *Ruta Baga*, or Swedish turnip, begins to send out its flower-stems in the spring, nearly about the same time with the common turnip, but that the root, in consequence of that change of state, suffers very little alteration. I continued to use these turnips at my table every day till towards the middle of May; and had I never gone into the garden myself, I should not even then have suspected, from the taste or appearance of the bulb itself, that it had been shot at all. The stems, however, at the season I gave over using them, were from four to five feet high, and in full flower. I should have continued the experiment longer, had not the quantity I had left for that purpose been exhausted, and a few only left for seed.

This experiment, however, fully proves, that this kind of turnip may be employed as a succulent food for cattle till the middle of May at least, in an ordinary year; and I have not the smallest doubt but it will continue perfectly good for that purpose till the end of May in any season; at which time grass and other spring crops can easily be had for bringing beasts forward in flesh. I can therefore, without hesitation, recommend this plant to the farmer as a most valuable spring feeding for cattle and sheep; and for this purpose, I think no wise farmer should be without a proportion of this kind of turnip to succeed the other sorts after they fail. The profi

table method of consuming it, where it is to be kept very late, is, I am still convinced, to cut off the tops with a scythe or sickle, when from one foot to eighteen inches high, to induce it to send out fresh stems, that will continue soft and succulent to the end; whereas, without this process, the *stems* would become sticky and useless.

I cannot, however, recommend this kind of turnip, from what I have yet seen, as a general crop, because I think it probable, that unless in particular circumstances, the common field turnips grow to a much larger size, and afford, upon the whole, a more weighty crop. These, therefore, should still continue to be cultivated for *winter* use, the other being reserved only for *spring* consumption.

Experiments are still wanting to ascertain with certainty the peculiar soil and culture that best agree with this plant; but from the few observations I have hitherto had an opportunity of making upon it, it seems to me probable, that it thrives better, and grows to a larger size on damp clayey soil, than on light sandy land. But I would not wish to be understood as here speaking positively; I merely throw it out as a hint for future observation; on spongy soil it prospers.

Though the uses of this as a garden plant, are of much smaller consequence than those above-specified, it may not be improper to remark, that its leaves form a very sweet kind of greens at any time; and, merely for the sake of the experiment, I caused some of these to be picked off the stems of the plants coming to seed, on the 4th of June, the King's birth-day, which, on being readied, were found perfectly sweet, without the smallest tendency to bitterness, which most, if not all other kinds of greens that have been hitherto cultivated are known to acquire, after their stems are considerably advanced; no family, therefore, can ever be at a loss for greens when they have any of this plant in seed.

A root of this kind of turnip was taken up this day (June 25th); the seed stalks were firm and woody, the pods full formed, and in some of them the seeds were nearly ripe. The root, however, was as soft and succulent as at any former period of its growth; nor was the skin, as I expected, hard or woody. It was made ready and brought to the table; some persons there thought the taste as good, if not better, than at any former period of its growth; but I myself, perhaps through prejudice, thought it had not quite so high a relish as in winter: At any rate, however, there can be no doubt that, if ever it could be necessary, it might, even now, be employed very properly as a feeding for cattle.

J. A.

*Remarks on some English Plays, continued from
page 232.*

*Ximena, or the Heroic Daughter; a Tragedy, by Cib-
ber.*

THIS play is below criticism.

Bufiris King of Egypt, a Tragedy, by Young.

THIS, I do think, is the most absurd and ridiculous *tragedy* in the whole of Monsieur Bell's Collection of the *best* English Plays; and it is written by the *great* (as they call him) Doctor Young. It is, however, hardly more eminently extravagant and outré, than another tragedy, much admired by the many, and written by the same author, viz. *The Revenge* *. What an audience! that failed to damn this play at the first hearing: Yet it lives to this day, at the distance of half a century, in Bell's Collection of *Choice* English Plays. And we are told, is yet acted with applause on the London stage. The epilogue has some merit.

The Drummer, a Comedy, by Addison.

I intend to have this piece taken into a volume of bad plays by good authors. in which Sir Richard Steele's *Tender Husband* should have a place, if I can find it.

*Amphitryon, or the Two Sofias; a Comedy, altered
from Dryden, by Hawkefworth.*

THIS I shall have bound up with Addison's *Drummer*, as a bad play by a good author; with allowance, in this case, that the modern reformer has made it worse †.

Eurydice, a Tragedy, by Mallet.

ARTIFICIAL poetry, laboured language, and romantic love, are too remote from nature and Shakespeare to please me; yet they commonly gain a temporary applause from the fond many, and uninformed igno-

* To this list, our critic might have added THE BROTHERS. In one scene, Dr. Y. introduces Perseus imitating a passage in Macbeth; but the imitation is attended with some very ridiculous circumstances.

† If Hawkefworth falls behind Dryden, the latter is at least as much inferior to Plautus. In the original Latin, there is a long and very pleasing prologue, and the description of a battle, in the very first scene of the play, has little to fear by a comparison with Epic poetry. Of Plautus, a translation has been published, under the name of the late Mr. Bonnet Thornton, and another gentleman. It fills no less than five large & two volumes. Had their book retained the bold and lively spirit, it must have been of value. The pretended version is in blank verse, and intolerable.

tance continues to admire. The epilogue was no doubt received with great applause.

"We are such stuff
"As dreams are made of."-----

The Merry Wives of Windsor, a Comedy.

IF there was nothing in Falstaff's character, as our critics describe it, but "rodomantades, lies, and jollity," Queen Elizabeth would never have desired a continuation of it. But her judgment discerned higher qualities in it, a great measure of shrewd sense, and incomparable humour. A continuation of the same identical character in this play, without flattening in the least, is an amazing proof of the strength of Shakespeare's genius.

Aureng-Zeb, a Trajedy, by Dryden.

THIS is by far the best rhyming play in the English language; yet though it has beauties, it has many absurdities*. I give great credit to Dryden for the elegant encomium upon Shakespeare, and his full confession of great inferiority in his own dramatic talents.

The lines which I refer to, are in the prologue, and are so just and beautiful, that I shall take leave to insert them.

"But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
"Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name:
"Aw'd when he hears his godlike Roman's rage,
"He, in a just despair, would quit the stage;
"And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
"Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield.
"As with the greater dead, he dares not strive,
"He would not match his verse with those who live;
"Let him retire, between two ages cast,
"The first of this, and hindmost of the last."

The poetry is fine, easy, and agreeable; but there is something absurd, romantic, and fantastical, in a great part of the love, that is to say, in a great part of the play. Shakespeare never thought of love in this extravagant fashion.

"And from the dregs of life think to receive
"What the first sprightly running could not give.

* Such as the following couplet:

"Dana, the eldest, bears a GEN'ROUS mind,
"But to implacable revenge INCLIN'D."

The lines that follow, are worthy of a place in the sublimed page of Lucretius or Juvenal.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
"Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
"Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
"To-morrow's faller than the former day,
"Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
"With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
"Strange Cozenage! none would live past years again,
"Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.

" I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,
 " Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

It is a pity that Dryden could not have seen the third volume of Colonel Dow's work, as that volume is, perhaps, the most pathetic and interesting historical composition now extant. The fate of this very Dara is, in particular, irresistibly affecting. There is another book, intitled, *Memoirs of Eradut Khan*, translated by Captain Jonathan Scott, and printed in 1786, which contains an account of the last year of the reign of Aureng-Zebe. Some letters written by that great monarch, a short time before his death, are inserted, and contain a most humiliating lesson to the masters of mankind. These works have not acquired, in almost any degree, the approbation they deserve; and Mr. Gibbon has gone out of his way, to sneer at Colonel Dow. But if Mr. Dryden had ever seen either of them, he would at once have discovered the richest materials for tragic poetry.

*Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage; a Tragedy, altered
 from Southerne, by Hopkins.*

ALL or great part that is original of this play, is admirable. The fable is simple, probable, and very interesting. The language is pure and proper; the characters well distinguished and maintained, and the poetry is in some passages delightful. I see no modern quaintness, affectation, raving, or bombast; but there are so many labour'd absurdities in the last act, that I suspect the modern managers have tamper'd with it.

Crcusa Queen of Athens, a Tragedy, by William Whitehead, Esq.

THERE is something very singular in this play. The poetry is good, the language is pure and proper. There are in it no extravagant unnatural flights, no romantic love, no modern bombast. I can hardly find fault with any particular part of it, yet I cannot much applaud the whole.

Plays written for a Private Theatre, by W. Davies.

News, The Malady; a Comedy, in three Acts.

The Mode, a Comedy, in five Acts.

The Generous Counterfeit, a Comedy, in five Acts.

Better Late than Never, a Comedy, in five Acts.

The Man of Honour, a Comedy, in five Acts.

I have some favour for this author, on account of his good intentions to reform a tasteless age, and entertain us with specimens of genuine comedy. I read on till my patience failed, and till I was quite conversed

of his inability to surpass other modern dramatic writers. He talks of Moliere as a pattern of excellence, without any measure of his happy genius. He damns, and justly, our modern dramatic writers, without discovering superior talents. In place of a pleasant and easy imitation, he falls, like other modern comic writers, into a studied affectation of nature. He is as fantastical in his instructions to the players, as either Mr. Bayes or General Burgoyne. Where he means to be either witty or pathetic, he is utterly insipid; and particularly in the absurdity of invented names to his *Dramatis Personæ*, he outdoes even our modern farce writers. Of this I should set down some instances for a monument, but indeed every one of them is remarkably foolish and affected. To do him justice, he has not much of the quaintness and outré which predominate and pass for wit and spirit in this age, and perhaps for that reason, he has failed in the favour of the managers of our public theatres. Travellers may find amusement in a transient perusal of his novelities.

The Gamesters, a Comedy, by Shirley.

THIS, upon the whole, is an excellent comedy. Though the characters, in general, are loose, there is no indecency in it. The plot is interesting, well wrought, and the catastrophe is highly moral. The dialogue is proper and unaffected. The characters are judiciously distinguished and supported. There is no forced wit, the bane of modern comedy and taste; and the humour is natural, characteristic, and entertaining. The evident falling off in some parts, I ascribe to modern alteration; but I cannot exactly determine, till I have compared it with the original, which I am very curious and impatient to do.

ON the adjournment of Parliament, it was the Editor's intention to have begun the account of the proceedings of that august body, according to the plan he had adopted:—But perceiving that there were only a few numbers wanting to finish the present volume, it was judged more advisable to delay it till the commencement of the next volume.—In the first number of that volume, therefore, that account will be begun, and continued through the succeeding numbers, till it shall be completed.

Some of the business that was begun at a very early period of the Session having not concluded till the adjournment, was the reason why this department could not sooner be overtaken.

THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1791.

Travelling Memorandums, continued from page 261.

OCTOBER 8th. I was this day conducted to the very beautiful chapel of———. There is one capital picture here by Rubens,—Christ just expiring on the cross, and Magdalen, a figure of wonderful beauty and affecting distress, at the bottom.—To be charmed by true genius, and masterpieces in painting, it is not necessary that we be either artists or connoisseurs.—We crossed the river by the finest timber bridge I have seen,—light, well proportioned, and substantial.—We passed through a delightful alley of poplars, and then arrived at one of their greatest hospitals.—All appeared decent, cleanly and orderly.—They were at dinner—on no other provisions but bread, milk, vegetables, or legumes—with every symptom of health, contentment, and even cheerfulness.

In this great city, there is a numerous body of *merchants*, mostly in retail-trade.—Though few of their citi-

zens make large fortunes, many of them are in easy circumstances.—Monsieur Faye made mention of a famous Doctor, Monsieur ———, who, in twenty years practice, may have acquired twelve or fourteen thousand pounds Sterling.—I proposed a consultation on my complaints, with a fee of two or three guineas, in our fashion.—My friend told me, I should run no hazard of discrediting my country, if I left, on the doctor's table, a fee of two pieces, of six livres each,—that is, ten shillings Sterling.—My Scotch pride raised it to one Louis d'or, for which I had good advice——“to use the best bark “I could find, moderately, and not habitually.”—He gave the same opinion precisely, which I had from our eminent old Doctor Clerk, more than thirty years ago,—“That my nervous complaints are not curable, “but may be mitigated and relieved,—not by medicines, but by proper regimen, moderate exercise, “and change of air.”—He approved highly of Doctor G——'s opinion, with regard to regimen, and he bade me take for my motto, NEVER REST, and act accordingly.—He very highly commends the climate of Nice.—He does not dissuade me from a temporary residence at Hyeres, but makes one objection to it,—that there is in that pleasant territory, a degree of dampness arising from the nature of the soil.

My esteemed landlady has made me acquainted with two very agreeable fellow-lodgers—a Mr. P——e from Ireland.—I have rarely seen a more ingenious, well-bred, and promising youth.—My other agreeable acquaintance is a Monsieur Clair,—a French gentleman advanced in years, but, in spirit, perfectly youthful,—and in character, he appears *un vrais philosophe*.—I have occasion to observe and to know, that he delights in offices of kindness and humanity, without any object of interest.—Though his incomes, from a small estate in the neighbourhood, are very moderate, his habits of life are corresponding, frugal, simple, and genteel;—and

He often says, I believe sincerely, " Give me a ducal fortune, I will not, I cannot, alter my mode of living in any one article,—so I have no motive of discontent, or desire for more than I possess."—His opinions are sensible and liberal, untainted by any sort of prejudice, and improved by studies of literature.—He prognosticates great changes in France.—With generous fervour, he often said nearly these words, which I shall not forget—" The lights of human reason derived from God himself, are now generally propagated in this country, and we despise the superstition of Papal power—so that in ten years time, we may have *Catholics*—but we shall not have one disinterested *Papist* in France."

October 9th. I have passed a very pleasant day in viewing some of the most remarkable manufactories of this great place, in company with my two friends at the inn, and Monsieur Faye as our guide—The operations of the velvet manufactories are very nice and perfect—Though I cannot set down any particular or satisfactory description, I remark some striking circumstances—The manufactories here are distinguished for beauty and elegance—With small prospect of use or ornament to myself, I was tempted to make some costly purchases—What is called the *Chinese* manufactory of velvet is very remarkable—They have a curious and singular art of dying little spots of various colours upon the silk threads, in such a manner, that when those threads are properly adjusted by the artist, and wrought in the loom, they produce the intended figure of each pattern for every piece of velvet, and there is no known mode of executing the finest patterns so perfectly as this—The art is strictly preserved as a secret among the operative artists, who teach it only to their own children or descendants—At this manufactory, a common journeyman will earn at the rate of six livres, or five shillings sterling *per* day—If such wages were constant through the year, it would be very extraordinary—but

the matter was explained, that if an ordinary weaver can finish a piece of this work in a fortnight, or three weeks—he may, for a month following, be without employment—during which interval, they are preparing materials for another web.

October 10th. We had this day a charming *promenade* through the most beautiful alley I ever saw, with the river Saone on the one side, and the Rhone on the other—It terminates at the noble confluence of these two rivers—On the Rhone we saw a number of very curious mills for corn, and various manufactories, erected by means of great beams of wood, by which two large boats in the body, and near the side of the river, are fixed at a small distance from each other, and so placed, that the water confined between them makes a strong stream to turn the wheels, for machinery of different kinds—All this grand work has been lately executed at a vast expence by a company who became bankrupt—Though a hard, yet no unprecedented fate, to the first projectors and inventors of the most useful and valuable arts.

The *Hotel de Ville* is a grand building, which contains many handsome apartments for the accommodation of all ranks of men in the offices of government—The *Echevin*, and *Comodant*, *Procureur General*, &c.—The great hall is truly magnificent;—the walls are covered round with portraits of distinguished characters—some of them remarkably fine paintings.—There are several elegant apartments ornamented in the same manner for the chambers of justice, police, and commerce.—Anciently this city was a republic.—By degrees the monarch ingrossed, in effect, all power.—Still the community of merchants elect three persons, and the king nominates one of them to be *Echevin*, or chief magistrate.—In the neighbourhood of this and all flourishing cities in France, there are many fine villas, possessed not only by the nobles and persons of affluent fortunes, but also by thriving burghers of all denominations.

tions.—My landlady informs me, that the military gentleman whom I met on the road, is *le meilleur homme de monde* *, a *Monsieur Noye*, of noble family and high rank in the army.

Lyons enjoys advantages singularly great, from its situation, in a very temperate climate, in the heart of France, and on two great navigable rivers, which have a prodigious extent.—I am assured, there are many known protestants in this city, who live unmolested, and exercise their religion privately.—The archbishop of Lyons holds very large revenues, and great privileges—A prevailing subject of popular complaint is, that the present archbishop has used those privileges with improper rigour—which lately excited an insurrection of the common people, suppressed by military force.—Some very fine young fellows, the ring-leaders, were executed—and the prelate, an old politician, is detested—It seems reasonable to believe, that such provincial insurrections, under established governments, rarely happen without real grievances or oppression, by men unworthily raised to power and place.—Lyons has silk and raw materials for their fine manufacture from *Provence* and the other southern parts of France.—It is strange, that we rarely see the materials of industry wrought on the spot that produces them best.—The manufacturers of Lyons also bring their raw materials from Italy, from Spain, and the finest of all from Turin and Savoy.

My good friend *Monsieur Clair*, in conversation this day, expressed a sentiment which I think is a real *bou mot*, and I cannot forbear to set it down.—He said, “ *Les bonetes gens sont toutes de meme religion* †;” and he added, “ this is the true Catholic church, which can only be formed by the consenting sense of the wise, unbiassed and enlightened part of mankind, without any other

* The best man in the world.

† Men of sense are all of one religion.

“distinction.”—In the course of the same conversation he gave us two anecdotes, which I must also set down.—He said, “the Abbé Raynal, for his bold writings, was banished from Paris—but he has been suffered to live quietly in the south of France.—In his observations on Pennsylvania, he has this expression, *Peuple heureux, sans roi! sans pretre†*.”—Second anecdote,—“The regent Duke of Orleans was certainly one of the greatest wits any age or country has ever produced; he said, *Pour reussir a la cour, il faut etre sans honneur et sans humeur §*.”

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I THIS morning read over that incomparable comedy, the Merchant of Venice. Had the author composed that play only, he would have deserved a place in the first rank of dramatic writers.—A groupe of the finest moral characters are all admirably supported—Antonio, Bassanio, and Portia, are each in the highest stile of Shakspeare's excellence. When Portia, with a noble simplicity, says,

“I never did repent of doing good,

“And shall not now,”

we feel an irresistible impression, that the poet himself must have been a worthy honest man. I shall quote one of those passages that struck me as remarkably pathetic. When Solarino is about to mention the ruin of Antonio, affection and sorrow almost stifle his utterance.

† Happy people! that has neither king nor priests!

§ To succeed at court, one must be without honour, and without a will of one's own.

“ It is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio—*O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company !*”

Gratiano is likewise a character of exquisite entertainment. His reply to Bassanio, who had exhorted him to caution, is in that sort of solemn ludicrous stile, almost entirely peculiar to Shakespeare.

“ Signior Bassanio, hear me ;
 “ If I do not put on a sober habit,
 “ Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,” &c.

In his address to Shylock, however, in the beginning of the fourth act, he kindles into the most generous and eloquent indignation.—We see, with much satisfaction, that good humour does not merely play on the surface of his mind, but is ingrafted on a manly feeling heart.—During the trial that follows, he preserves a strict and becoming silence : But the moment that his friend is out of danger, the poet, ever attentive to chastity of character and to nature, represents him relapsing into the most tumultuous exultation.—There is a whimsical portrait of this charming phantom drawn by Bassanio, which I beg leave to recommend to James Boswell, Esquire, as a motto for the title page of his *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, if print and paper shall ever be prostituted on a second edition.

“ Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ! you shall seek all day e’er you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.”

The learned and facetious Lord Monboddo was conversing some years ago on this last topic : “ I have lived,” said his Lordship, “ to see my country humbled in arts, and humbled in arms ; but I never expected to have seen England humbled to the admiration of *Dr. Samuel Johnson*.”

Laurence-Kirk, }
 June 24, 1771. }

TIMOTHY THUNDERPROOF.

Sophia's fourth letter to the Editor of the Bee, on the subject of the Education of young Ladies.

SIR

I AM charmed to think that my artless description of the mode of education I adopted for my daughters, has given any satisfaction to the public, and that my communications should have been in any degree serviceable to your publication, which I truly admire, and should be happy to promote.

When I had advanced so far as I have described in my last letter, with the education of my Alatheia, I found her sister growing up to profit by the same mode of instruction, which I administered, and was successful. Two of the clergyman's daughters continued in my academy (as I may so say) day scholars, and a niece of my husband's was my boarder; so my school consisted of six, and I did equal justice to them all.

Being fortunately capable of giving my young ladies a learned education, I did not fail to give them every instruction that youths of the other sex receive at the same age: In grammar, in the languages, and in the sciences, in the belles lettres, and in the beaux arts. While I was thus happily and profitably engaged, we received a visit from an old maiden sister of my husband's, who was rich, and from whom Eugenius had considerable expectations for his family. The day after Mrs. Grizzel's arrival, she was present at my instruction of the children, with which she seemed not to be displeased; but after tea in the afternoon, she opened pretty fully to me on the subject of her disapprobation of the plan I had adopted. Sister, said she, you have got a very numerous family indeed, and have brought upon yourself a great deal of trouble, for which I wish you may be rewarded according to your expectation; but I

hope you will not take it amiss, if I tell you, that I think giving young ladies a learned education very preposterous, and may hereafter give you and my brother much uneasiness. After all you can do for them in this way, you will never be able to raise your girls above the attainments of a young school-boy ; and filling their mind with a smattering of learning, you will render them pedantic, troublesome, *pretieuses*, disagreeable to the women, and troublesome to the men, by their pretensions to superior knowledge. My brother has a handsome estate ; and the world will expect that his daughters should either have an accomplished French governess, or be sent to an eminent boarding school at London, that they may be instructed in all the fashionable accomplishments, and learn that *maniere* which is indispensibly necessary for their proper introduction into our polite circles, and for their establishment in marriage. Madam, said I, your brother approves of my plan of education, and though I allow, that a smattering of learning would be injurious to my daughters, I do not foresee the same consequence from the mode I have adopted of carrying them forward as far as their genius or the other engagements of their sex will permit. Mrs. Grizzel shook her head, and with great deliberation and politeness ended the conversation, by saying, she had done what she thought her duty, and should remain silent for the future on the subject of female education.

This conversation had hardly closed, when my excellent Eugenius entered the room, and seeing my countenance a little clouded, he took me by the hand, and proposed to us a walk, which Mrs. Grizzel declined on account of an obstinate rheumatism, with which she had been long most grievously afflicted. Away we sallied to the garden, with the children, the parson, and an accomplished gentleman in the neighbourhood who had come to play duets on the German flute with the parson, which they performed in a little cassio in the shrubbery. Eugenius and I repaired to a seat adjoin-

ing, and having sat down on a bank of violets, Eugenius asked me the cause of my being discontented when he came into the drawing room; I told him, and asked him if he was moved by the arguments of his sister. Eugenius, with a look of divine complacency, addressed me thus: Sophia, my dear Sophia, bear with the prejudices of my sister; they are the prejudices of a whole world, but they will be gradually removed, and can be removed only by the success of experiments such as those in which you are now engaged; had I any doubts of their success, I would not consent to their being tried upon my daughters; but persuaded as I am of their being founded upon the principles of eternal reason, I beseech of you to proceed with unremitting zeal and application, to complete them according to your plan. The great difficulty to be surmounted in the foundation of a new and proper system of education for women, is to find a groupe of women capable of teaching their own sex, that there may be no *Abclards* to bring the practice of it into disrepute. Form the clergymen's daughters for this important purpose; others following their instructions and example, will be formed in the same manner; and succeeding generations will feel the effects of the Catholic tradition, and bliss the apostles of the philosophy of women.

The cause, my dear Sophia, of the inefficacy of the accomplishment of women, to render them independent and happy in their own resources, is, that the mind and its philosophy enters not into the knowledge which they have acquired of the mechanism of music, poetry, needlework, or any of their amusements; so that their enjoyment is not intellectual, and must yield in the theatre of the real world to sensual delights, which have a higher influence on the nervous system than they have: then farewell industry and the progressive improvement in science and the fine arts, and will come every thing that can supply their places with more sensual enjoyments; farewell every thing that renders women the or-

naments and solacements of domestic society. In you, Sophia, I see the happy proof of the truth and efficacy of your system; and in that plan you have my approbation to proceed. Here Eugenius ended his delightful discourse. The children were playing around us on a meadow greener than velvet; the sheep were sporting around them; the sun was about to descend into the western wave, and spread a golden light on the empurpled hills at a distance; the thrush, the wood lark and all the evening birds were joining in chorus with our friends in the *cassirio*; the fragrance of the dewy flowers filled all the ambient air; my hand was grasped by my affectionate Eugenius; and my thoughts were elevated by all that nature, and sentiment, and extasy, could inspire in the contemplation of their respective beauties. Every thing smiled around me; and I resolved to deserve it.

I shall not trouble you with the progressive steps of my instruction to my young ladies, as it resembled in most respects, the ordinary mode adopted in the best academies for the education of boys, with due attention, when necessary, to the difference of the sex. I discovered the various propensities of my daughters and their friends; one had a decided turn for music, another for drawing, a third for natural history in general, a fourth for botany, a fifth for history and the sciences connected with it, and the sixth for astronomy and the study of natural philosophy. All of them were taught in perfection, what was essentially necessary for women, as housewives; and the clergyman's daughters were completely fitted for governesses in the best families, with the additional capacity of being able to teach the sciences in the manner of preceptors.

I was particularly careful, as their capacities opened, in the institution of my young ladies in the principles of universal grammar, logic and ethics; after which, from natural theology, I led them to the study of the principles of

the Christian religion ; all of which important knowledge I infused in the Socratic manner, and without the trammels of pedantic institutions. Some became more and some less attached to the series of my instructions, as they grew more intricate, and required greater exertions of the mental powers ; but all of them became on a par with any six boys that had ever passed through the hands of any professor who had an opportunity of knowing the attainments of my pupils ; and none of them had any more self-sufficiency in literature, than is common in young men who have had a liberal education. My daughter Alatheia is now honourably and happily married, and is the delight of her husband, her family and her neighbourhood. Nobody ever hears her prattle about science ; but she is able to bear her share in the most interesting conversations of intelligent men, but accompanied with all the modesty and elegance of manner, that a Swift or a Chesterfield could expect in their churlish humours. In all the duties of a house-wife, she is diligent and exemplary ; she rises early in the morning, and steals an hour or two occasionally for the improvement of her mind, when her husband is engaged with company, or is abroad upon business. My other daughters are coming on with equal prospects of giving pleasure to their parents ; and the clergyman's daughters are now successively engaged in respectable families connected with my husband's, in laying a foundation for a crop of rational and amiable women upon the model of Alatheia. Thus, Mr. Editor, have I brought my long story to a conclusion, which I hope, as it treats of the most interesting of all subjects to my own sex, and to society in general, will not have proved tiresome to your readers.

I am, Sir, with regard, your obliged humble servant,

SOPHIA.

For the Bee.

Thoughts on the great Benefit to be derived from Want of Health.

Mr. Bee,

I do not mean here to speak as a moralist or divine : I consider my subject merely in a civil and political light.

The benefits that accrue from *bad health in high life*, are so various and important, that without it I do not see how people of that description could exist at all. A minister finds it necessary to go out of place, because he cannot be permitted longer to hold it ; but he only retires, because of *the precarious state of his health*. A Nobleman has run himself in debt ; his rents are sequestrated ; he cannot afford to live at home ; he goes abroad merely *for the recovery of his health*. A man is afraid of meeting with officious persons in the street, who will insist on providing him with lodgings ; to avoid these, he is confined to his chamber *through indisposition*. A lady whose shape has met with an untimely distortion, retires to the country for some months, *for the recovery of her health*. In these, and a thousand other instances, this apology serves to keep people of fashion in countenance, when they would have been otherwise at a great loss. To *them*, therefore, bad health is often extremely convenient.

In lower spheres, as people can more seldom afford to be in bad health, it is not indeed of such extensive utility, as to the others ; but still it has its uses. A particular case of this sort having lately occurred to myself, I shall beg leave to state it to you, as a speci-

men of the uses to which it may be applied in private life.

Of all kinds of debt, the most burthenfome to some is a debt of gratitude. It is a vile thing to be stigmatised as ungrateful; it blains a person's character, and makes them be detested by society. Now, when it happens that one has a debt of that kind hanging over his head, and feels no inclination to discharge it, that must doubtless be a happy device which frees him alike from the burthen of repayment, and from the obloquy of ingratitude. And here *bad health* is just as convenient on some occasions to persons of moderate rank, as it is in other instances to people in high life. My illustration of this case is as follows:

A lady, who was a connection of my own, had the misfortune to be involved several years ago in a very disagreeable affair, in which she was very unjustly blamed for crimes that I was well satisfied she never had been guilty of. Appearances however were so doubtful, that it was probable she might be stripped of all the little property she had, before she could get herself extricated from this disagreeable embarrassment. On that trying occasion, all her friends, myself alone excepted, deserted her; and either reproached her in very indecent terms, or dryly declined taking any concern in her affairs, either to advise or assist in any way. This conduct in them, not less than my own natural propensity, induced me to co-operate with her to the utmost of my power, to get her extricated out of this disagreeable situation. I sincerely condoled with her, advised with her on all trying occasions; nor did I ever hesitate by night or by day to do every thing that was possible for her relief, with as much cordial sincerity, as if the business had been my own. These difficulties were at last overblown: The fortune of the lady was secured: Her friends have now returned to her; and instead of maltreatment or distant civilities, they court her, favour by every assiduity; and she enjoys

their adulation with as much cordiality, as if it were sincere. It happened, however, that by a severe calamity in my family, fortune put it in the power of this lady to be nearly as serviceable to me (not by means of pecuniary assistance, but merely by a little personal exertion) as I had been to her. She had at all times been so ready to express her gratitude to me in strong and unequivocal terms, and I was so cordially disposed to befriend her, that it never once entered into my mind to suspect she could have any backwardness to discharge those friendly offices to my family, that fortune had put within her reach. I thought indeed she would grasp at it with alacrity. At first some slight excuses were admitted as apologies; but when these obstructions were removed, no other resource remained *but bad health alone*. Bad health however has lent its friendly aid, in this case, most effectually, and will, no doubt, continue to do so till it will be past time either for her to give the assistance I stood in need of, or for me to receive it.

Thus, my good Sir, you see, that to people in inferior station, as well as to those in high life, the benefits of bad health are not inconsiderable. As an observer of men and manners, I send you this short anecdote; and hope you will have the goodness to insert this into your Bee, that the parties concerned, in case they should read it, may see I understand the case; so that it is unnecessary to seek for any other apology, as this one will be readily admitted on all occasions, as perfectly valid. I am, Sir,

A LOVER OF GOOD HEALTH.

Observations on the Above.

It is so natural for a person to judge favourably of their own concerns, when compared with that of others, that without any breach of charity, we may

suppose the writer of the above may have overlooked some circumstances that might have considerably altered the case, had they been brought forward. Persons who have a native warmth of heart, as we would in charity suppose, may be the case with the writer of the above, are not well acquainted with the circumstances that may affect the minds of persons of a more phlegmatic turn; and therefore may disregard them so much, as, unknowingly, to have given great offence. Can the person be certain that he has never been guilty of an imprudence of that sort?

If the writer be possessed of that benevolence of disposition that his own representation of his case is calculated to make us suppose, it is probable he may have formed expectations of meeting with a kind of reciprocal warmth of exertion: But if the other person concerned never was sensible of these kind of affections, does he not act inconsiderately ever to expect it? Has he duly weighed this circumstance?

A person who is ardent in supporting his friend, is also too often equally warm and sincere in reprehending whatever he sees amiss. But it is only persons of great vigour of mind, who can bear such kinds of freedom with temper. Is the writer certain that he has never transgressed in this way, so as to efface that tenderness for him, which he thinks himself entitled to? If he has not been attentive here, is he not himself to blame for the conduct of which he complains?

Lastly. Has he compared what should be the effect of a conduct rigid and uncomplying on his part, with that of the attention and compliances that may have flowed from another quarter. It is perhaps one of the greatest alleviations to the distresses of life, that mankind are disposed to court the favour of persons who have money, from the hope of obtaining it. This consideration, and this alone, is sufficiently powerful to make many persons flatter and coax the aged and the infirm, in mind as well as body, so as to please in eve-

ry respect. The haughty person, who, proud of what he thinks internal rectitude, is perpetually wounding the feelings of those who can only digest the mild milk of flattery; and as these are very numerous among the aged and infirm, there can be no doubt but the life of such persons is rendered much more pleasing by these arts, than it could be without them. Has our writer tried this? If not, is he not short-sighted to expect that others will not do it? and is he to expect that this should be disregarded?

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

INCLOSED is a copy of a letter from the late Sir Hew Dalrymple of N. Berwick, to Sir Laurence Dundas, if you think it merits a place in the Bee, I have only to add, that this letter procured the church for Mr. Dishington, and he enjoys it at present. I am, Sir,
your's &c.

B. B. *

Copy of a Letter from Sir Hew Dalrymple to Sir Laurence Dundas.

DEAR SIR,

Dalzell, May 24. 1775.

HAVING spent a long life in pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired from the world in poverty, and with the gout; so, joining with Solomon, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit," I go to church, and say my prayers.

* This letter has already appeared in print. It has been very little read; but were it even more generally known than it is, its intrinsic excellence is such as to entitle it to a place in any collection.

I assure you that most of us religious people reap some little satisfaction in hoping, that you wealthy voluptuaries have a fair chance of being damn'd to all eternity, and that Dives shall call out for a drop of water to Lazarus, one drop of which he seldom tasted, when he had the twelve Apostles, twelve hogsheds of claret in his cellar.

Now, Sir, that doctrine being laid down, I wish to give you, my friend, a loop hole to creep through. Going to church last Sunday, as usual, I saw an unknown face in the pulpit, and rising up to prayers, as others do upon like occasions, I began to look around the church, to find out if there were any pretty girls there, when my attention was attracted by the foreign accent of the parson. I gave him my attention, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer I ever heard. This made me all attention to the sermon; a finer discourse never came from the lips of a man—I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher exceed his morning work, by the finest chain of reasoning, conveyed by the most eloquent expressions. I immediately thought of what Agrippa said to Paul, “almost thou” “persuadest me to be a Christian.” I sent to ask the man of God to honour my roof, and dine with me. I asked him of his country, and what not; I even asked him if his sermons were his own composition, which he affirmed they were—I assured him I believed it, for never man had spoke or wrote so well. “My name is Dishington,” said he. “I am assistant to an old minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a fruitful benefice of 50*l.* a year, out of which I am allowed 20*l.* for preaching, and instructing 1200 people, who live in two separate islands, out of which I pay 1*l.* 5*s.* to the boatman who transports me from the one to the other. I should be happy could I continue in that terrestrial paradise; but we have a great Lord, who has many little people soliciting him, for many little things that he can do, and that he cannot do; and if my minister dies, his succession is too great a prize, not to raise up

many powerful rivals to baulk my hopes of preferment."

I asked him if he possessed any other wealth. "Yes," says he, "I married the prettiest girl in the island, she has blessed me with three children, and as we are both young, we may expect more—besides, I am so beloved in the island, that I have all my peats brought home; carriage free."

This is my story,—now to the prayer of my petition. I never before envied you the possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, only to provide for this eloquent, innocent apostle. The sun has refused your barren isles his kindly influence;—do not deprive them of so pleasant a preacher,—let not so great a treasure be for ever lost to that damn'd inhospitable country; for I assure you, were the archbishop of Canterbury to hear him, or hear of him, he would not do less than make him an archdeacon. The man has but one weakness, that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth.

This way, and no other, you have a chance for salvation.—Do this man good, and he will pray for you. This will be a better purchase than your Irish estate or the Orkneys. I think it will help me forward too, since I am the man who told you of the man so worthy and deserving; so pious, so eloquent, and whose prayer may do so much good. Till I hear from you on this head, your's, in all meekness, love, and benevolence,

H. D.

P. S. Think what an unspeakable pleasure it will be, to look down from heaven, and see Rigby, Masterton, all the Campbells and Nabobs, swimming in fire and brimstone, while you are sitting with Whitfield, and all his old women, looking beautiful, frisking, and singing; all which you may have by settling this man, after the death of the present incumbent.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for so kindly admitting into your useful miscellany, the exoerpts from the hymns in prose I sometime ago communicated to you.—Since then, my state of health has been such as to prevent me from being able to fulfil my promise I embrace the first opportunity that a small return of strength affords, to send you the concluding extract that I promised, which I hope will not tend to injure the sale of your work. I have now learnt, that these hymns were written by Mrs. Barbauld. They are printed in a duodecimo form, anno 1782, and sold by J. Johnson, No. 72. St Paul's Church-Yard.

I shall continue to read your miscellany as long as health permits, if you adhere to your judicious resolution of admitting nothing into it that has an immoral tendency; and if my strength should return, I shall not fail to give you notice of any particular that occurs to me, which promises to add to the value of your publication. With sincere good wishes, I am, &c.

June 8th, }
1791. }

SENEX.

*Hymn IV. and last, communicated by Senex, continued
from Vol. II. page 264.*

“CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou? why is
“thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red
“with weeping?”

I have seen the rose in its beauty: it spread its leaves in the morning sun.—I returned; it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone;

its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs.—I returned,—the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the stream: their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance.——I returned; they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them: there was none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran: he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those.——I returned;—he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils:—Therefore do I weep, because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God: all that is made, must be destroyed; all that is born, must die,

“ I also have seen the flower withering on the stalk,
“ and its bright leaves spread on the ground.——I
“ looked again, and it sprung forth afresh; the stem
“ was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness there-
“ of filled the air.

“ I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades
 “ of night shut in the wide horizon : there was no co-
 “ lour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom
 “ and darkness brooded around —— I looked,—the
 “ sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the
 “ mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her
 “ low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

“ I have seen the insect, being come to its full size,
 “ languish, and refuse to eat : It spun itself a tomb,
 “ and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without
 “ feet, or shape, or power to move.——— I looked
 “ again,—it had burst its tomb ; it was full of life, and
 “ sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it re-
 “ joiced in its new being.

“ Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall
 “ thy life be renewed.

“ Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out
 “ of the dust.

“ A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the
 “ seed lieth in the bosom of the earth : But thou shalt
 “ be raised again ; and if thou art good, thou shalt ne-
 “ ver die any more.

“ Mourn not therefore, child of immortality !——
 “ for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the
 “ works of God, is subdued ! JESUS hath conquered
 “ death :——— Child of immortality ! mourn no
 “ longer.”

To the Editor of the Bee.

On Herodotus the Historian.

HISTORY is a species of composition, at the same time
 the most popular and the most dignified. To excel in
 it, requires imagination with all its splendour, and
 judgment with all its knowledge ; it therefore includes
 almost every denomination of readers ; it particularly in-

terests the poet, the philosopher, and the politician ; and is also accessible to the common herd of mankind, who are content with the amusement of general and superficial knowledge.

The actions of men, and if we may so speak, the actions of nations, are the two great subjects of history ; the one exhibiting human nature as it actually exists, the other government, with all its political consequences. The first has been more attended to by the ancients, the last by the moderns.

Herodotus was the first of historians ; and therefore little acquaintance with political establishments is to be expected in his works : he lived in that state of society in which the love of the marvellous far exceeds that of philosophical truth, and in which the mind must be gratified with extraordinary events, and uncommon adventures, with what will rouse the imagination, and what will interest the heart. Incapable as yet strictly to discern all the possibilities of nature's operations ; and unwilling to substitute general and abstract ideas, in place of those pleasing and wonderful transactions which take possession of the mind, without the labour of inquiry, or tedious investigation ; indulging these incredible fictions, they often allow themselves to be carried along with them through the course of ages, notwithstanding the counteracting tendency of reason and nature.

In the writings however of Herodotus, we discover the first dawnings of historical truth. He drew the attention of his countrymen from the remote regions of mythological obscurity, in which their minds had been wholly involved, to more recent actions, and to scenes which had a greater coincidence with those with which they were conversant. He gradually taught them to contemplate human affairs with a more sober eye, by relating those revolutions in kingdoms, and those incidents in life, which either their own experience could attest, or which had no very distant analogy to their experience.

In this state of society then, among a people so prone to fable as the Greeks, and with the romantic imagination of Herodotus, we are not to be surprised, though in his works, some intermixture of legendary story should be found ; on the contrary, it might have been expected, that he would have given way, in a greater degree, to the natural bias of his genius, and related with indiscriminate ardour every thing that would most readily please those for whom he wrote. Perhaps it was impossible for any man in his circumstances, to set himself up against the common belief of the times, and discredit more than what the limited philosophy of that age would countenance. Upon these principles, the objection of credulity which has been so often made against Herodotus, may be much alleviated, if not wholly wiped off.

Herodotus presents us with history in its simplest form. He brings facts before us without any labour of selection, and yet with much propriety ; and characters who act without seeming to have any assistance from the historian. They appear in review as if upon the stage ; and act and speak in a manner which immediately commands attention. The dramatic form in which he writes, though not so comprehensive as the plan adopted by after historians, is however more natural and more pleasing ; it animates the whole, and we see before us a picture of men and things such as they exist in nature. It is the first and most artless kind of narration, and is to be found in all early poets and historians.

Herodotus possesses all the qualities which are requisite for historical composition in an eminent degree. He gives a complete view of his subject ; he is copious, and at the same time pure, perspicuous and elegant ; he relates with a facility, with an unaffected grace and simplicity, which never fail to charm and interest every reader ; nothing rugged or obscure, nothing embarrassed or laboured, is to be found in his writings. Upon whatever subject he touches, he diffuses that luminousness, and that splendour, which is the best criterion of

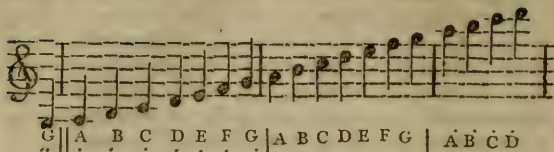
original genius. We are never at a loss to apprehend his meaning, or follow the train of incidents; every thing is set in a full, a distinct, and marked point of view. He is the reverse of what is said of Thucydides; he delights to tell of what is agreeable and pleasant; he has more of the airiness and gaiety of Anacreon, than of the ardent and serious sensibility of Tacitus.

A new and simple Mode of Musical Notation.

IF to simplify an art, be to improve it, I doubt not but the following very simple mode of musical notation, will be deemed a very essential improvement. It possesses all the precision and accuracy of the mode of musical notation now in use, with the additional recommendation of admitting of being compressed into much smaller compass, and of being afforded at a price greatly inferior to that which music can be sold for at present. By this method, a small pocket volume, that could be afforded for a few shillings, might contain as much music, as can at present be contained in a bulky folio, which costs several guineas.

The contrivance merits applause on account of its utility, rather than its ingenuity; it is, indeed, so simple, and so obvious, that it only excites astonishment it should not have been adopted long ago.

In musical notation, two particulars must be separately adverted to, viz. *tone* and *time*. By the mode of notation now in use, the *tones* are denoted by certain dots or marks being placed on or between lines drawn across the paper for that purpose, as every one knows. These tones, considered as ascending or descending, have been divided into octaves, each octave consisting of seven notes, denoted by the letters A B C D E F G, as in the following scale of music.



Thus we perceive, that even at present the notes considered as to tone only, could be equally well denoted by the letters, which are the names of these notes, as by the notes themselves. One difficulty only occurs, viz. that the same letters denote several different octaves above or below each other. Could this difficulty be removed, it is perfectly obvious that every thing respecting *tone* might be marked with equal precision by means of letters alone, as can now be done by the help of notes and different clefs, which is a troublesome contrivance, necessarily resorted to for making the high and the low notes be equally susceptible of being properly placed upon the five lines in a music book.

To distinguish the different octaves from each other, nothing more is necessary than to place certain differential marks upon the letters of each octave; and if these marks are very simple and obvious, no difficulty can ever occur.

The tenor clef is the medium between the high and low in music. Let us then take the octave from A sounded on the second string of the violin open, to A next above it on the tenor clef, as the medium, and let that octave being all times denoted by the letters simply, without any differential marks at all, thus A B, &c. Let the next octave above it be marked by the same set of letters, which have each of them a single dot placed above the letter, as $\dot{A} \dot{B}$, &c. The next octave above that to have two dots on the upper part of the letters; the third three dots; and so on till you arise to the top of the scale. The descending octaves should be marked in

like manner by dots placed below the letters, giving one dot to those of the first octave, two dots to the second, three to the third, and so on till you reach the bottom of the scale on the bass clef. In this way, the true *tone* of every note would be marked with the same certainty and precision as at present; and the use of this kind of gamut, after a little practice, would be found much more simple than that at present employed, perplexed as it is, and ever must be, with the variety of clefs, which prove extremely embarrassing to a learner, the perfect application of which in practice requires a certain acuteness, and stretch of thought, which some persons, who would be in other respects excellent musicians can never attain. By the mode of notation proposed, this embarrassing difficulty would be totally removed, and the whole doctrine of tones be rendered as simple as the nature of things can possibly admit of.

All that would be wanted to the musical composer in this case, would be a set of types similar to those marked on the miscellaneous plate, fig 3d. * Vol. II. p. 320.

So much for *tone*. We now proceed to *time*.

At present, musical notes considered as to *time*, are thus arranged:

1st, A Semibreve; 2d, Minims; 3d, Crotchets; 4th, Quavers; 5th, Semiquavers; and so on to Semidequavers, or as far as you will, every inferior denomination being precisely one half the length of that class of notes, which immediately precedes it. Now, can any thing be more simple than to express these different times by common Arabic numeral characters, observing the same order as that in which they are placed above. 1. then, of course would denote at all times a semibreve; 2. a minim; 3. a crotchet; 4. a quaver; and so on as far as you please to go; or in

* This paper should have been inserted Vol. II. but could not be overtaken.

other words, 1. is equal to twice the time of 2.; 2. is double the time of 3.; 3. is twice as long as four, and so on.

To express all the varieties of time, however, it was necessary to adopt a contrivance in musical notation, that has been found to answer every purpose in the most perfect manner. A dot placed to the right hand of any note, shews that that note is lengthened precisely one half more than its original time. For example, a simple minum denotes two crotchets; but a dotted minum denotes three; and so on of every other note. Nothing can be better contrived, or more simple than this is; and therefore the same contrivance should be here adopted, a dot to the right hand of any figure, denoting that the time expressed by that figure is one half longer than it otherwise would have been.

These particulars being explained, nothing farther is wanted than to shew how *time* and *tone* can be connected in this new mode of musical notation; nor can any thing be more easy and simple than this. The *tone* is denoted by its proper letter placed in one line, and its *time* by an Arabic figure immediately above it, either with, or without a dot, as may be required. Thus the notes below marked in the usual way, would

It is not to be expected that a person who has never seen this mode of notation before, could read it readily, no more than that a man who has never seen a note in music, could read a piece of music marked in the ordinary way; but it is sufficiently obvious that the one mode of notation is equally precise, and more simple than the other, so as that the use of it could, by a little practice, be acquired as readily as the other. To persons therefore who are beginning to learn the gamut, this mode would be equally easy with that now in use, though it must subject those who are already taught, to learn the gamut anew, if they were to read music according to this notation.

A rest, by this mode of notation, would be denoted by a short line or a blank placed in the *letter* line, and the time of that rest, by the figure placed above it. Sharps, flats, and naturals, when applied to a particular note, should be expressed by the same characters as at present; only, in place of putting them upon the particular line of notes at the beginning, the letter to which they apply should be there marked at the beginning.

Trills, flurs, and other directions, bars, beats, &c. could all be applied here equally well, as in the common mode of notation, and should be expressed in the same manner.

Grace notes, which are at present denoted by notes of a smaller size, should in this case be marked by small letters, or what printers call low-case letters. A gamut of these is marked on the plate, fig. 4th.

In short, there is not a particular that cannot be as easily effected in this way, as by the mode of notation now in use, though I consider it as unnecessary to quote a greater number of particulars. It will perhaps afford some satisfaction to the reader however, to see the following air set to music in both these ways. The words to it were given in the Bee, page 147, Vol. II *.

There is only one objection that can be made to this mode of notation; but it is an objection of such a nature as will probably prevent its ever being introduced into practice. All those who have already been taught music, have been taught to read it according to the usual notation; to them musical notes are now familiar; and they will not be fond of beginning to learn anew to read music in another way, after they have got over the difficulty; and though their scholars might be taught the new method more easily than the old, yet the teachers would dislike to have scholars practising in a way they themselves could not understand, and

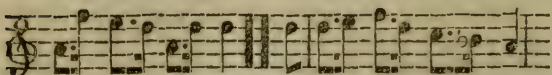
* Incorrectly. They are here corrected.

334 A NEW MODE OF MUSICAL NOTATION. July 6,
will of course refuse to teach any one according to this
gamut.

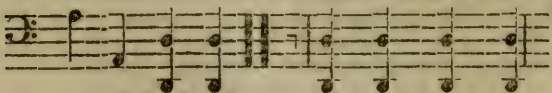
But should any young musician learn it, and teach
in this way, his pupils would have a great advantage
above others in getting their music at a much cheaper
rate than they otherwise could have done, and in a
more commodious form.



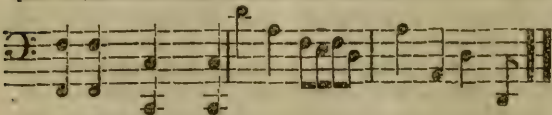
Whar hae ye been a' day my boy, Tam-my? Whar hae ye been a' day



my boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and flow-ery brae.



[Mea'-dow green, and Moun-tain grey, Cour-ting o' this young thing just come frae her Mam-my.



And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I'gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For, her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
 I prais'd her een, so lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou,—
 I pree'd it aft as ye may true;
 "She said she'd tell her mammy."

I held her to my beating heart, my young my smiling lammy!
 I hae a house,—it cost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishan and geer,
 "Ye'll get it a', war't ten times mair,
 "Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face,
 "I man na leave my mammy;
 "She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife;
 "She's been my comfort a' my days;
 "My father's death brought mony waes;
 "I can na leave my mammy."

"We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,
 "My ain kind hearted lammy;
 "We'll gee her meat, we'll gee her claife,
 "We'll be her comfort a' her days."
 The wee thing ge'es her hand and says,
 "There! gang and ask my mammy."

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee,—
 But O she's but a young thing, just come frae her mammy

Air.

{ $\overset{4}{D} \overset{5}{E} \overset{4}{F} \overset{5}{G} \overset{4}{A} \overset{5}{B} \overset{3}{C} \mid \overset{4}{G} \overset{5}{A} \overset{4}{G} \overset{5}{F} \overset{4}{E} \overset{3}{C} \mid \overset{4}{D} \overset{5}{E} \overset{4}{F} \overset{5}{G} \overset{4}{A} \overset{5}{B} \overset{3}{C}$

Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tam-my? Whar hae ye been a' day

Air.

{ $\overset{4}{A} \overset{5}{F} \overset{4}{E} \overset{5}{D} \overset{4}{A} \overset{5}{D} \overset{3}{D} \parallel \overset{4}{D} \mid \overset{4}{D} \overset{5}{E} \overset{4}{F} \overset{5}{D} \overset{4}{C} \overset{5}{B} \overset{3}{A}$

MY boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,

Air.

{ $\overset{4}{F} \overset{5}{A} \overset{4}{G} \overset{5}{A} \overset{4}{G} \overset{5}{E} \overset{3}{C} \mid \overset{4}{D} \overset{5}{F} \overset{4}{E} \overset{5}{F} \overset{3}{D} \overset{3}{A} \mid \overset{4}{F} \overset{5}{C} \overset{4}{A} \overset{5}{G} \overset{3}{E} \overset{3}{F} \overset{3}{D}$

Meadow een, the blounstain grey, Courting o' this young thing just come frae her Mam-my.

For the Bee.

SIR,

THE public were often amused some years ago with cross readings in the newspapers, in which, from casual combinations of words, very curious ideas were sometimes produced.—The following, though not of that class, owes its effect entirely to a fortuitous circumstance, that I suppose the ingenious writer has not adverted to. Dr. Blair, in his third volume of sermons, after an elegant dedication to her Majesty, chooses for the text of his first discourse, “Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; extol her, and she shall bring thee to honour.”

J. G.

THE following is another laughable instance of a text accidentally made choice of by a worthy clergyman, without adverting to the use that wags might make of it.—The reverend Mr. Enfield, Editor of the *English Preacher*, and many other valuable performances, preached from the following text the first Sunday after his marriage.—“Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.” Job xix.—21.

NAMES OF PARISHES.	Population in 1851	Area in Acres	Population in 1861	Population in 1871	Population in 1881	Population in 1891	Population in 1901	Population in 1911	Population in 1921	Population in 1931	Population in 1941	Population in 1951	Population in 1961	Population in 1971	Population in 1981	Population in 1991	Population in 2001	Population in 2011	Population in 2021
Holywood, Dumfriesshire,	716	26	8	11															
Jedburgh, Roxburghshire,	1000	90	12	49															
Port-Patrick, Wigtonshire,	996	31	7	18	445														
Houman, Roxburghshire,	168	11																	
Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire,	210	26	6	18	220														
Seaton, Tiviotdale,	100	30																	
Longformacus, Berwickshire,	200	8																	
Lauder, do.	1000	2	9	30	300														
Ayton, do.	1200				600														
Arr.	1000	11	11	141	1156														
Carriiden, Linlithgowshire,	1000																		
Coyton, Ayrshire,	1000	10	9	10	140														
Ballantrae, do.	1000	10																	
Terregles, Dumfriesshire,	110	20	11	10	11														
Edrom, Berwickshire,	1100	40	11	10	400														
Inverwick, Haddingtonshire,	900	21	17																
Linton, Tweeddale,	920																		
Newlands, do.	900	24																	
Kirkmaiden, Wigtonshire,	1100	40	8	20															
Tinwald, Dumfriesshire,	800	12		7	55														
Groffmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire,	772	21	4	8	119														
Parton, do.	409	11	4	8	13														
Covington, Lanark,	484	10	4																
Troque, Kirkcudbright,	1600																		
Muiravonside, Linlithgow,	1066	45	35																
Penpont, Dumfriesshire,	800	24																	
Crarnod, Edinburghshire,	1112																		
Dalmeny, Linlithgow,	907	22																	
Seah, Galloway,	1000	21	9	14															
Kilcru, Roxburghshire,	1616	10	9	27															
Kelso, Berwickshire,	4012	124	41																
Kingarth, do.	727	27	11	11															
Isleworth and Kiltallan, Renfrew,	1024	26	11																
Bingar, Lanark,	937																		
Dunfyre, do.	160	14	9																
Yellie, East Lothian,	934	25	8	15															
Bathgate, Linlithgow,	2109	57	21	38	700														
Stranraer, Galloway,	1602	16	11		951														
Kettle, Fife,	1759	54	20	31	138														
Delting, Shetland,	1504	31	10		548														
Kilrennie, Fife,	1086	14	20																
Arngask, do.	554	16	3	14															
Dunnichen, Forfarshire,	872	24	9	19	250														
Carrylie, do.	700	22	16																
Panbride, do.	1460	39	10	27	201														
Lunan, do.	291	9	3	4															
Aughterderran, Fifehire,	1200																		
Kinlofs, Elginshire,	1031	29																	
Oathlaw, Angus,	430	10	3	4															
Garnie, Aberdeenshire,	3000	60	26	20	1400														
Gask, Perthshire,	486	10	5	6															
Lismore, Argyllshire,	3526																		
Meikle, Angus,	1148	37	7	31	148														

The Editor has received a letter from a very respectable correspondent, who, were he at liberty to publish it, would do honour to his pen. He has conversed with several persons with whom he had conversed, had seriously objected to the publication of any returns to the queries of Sir John Sinclair, from an apprehension that improper use may be made by administration of the information thus conveyed to the public, with regard to taxation—Nothing however can be worse grounded than these fears. Scotland has nothing to fear, but on the contrary much to hope for, by letting her real circumstances be fully known. The duties and other revenue laws are enforced with much greater rigour in Scotland, than in England, which is occasioned by the *ignorance* and misapplication, and the want of the legislature, with respect to the real state of this country, and the circumstances of the people. As a general opinion prevails abroad, that Scotland is greatly undervalued, and that the revenue laws are enforced with a faulty lenity, which is directly the reverse; no revenue board in England would *dare* to take upon them to do what is done by the revenue boards in Scotland every day, of which innumerable instances might be given, were this a proper place for it. It is therefore by giving full and authentic information to the public, and by the means alone, that these errors can be properly corrected. Oppression may be practised with impunity in this country as well as in any other, when the real state of things is not fully known, because, in consequence of misrepresentations, they may be thought to be very different from what they really are; but truth will dissipate these errors. Those therefore who on the present occasion, withhold useful facts that they could communicate to the public, act a very unpatriotic part.

It does not so properly fall in the way of the reporters, as of those who shall draw inferences from these reports, to shew the difference that is well known to every Scotchman to have taken place between the progress that has been made in agriculture and other arts, where government does not interfere, and those in which it does interfere: Witness the fisheries, the distilleries, the starch and the soap manufactures, which have been ruined in Scotland by regulations respecting revenue, which, if the law does authorise, have never been enforced in England. Scotland has no need to be ashamed of herself. She has no reason to conceal herself; the more she is seen, and the better she is known, the more she will be admired and respected among the nations. Why then should she shrink back from public view? She has been oppressed, it is true, but that oppression proceeds from ignorance alone. Let us instruct our oppressors; and the rod will fall out of their hand without any effort!

 REVIEW.

Sir John Sinclair's Statistics continued from our last.

ACCORDING to promise in last number, we now give, in a tabular form, an abstract of the first volume of the statistical account of Scotland, by means of which the reader will at one view see the state of some of the most important particulars that occur in this work, which will give rise to many reflections. It will appear to some, to be, from this view of it, in some respect defective, as there are in the table many blanks; but this cannot in most cases throw any blame upon the compilers; where facts have not been ascertained, it was not in their power to supply them: and if in a few instances some particulars have been inadvertently passed over, these deficiencies may be still made up in a supplement, for the composing of which this table may have its use. In justice to the ingenious writers of these memoirs however, it deserves to be noted, that many particulars of great curiosity and importance which are stated in this volume, could not find admission into the table, some of which will fall to be occasionally mentioned as we go along; but a perfect knowledge of them can only be obtained by consulting the work itself.

This table is divided into seventeen columns; the first contains the name of the parish and the district in which it is situated—The *second*, the total number of its inhabitants at present—The *third*, the average births—*Fourth*, marriages—*Fifth*, deaths, *per annum*—The *sixth* marks the increase of persons in the parish since the year 1742, when an enumeration somewhat of the same sort with that now going on was made at the desire of Dr. Webster, who was then engaged in statistical inquiries, on which to ground his calculations for the fund to be appropriated to the benefit of clergymen's widows; calculations which the result has shewn to have been made with a surprising degree of accuracy—The *seventh* column marks the decrease since the same period, where any thing of that kind has taken place—The *eighth*

denotes the persons who have come into the parish to reside since that period—And the *ninth* those who have left it—Unfortunately the facts respecting these two last particulars have scarcely in any case been accurately ascertained; a defect not only in this, but in almost all other statistical accounts that have been published—The *tenth* column marks the number of poor who receive public charity in the parish—And the *eleventh* the sums that are appropriated for their support—The *twelfth* is the number of horses—*Thirteenth* cattle—*Fourteenth*, sheep maintained in the parish at the present time—The *fifteenth* is the amount of the ministers stipend—The *sixteenth* the number of acres in the parish, which has been only in a few cases ascertained by measurement—And the *seventeenth* and last, is the total rental of the parish at the present time. On each of these heads we shall make a few cursory remarks.

Number of Persons. This has been in the present case ascertained with great accuracy in general by actual enumeration; and it may be accounted perhaps the most accurate statement of this particular that ever has been published of any country. Not only are the numbers ascertained with precision; but in most cases these are classed according to their ages, and in a good many cases they are also arranged according to their employments and condition. As an example, the following is the state of population in the parish of Crossmichael; the inhabitants of which are thus arranged by the Rev. Mr. John Johnston. viz.

At present the persons are		Of these there are males	380
Under 10 years of age	200	Females	392
Between 10 and 20	125	They occupy houses	163
20 and 50	336	14 of which have only one inhabitant each; in one village there are	
50 and 70	82	70, and in another 36 souls; all the	
70 and 90	29	rest live in the country.	
Total	772		

Division of the inhabitants according to

1st Place of birth.		Forward	20
Natives of England	4	Edinburgh	3
Ireland	10	Galloway and	
Isle of Man	5	Dumfries	749
Highlands	1		
	—	Total	772
Forward	20		

2d Religious persuasions.		Forward	
Cameronians	14	Farmers under 15 l.	44
Their children	12	Weavers	27
Antiburghers	15	Shoemakers	5
Their children	9	Tailors and 3 apprentices	4
Episcopalians	2	Blacksmiths and 1 ditto	7
Roman catholics	1	Masons and 5 ditto	3
Established church	719	Joiners and 1 ditto	10
		Dyer and 1 ditto	6
Total	772	Shopkeepers	2
		Small inn-keepers	3
3d Occupations.		Male servants	2
The Stewart deputy	1	Female servants	51
The minister	1	Miller	54
The Schoolmaster	1	Labouring cottagers	1
Farmers renting from 15 to 170 l.	41	Paupers	55
		Families of the above, &c.	7
			491
Forward	44	Total	772

In many other parishes the particulars are as minutely stated, which cannot fail to give a satisfactory view of the present internal state of this country: The following is the state of population of the parish of Kiltarn, by the Rev-Mr. Harry Robertson.

Number of houses or smoakes	385	Married persons of both sexes	492
Souls	1616	Unmarried women from 18 to 50	153
Males	694	Men past 20	72
Females	922	Women past 50	84
Under 10 years of age	448	Widowers	15
From 10 to 20	308	Widows	96
20 to 30	219		
30 to 40	204	Tenants paying above 80 l. rent	2
40 to 50	173	40	3
50 to 60	145	30	4
60 to 70	81	20	4
70 to 80	29	From 20 to 10 l.	9
80 to 90	9	From 10 to 3 l.	56
		Total tenants	78

The Mechanics are as under.

Blacksmiths	3	Tailors	8
Masons and flaters	14	Shoemakers	9
Joiners and coopers	8	Millers	3
Cart wrights	4	Shopkeepers	4
Weavers	6	Apprentices	36
Dyer	1	Bleacher	1

The population of the parish of Kilrenny is stated in another manner by the Rev. Mr. William Beat.

33 families consist of 1 person	33	Annual average of births from 1770 to 1790	34
49	2	98	
46	3	138	Males born in the preceding period
44	4	176	331
29	5	145	Females
19	6	114	350
10	7	70	Annual average of deaths during the same period
11	8	88	20
4	9	36	Males who died
6	10	60	177
1	11	11	Females
5	12	60	235
1	13	13	
2	14	28	
1	16	16	

261 Families. Inhabitants 1086

The inhabitants of *Dalmeny* are thus arranged by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Robertson.

Population table for 1790.

Souls	907	1 family consists of	17
Families	218	1	19
Males	429	2	22
Females	478	Great heritors who reside	3
Aged below 10	204	Lesser heritors	3
Between 10 and 20	172	Very small proprietors	17
20 and 50	347	Clergyman established	1
50 and 70	141	Seceder	1
70 and 100	43	Schoolmaster	1
		Attorney	1
34 families consist of	1	Surgeon	1
40	2	Great farmers	15
36	3	Small ditto	10
34	5	Bakers	2
11	6	Miller	1
10	7	Farrier	1
10	8	Smiths	4
2	9	Carpenters &c.	10
4	10	Masons	3
2	11	Taylor	1
1	14	Shoemakers	5

Weavers	6	Day labourers &c	39
Gardeners	10	Shepherds	5
Slater and glazier	1	House servants	78
Overseers	5	Miller servants	4
Midwife	1	Seamen	12
Carters	7	Widows	51
Horse letters	2	Widowers	17
Innkeeper	1	Seceders	142
Small alehouse	5	Residing in 6 large villages	530
Chase drivers	6	Residing in 5 small ditto	123
Ploughmen &c.	76		

From these specimens it appears, that the same object is here placed in a variety of points of view, that tend to give a very clear idea of the internal state of the country.

Births, deaths and marriages. By inspecting the table, it appears that the number of births and marriages have been pretty generally recorded, but that of death has been but little attended to. From the general tenor of these returns however it is evident, that the births greatly exceeded the burials upon the whole; so that if we were to adopt the usual mode of reasoning on this head, we should conclude that the population of this country was increasing in a very rapid progression. In the parish of Kilrenny above-mentioned, for example, the births for the last 20 years have exceeded the deaths in the proportion of 34 to 20. The population by this index therefore should be here on a rapid increase. The actual number of the people in this parish has *decreased* in the course of 40 years no less than 262. Again, In the parish of Jedburgh, the average births have been 90, and deaths 45: Yet the population has decreased no less than 3000 souls in forty years, if the returns have been accurate, of which there is some doubt, On the other hand, in the parish of Coylton, the deaths are 16, and the births only 15; but instead of decreasing, this small parish has increased 140 in that period. And in the parish of Lauder, where the births and deaths are precisely equal, the *increase* of inhabitants has been no less than 300. These instances, to mention no more, sufficiently prove, that no conclusion can be drawn as to the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of a place, from the births and burials alone, unless when accompanied with an account of the migrations that have taken effect either to or from a place.

In perusing this volume, many curious facts occur respecting peculiarities in regard to births and deaths. The following is the only singularity of this kind that our limits permit us to insert. In the parish of *Dunnichan* the following striking disparity between the deaths of males and females has been remarked for a number of years.

Deaths	Males	Females	Deaths	Males	Females
1781	11	3	Forward	76	13
1782	18	2	1786	40	5
1783	9	3	1787	12	2
1784	11	2	1788	18	0
1785	27	3	1789	7	3
	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>
	7	13		153	23

Disproportion nearly 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to one.

This, I should think, tends to prove, that the parish is increasing in agricultural improvements, which give employment to the men, while the girls are in the practice of going elsewhere to service.

Increase and decrease of population. The parish records have been hitherto so inaccurately kept, that few articles in these columns could be filled up. It appears however from this index, that upon the whole the population has been increasing, though, on account of the constant drains that are going on from this country for the army and navy, and lesser migrations into England and our external settlements, not to mention those copious drains in large bodies which are emphatically called *emigrations*, the increased population is upon the whole much less than the state of the bills of mortality would indicate. This fact is ascertained in one instance in the volume before us, by the Rev. Mr. Peter Barclay, as to the parish of *Kettle*, whose account in this, and in many other respects, deserves to be mentioned with applause. He states the population to have been

By survey in 1778	1643	Increase in 12 years	116
In the year 1790, males above 8 years old	639	Separatists above 8 years	587
Under 8 years old	178	Of the establishment above ditto	805
Females above 8 years old	753	Children under 8 years old	367
Under 8 years old	180	Males born in 12 years from 1778 to 1790	323
Total in Dec. 1790	1759		

Females	328	Increase in fact	116
Total born from May 14th 1778, to May 14th 1790	651	Persons who have left the parish in 12 years	157
Males dead in 12 years	200	<i>N.B. This last fact not from record, but from calculation.</i>	
Females	178		
Total deaths in 12 years	378		
<i>Increase of population from births and deaths</i>		273	

Persons who have come into or who have left the parish.—The uses that might be made of this article has been explained; but unfortunately no records for filling up these columns have been kept.

Poor, and the sums required for their support. This is a most important article in the civil polity of a country, because, by comparing these two columns with the second, which contains the number of the people, many conclusions of great consequence respecting industry, manufactures, and economy, may be drawn.—Could a state of the parishes in England be made out in the same form with that here exhibited, so as to be compared with this, and were an historical view of the progress of the numbers of poor, and the sums necessary for their support, to be made out, it would be one of the most interesting articles of statistics that ever was made public.—This we cannot expect to see while the present political economy of England shall prevail.—In the mean time, we consider this article, as here stated, to be of very great consequence to this country;—and though far from complete, it is hoped it will be preserved as a sure beacon for our descendants to look to as a directory for their conduct.

Many interesting remarks on this subject occur in this volume, which our narrow limits prevent us from specifying. On the whole, it will appear, that, when compared with England and some other countries, the number of poor, in proportion to the whole population, is very small,—and the funds for their support inconsiderable;—yet, among all these parishes, we hear few complaints of a want as to this article; nor are beggars permitted in more than one or two of them.—The following plain account is given of the poor's funds of the parish of *Dunnichan*, which may, with little variation, be applied to the greatest part of Scotland;—The population of the parish is 872. “There may be, says the

account, about a dozen of poor and indigent persons belonging to this parish, principally reduced to poverty by old age and distempers. A sufficient fund for their maintenance arises from the contributions of the parishioners, collected on Sundays, and at the time of the sacrament. It amounts, at present, to about 20 l. Sterling a year, and is yearly increasing; and from it, a reserve of 62 l. 1 s. 10 d. has been made as a provision for bad seasons. Of these poor, some receive a quarterly, and some a weekly allowance, according as their necessities require. The fund is managed by the clergyman and kirk session, who, being intimately acquainted with the circumstances of every poor person in the parish, are enabled thereby to proportion the supply to their wants and exigencies.

“ This parish affords one among perhaps many instances in Scotland, how safely the maintenance of the poor may be left to the humane and charitable disposition of the people, and how unnecessary it is to call in positive laws to their assistance; *for, if such laws provide funds for maintaining the poor, they also provide poor for consuming the funds.*”

As the proper maintenance of the poor, without stinting them too much on the one hand, or introducing wasteful profusion on the other, is a subject of infinite importance in civil society;—and as the system above alluded to is perhaps the best for these purposes that ever was devised, it is proposed, in some future numbers of this work, to explain it fully, so that it may be made intelligible to strangers.—In the mean while, the Editor will be obliged to any of his readers, who will transmit to him a state of the parochial funds in any part of England in particular parishes; so that the sums applied for that purpose may be compared with the number of persons in the parishes respectively.

Number of Horses, Cattle, Sheep.—The uses that may be made of these lists, where completed, to mark the future changes that shall take place in this country, &c. are obvious.—We cannot help regretting that these lists have been, in so many cases, incomplete. The following is the most particular specification of this article we have observed, given by the Reverend Mr. Robertson of the parish of Dalmeny.

Work horses,	150	Bakewell's breed,	400
Milk cows, - - -	130	Dorsetshire sheep,	10
Black cattle,—young cows and		Abyssinian ditto *,	2
horses, - - - - -	800	Deer, - - - - -	30
Scotch sheep, - - - -	2020		

Many articles occur under this head in various parts of the volume, that could not be reduced to a tabular form,—particularly the number of ploughs and modes of management, &c. &c.

Minister's Stipend. This article serves to shew the proportion of the national funds that are applied to the church, and the manner in which it is divided.—The little difference between the highest and the lowest must appear striking to those who are not acquainted with the democratical system that universally prevails in the Church of Scotland. In regard to rank, all the members of it are perfectly equal;—and it will appear, that in respect to income, if none can be accounted wealthy, so none are poor.—All necessarily reside in their respective parishes,—live in a moderate and becoming manner, and are, in general, greatly respected by all ranks of people, not only for their learning, but for the regularity of their life and edifying conversation.

Number of Acres. As few parishes have been measured, it was impossible to have this column filled up;—but where it could be done, it never has been omitted, and the best use has every where been made of the materials respecting this head, that could be come at, of which the following may serve as an example. The parish of Crossmichael has been accurately surveyed; and the state of the landed property stands thus, fractions omitted.

Estates.	Acres.	Valuation \pounds .	Rent.	Estates.	Acres.	Valuation.	Rents.
1 -	2840	£ 1286	£ 1200	7 -	301	£ 95	£ 100
2 -	923	562	450				
3 -	850	256	170		5662	£ 2522	£ 2263
4 -	244	96	100	These seven belong to non-resident heritors.			
5 -	198	135	138				
6 -	306	92	105				

* These are part of a flock brought here by George Dundas, Esq. of Dundas, Captain of the Winterton East Indiaman; the rest died on their passage home. Their fleece is hairy like goats; but near the skin is a very fine soft down.

† The valuation is in Scots money, which is precisely one twelfth the amount of Sterling money.—The real rents are Sterling money.

7	5662	£ 2522	£ 2263	13	-	66	-	27	-	66
8	-	1076	-	470	-	630	-	14	-	18
9	-	240	-	150	-	180	-	15	-	8
10	-	208	-	138	-	100	-	16	-	3
11	-	350	-	82	-	86	-		-	
12	-	66	-	27	-	66	-	7696	£ 3461	£ 3420

The proprietors of the three last estates reside upon them.

In the parish of Kiltearn, the following is the mode in which the arable land is occupied, and proportional extent of land under each crop.

	Acres,		Acres,
Sown with oats about	1000	Brought forward	2090
————barley,	500	Sown with wheat,	30
————pease,	120	————beans,	10
————clover and rye grafs,	300	————flax,	6
————potatoes,	140	————rye,	20
————turnips,	30	Lea *,	94
Carry forward	2090	Total,	2250

But still more particular is the following account of the extent of land-crops, and value in the parish of Cramond,—which is here inserted as an article of curious information, chiefly to readers that do not belong to this country.

Acres.	Crop.	Average produce per acre.	Price.	Total price per acre.	Total produce.	Total value.
800	Hay,	160 stones †	6½d.	£ 4 6 10	128,000 ft.	£ 3466
700	Wheat,	6½ bolls ‡	21s.	6 16 6	4,550 b.	4777
450	Pease &c.	6 bolls,	13s.	3 8 0	3,000 b.	1950
400	Oats,	7 bolls §,	14s.	4 18 0	2,800 b.	1860
320	Barley,	6 bolls,	16s.	4 16 0	1,800 b.	1440
150	Potatoes,	30 bolls ¶,	7s.	10 10 0	4,500 b.	1575
750	Pasture,	at 40s. per acre,	-	-	-	1500
250	Fallow,	-	-	-	-	0
90	Waste lands,	-	-	-	-	20
	Straw sold in Edinburgh and elsewhere,	-	-	-	-	412
3890	Total,	-	-	-	-	£ 1700
	Total rent of land in the parish,	-	-	-	-	£ 6700

* By lea is meant arable land left to bear grafs without being sown.

† A stone of hay here is equal to 21 pounds Averdupois.

‡ A boll of wheat, of pease, beans, or of rye, is equal to 4 bushels Winchester nearly.

§ A boll of oats, or of barley, is equal to 6 Winchester bushels nearly.

¶ A boll of potatoes here weighs about 400 weight Averdupois.

Total Rent. Many interesting observations occur in this volume respecting rent, which cannot here be specified, but which will serve to suggest many ideas to the attentive reader.—This column is much better filled up than could have been expected;—and it is possible many of the blanks may still be supplied, so as that in a supplement, the total land rents of this country, at the present day, may be pretty distinctly ascertained.—Perhaps no country in Europe has advanced more rapidly in those improvements to which the baneful influence of revenue laws do not extend, than Scotland has done for thirty or forty years past. Of this, several very striking proofs occur in the present volume respecting agriculture, among which are the following: Edrom parish, in 1733, the rent was 2000 l. Sterling; it now is 6943 l. Sterling *per annum*.

Troquire-parish in 1752 was rented at 950 l. Its present rent is 4750 l. These are solid proofs of capital improvements having taken place.

Many interesting remarks will occur to a sensible observer, on comparing the last column in this table with the second; that is, the amount of the rent yielded to the proprietor, compared with the numbers of the people.—Thus it appears, that in the parish of *Hownam*, 365 persons yield a rent of 2720 l.; whereas, in the parish of *Delting* in Shetland, 1504 persons only afford a rent of 233 l.—In *Hownam*, the live stock is chiefly sheep, which amount to about 12000.—In *Delting*, the sheep are not fewer than 8000.—The milk cows amount to 700, besides oxen and young cattle, and horses a great many; and all this is stated to be but a very incomplete stocking.—Is it possible to bring a stronger proof of the impolicy of mismanagement?—Were the people in this neglected country properly encouraged, the rent to the proprietors might in time rise, not to ten, but to a hundred times its present amount *.—Considered as an article in the great history of civil society, the account of the parish of *Delting* is an object of much curiosity.—

* When will the proprietors learn this important and fundamental maxim in political economy, that *before their vassals can afford an adequate value for the property they occupy, they must first be put in easy circumstances*

The very interesting matter contained in this publication has drawn this article to a much greater length than was intended; but this, it is hoped, our readers will readily excuse.

themselves? As, in morals, to do to others as we would wish that they should do unto us, is the golden rule, so the above may be called the golden rule in political economy. Were the proprietors, instead of killing the goose in order to get at once the golden egg, to feed and cherish it till it acquired health and vigour, it would then produce eggs in abundance.

It must, however, be owned, that it requires no little skill and attention to overcome established prejudices, and to introduce a proper system of economy, where it has not yet been established; so that men are less to blame who go with the stream, than most persons will be disposed to admit.—For want of a proper knowledge of the subject, many attempts that have been made to better the condition of the people, have produced a contrary effect.—To allow individuals to act without restraint, is, in general, the safest course, as is proved by experiment.—Shew me the place where a system of restraint prevails, and I will shew you people who are poor, and proprietors who derive little advantage from their property.

SHORT CHRONICLE

OF EVENTS.

[MAY 25. 1791.]

FOREIGN.

THE campaign between the Russians and Turks has already commenced. Whilst we thought that both their armies were quiet in their Winter quarters, Prince Gallitzin passed the Danube, below Isaccia, on the 6th April, with 4,000 men, and attacked a corps of Turks encamped along the river, whom they totally defeated. Two days after that, they took Mackschin, and made prisoners of war a Pacha of three tails, another of two, Hassan Samsunzi Bassa, the greatest favourite of the present Grand Vizir, and who was sent there to regulate the warlike operations, besides Ibrahim Bassa, and sixty officers, with a vast number of privates, and nine pieces of brass ordnance. The Turks are said to have had 2000 men killed, and among them many foreign Officers.

The plague, which has just subsided in Constantinople, has been succeeded by a dreadful fire, which has destroyed houses, warehouses, &c. to a considerable amount.

A prophecy of Mahomet has been very seasonably produ-

ced, that in the year 1791 (of our æra) the arms of his children would be constantly victorious. A sort of *counter-prediction* has, indeed, been started against this; that, in the same year, the Ottoman Empire would change its Master: but the author of this, a Priest of the order of *Lantons*, has been *impaled* alive, and his prophecy has fallen into *disrepute*.

The congress at Sistove continues in a state of indecision. It has sat now more than three months, and not one resolution is the result of their deliberations.

The Revolution has produced a rebellion in a southern province of France called Comtat Venaissin, which has occasioned much bloodshed, and we shall therefore relate the particulars.

The combined Army of the Insurgents, or of that party, in the Comtat, who oppose its reunion with France, and whose principal strength lies in Carpentras, possessed themselves, in the beginning of April, of Sarrians, Mazan, Caromb, Barroux, and a number of other smaller Municipalities. On the

other hand, the Patriotic Party, in Avignon and Vauclues, raised an army of near 10,000 men. The greatest part of these forces put themselves in march, on the 18th of April, towards Sarrians, a town in the neighbourhood of Orange, and one of those comprised in the Federation of Sainte Cecile.— On the 19th, at eight o'clock in the morning, they halted in a plain in the vicinity of Sarrians, where the army took their breakfast.

From the peasants in the neighbourhood they learnt, that Sarrians was entirely deserted by the garrison thrown into it, and that the town intended to surrender. On the faith of this report, they continued their march in secure confidence; when all of a sudden, while their main body were passing a defile, they were attacked from the heights on each side, by a continued discharge of musquetry and cannon; and here was fought the first pitched battle to which the revolution in France has given occasion.

The Patriot Army disengaged themselves from the defile, and formed their ranks. The enemy, said to have consisted of seven thousand men, formed into two bodies, and supplied with seven cannon, had greatly the advantage of position; they were, however, obliged to give ground.

They then entrenched themselves among some country-houses; from whence, being dislodged, they rallied a second time, and drew up in ranks. Here commenced a regular

combat, which ended in the total dispersion of the Rebel Army. That of the Patriots marched straight on to Sarrians, and planting their cannon against its walls, the keys were delivered after the first discharge. The Lieutenant-General who commanded in the attack, entered with a moderate escort, and proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, which was deserted, and the doors and windows of the houses were all shut; while in the midst of this general silence, a discharge of musquetry was made from all the windows opening on the Grand Square. Here the soldiers could no longer be restrained; a general pillage took place, and fire was set to the houses from whence the muskets were discharged.

After this the army withdrew from the town, encamped on some heights which commanded it, and after resting there about two hours, marched on to Monteux, a town about two leagues distant from Carpentras, where they are now encamped.

In consequence of the insurrection above related, M. Menou proposed the following Decree, in the National Assembly, on the 7th current: "That Avignon, with Venaissin, and all their Dependencies, should be incorporated with France; that the King should be requested to send three Commissioners, with full powers, to confirm this Union, &c. &c. and to negotiate with the Court of Rome for an indemnification."

This important question occupied the attention of the Assembly four days, when, after warm debates, it was negatived, 487 to 316.

The Pope's Brief to the French Nation has just been promulgated. By it, M. Tellemand Perigord, late Bishop of Autun, is suspended from all his functions, and excommunicated after forty days, if in that time he does not return to his duty.

M. la Fayette, unable to resist the entreaties, petitions, and tears of the Parisian National Guard, at length has yielded to pity, and on the 2d inst. resumed the command: he passed through the principal streets of the capital at the head of the unarmed militia, to prove unequivocally that he had once more put on the national dress, and forgiven, for the sake of his country, the insult he had received from men, rather ignorant of their duty, than intentionally criminal. He waited on the King, still followed by his penitent soldiers, who vociferated "*Vive le Roi*" with more than ordinary zeal, and most riotously showed their loyalty as they filed off before the captive Monarch. A citizen soldier, on passing before his Majesty, exclaimed, "Sire, Behold your true friends." His Majesty immediately replied with the most lively emotion, "I am convinced of it."

A note was read in the National Assembly on the 25th ult. by which it appeared, that the troops sent out to quell the revolt in St. Domingo, had

mutinied on their arrival, and that the head of M. Morduit, a very worthy officer, had been cut off by the grenadiers of his own regiment.

The two leaders of the disturbances in St. Domingo have been broken on the wheel, and nearly 200 of their misguided adherents have received sentence of death.

The French King went to the Church of St Augustin on Easter Sunday, and received the sacrament from the hand of the *constitutional* Ministers. The Queen attended him, and the *watchful* Parisians observed with extraordinary pleasure, that the ribbons in her hair were, for the first time, of the national colours!

The French King's sisters arrived at Rome on the 16th ult.

Sunday the first of May, was the day on which the payment of all duties of *entree* into the city of Paris ceased, according to the decrees of the National Assembly. Upon this occasion detachments of the National Guards, attended with music, made the circuit of the city walls; and an immense quantity of merchandize was brought within them without the least disturbance. There was some apprehension that the *barriers* would be riotously destroyed by the mob. They will, however, be quietly taken down, in their turn, under the inspection of the Officers of the public works.

Assignats to the amount of ten millions of livres were burnt on the 6th inst. the ceremony was performed in the presence

of many witnesses collected by bills of invitation. 90 millions in all have now been burnt.

Several people have been lately seized at Paris, charged with the fabrication of Assignats. A person of the name of Joffan, who is now in custody, has forged these securities to the amount of 1,500,000 livres.

On the 28th ult. a letter was read in the National Assembly of France from Count de Fernand Nunes, the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, to M. de Montmorin, the French Minister, stating, that the King of Spain, notwithstanding his constant attachment to France, had thought it necessary to establish in the Provinces of Catalonia and Arragon a line of troops to prevent the entrance of all such Frenchmen as are not well known. The letter adds, that this precaution ought not to be considered as an act of hostility, and that it is by no means the intention of the Court of Spain to interrupt the commerce between the two nations.

On the 31st of March the National Flag of France was hoisted by all the French vessels in the bay of Cadiz; on which occasion they fired three salutes. The ships belonging to other nations in that port hoisted their colours at the same time.

There has been a violent revolution at Chandénagore, one of the French Settlements in the East Indies, in which the Commandant has been driven from the place, and since made a prisoner by the inhabitants.

The King of Naples, in the course of his tour to Vienna, killed, in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, according to the German newspapers, 5 bears, 190 wild boars, 968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 17 badgers, 5,330 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1625 goats, 1145 deer, and 12,435 partridges.

The unfortunate Cagliostro is at length informed of the extent of his destiny in this world. His trial was concluded at Rome on the 7th of April, in the presence of a congregation of Cardinals, and of the Commissioners associated with them upon the occasion. The vote of the majority was for a sentence of death; but the decision being carried to his Holiness, it was changed into an order for perpetual imprisonment. His papers and cloaths are to be burnt by the common hangman; and he has been informed that all hopes of pardon will be vain.

Cagliostro will not be confined in the fortress of St Leon, but will remain in the castle of St. Ange. His sentence has been published, but no mention has been made of the motives through which he committed the crimes alledged against him: it only says that he has been declared by his own confession, and by conviction, a Heretick, an Heresiarch, a Judiciary Astrologer, a Magician, and a Free-mason.

The Small-pox has become epidemical at Copenhagen. No less than 9000 persons are affected with it, and it carries off 50 a-week.

Peyrouse, the great Gallic circumnavigator, is safe. Accounts are received from him, with Maps, Charts, &c. of his course down to his arrival at Botany Bay.

Mr Matra, Ambassador from the Court of England, is arrived at Tangier in an English frigate, with some presents for the King of Morocco, consisting of bombs and balls.

Two captives, an old man and his daughter, lately redeemed at Fez, report, that in the interior parts of Africa, the christian slaves are so numerous, as to have formed a sort of colony, under the inspection, and for the profit of their masters, who debar them from any communication with the towns on the coast.

In an account, which has been taken of the births and deaths in Austria, the following remarkable circumstance appeared. In the village of Goteischen, which contains three hundred and fifty inhabitants, there have been no deaths for these two years past.

Letters from America state, that Congress are preparing to send a powerful force against the Indians, who are now making war on the United States: the Chippaws, Delawares, and other Tribes, having joined the hostile Savages. Since the retreat of the federal troops under General Harmar, the Miami Indians have committed unparalleled cruelties. A large body of them, on the 2d of February, attacked the

Settlement called Big Bottom, twenty miles from Fort Harmar, on the Muskingum, which they entirely destroyed. Eleven men and two children were massacred, two escaped, and three were taken prisoners.

An American paper has the following extraordinary article:

On Tuesday the 14th of January, Mrs Cooke, of Carolina, county of Maryland, was delivered of a dead child, which she had carried for upwards of ten years. The child appeared to have been of the size of a full grown one of nine months old, and was extracted through an opening made in the side of its mother.

Died, lately, near Dumfries, in the back settlements of Virginia, aged 106, Mrs Henrietta Martiel, a native of Hanover. She lived in the service of George I. 15 years, in Hanover 12, in England 3, in Jamaica 23, and in Virginia 53. She had ten children, two of whom are still living, 25 grand-children, and 43 great grand-children; one of whom died the same day that the former was interred.

The value of the exports from the United States of America, for the last thirteen months, amounts to 20,200,000 dollars.

An immediate remedy for the bite of a mad dog is said to have been accidentally discovered, at Venice, in vinegar. It was actually tried on three subjects, who drank several pints. A remedy so simple and useful cannot be too universally known.

DOMESTIC.

On Sunday morning, the 8th of May, at half after six, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, accompanied by Colonel St. Leger, set off from London for the Continent. At five o'clock in the evening he arrived at Dover, and at eight embarked on board the Royal Yacht, in which he had a pleasant passage of four hours, across the Channel.

His Royal Highness arrived at Dessein's hotel in Calais, escorted by the chief citizens in their uniforms, and well mounted, while all the streets were lined with Militia and Regulars: the banners of Freedom and Liberty were displayed from the churches, towers, steeples, and shipping in the harbour.

Prince Ernest, having completed his general course of education at Göttingen, is studying military tactics at Hanover, and will have the command of a squadron of horse this summer in one of the Hanoverian camps.

Heyne, the classical tutor of their Royal Highnesses Prince Ernest and Prince Adolphus, at Göttingen, has pronounced an oration in the church of that University, celebrating their industry and good behaviour, during their residence there. This has been translated, and is now circulating through Germany.

Baron Armfeldt, one of the Aids du Camp to the King of Sweden, is supposed to have made a tender of his services, as a volunteer in our navy. He

attended the King of Sweden in the expedition made by his galleys against those of the Empress, and is believed to be perfectly well acquainted with the navigation of the Russian coast.

The mail which arrived on the 9th at the General Post-Office, from New-York, has brought over remittances to the American merchants, to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, besides orders for great quantities of goods.

The rapid improvement of hemp in this kingdom, promises soon to become a national object of considerable magnitude. The Agricultural Society have at this time nearly 500 claimants for premiums for its growth.

The Portuguese are also rapidly improving in the culture of hemp and flax:—Many thousand acres were covered last autumn with fine crops of these vegetables: should they succeed in curing and dressing them according to the manner practised by the Dutch, Flemings, and Irish, they will be able to provide linens sufficient for their home consumption.

A College for the education of Roman Catholic Priests is building at Thurles, near Corke. This will keep a deal of money in Ireland, which would otherwise have been expended abroad: it is occasioned by the dissolution of so many religious houses in France.

The number of Sunday Schools established and assisted

throughout England and Wales, by the Society in London for promoting so laudable a purpose, is 1765; and the number of scholars instructed thereat amounts to 50,014.

On the 5th inst. a deputation of Blacks waited upon William Wilberforce, Esq; with an address of thanks in behalf of themselves and brethren, for his late efforts in their behalf.

A considerable number of respectable gentlemen in Calcutta, have formed a society to promote carrying on the plan for building a new University at Edinburgh.—The following gentlemen were appointed a committee for collecting subscriptions: Col. John Murray—Lieut. Col. A. Ross—Thomas Graham, Esq;—And. Hunter, Esq;—John Fleming, Esq;—W. Farquharson, Esq;—Lieut. Col. Peter Murray. These gentlemen having met on the 9th of November, nominated James Cosmo Gordon, Esq; as their Secretary, who obligingly undertook the task. A very handsome subscription was made; at the head of the list is Lord Cornwallis's name for 3000 Sicca rupees, the Hon. Col. Stewart, for 2000 Sicca rupees, and a long list of other very respectable names.—A Sicca rupee is about 2s. 2d. in value.

Everhard Hume, Esq. F. R. S. has lately presented to John Hunter, Esq; F. R. S. the *double skull* of a child, born at Calcutta, in May 1783, of poor parents, aged thirty and thirty-five, and which lived to be nearly two years old.—The body of this child was natu-

rally formed; but the head had the phenomenon of appearing double, another head of the same size, and almost equally perfect, being attached to its upper part.

In this extraneous and præternatural head, no pulsation could be felt in the arteries of the temples, but the superficial veins were very evident; one of the eyes had been hurt by the fire, upon which the midwife, in her first alarm, threw the child; the other moved readily; but the iris was not affected by the approach of any thing to it.

The external ears of this head were very imperfect; the tongue adhered to the lower jaw, except for about half an inch at the lip, which was loose; the jaw was capable of motion, but there were no teeth.

The child was shewn about the streets of Calcutta for a curiosity, but was rendered unhealthy by confinement, and died at last of a bite of the *cobra de capello*. It was dug up by the East-India Company's agent for salt at Tumlock, and the skull is now in the museum of John Hunter.

The county of Kent is almost as productive of *Theatres*, as it is of *Hops*. No less than eight new Play-houses have been built in that county within these six years, viz. three at Tunbridge Wells, two at Margate, one at Canterbury, one at Faversham, and one at Rochester. Dover and Maidstone are likewise going to erect their Theatres.

A woman, of the name of Catharine Lloyd, has been exe-

cuted at Cardigan in Wales for horse-stealing. She was a very old offender.

On the 28th of March, at the Bury assizes, a Mr Moreland was found guilty of bigamy, in marrying Mrs Hardcastle, of Ipswich, and Miss Lambeth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was sentenced to be burnt in the hand, which was done before he left the court, and to be imprisoned twelve months in the Ipswich jail; during which time his head is to be shaved, he is to wear the habit of the prison, which is a very disagreeable one, consisting of wooden clogs, &c. and is to be allowed only two hours each day from close confinement. This man was not long since acquitted on a like charge at the Old Bailey.

Some time ago, a physician of high repute died in Ireland. From his great income, and parsimonious expenditures, it was highly suspected by his relatives, that he must have somewhere in his house a very considerable sum of money concealed. They searched, but to no purpose, the money could not be discovered. At length, they recollected an old waistcoat which he always wore, and even slept in, and in the back of it they found, sewed up in bank-notes of thirty pounds each, to the amount of 27,000l. What was very extraordinary, he had made a will some few days before he died, and left his son what was in the will specified to be the whole of his possessions, 800l. He

was never known, in the course of thirty years practice, to invite friend or acquaintance to his house, or to refuse an invitation from a cottager.

An extraordinary character. On the 3d April died, in a passcart upon the Deptford road, as he was conveying to his parish, near Enfield Chace, James Heaton, aged 76. This person, commonly distinguished by the appellation of the *Wild-one*, and well known for many years as one of the most formidable poachers in the kingdom, was in his youth a running footman. His dismissal for a misdemeanour from the family of a nobleman first occasioned him to exert his uncommon abilities; and such was his agility and the hardiness of his constitution, that from that period to a short time preceding his death, he had never lain in a bed, but often slept by choice in the fields, in all weathers. Almost his whole body was covered with hair of a considerable length; and though he never wore his cloaths buttoned in the coldest weather, he never experienced a day's illness in the course of his life.

Captain Crawford of the Royal George cutter, has seized and brought into Port Glasgow the cutter Speedwell, Purdy master, from Ostend, with tobacco, tea, and spirits, valued, with the vessel herself, at 3500l. which vessel belongs to the Troon smugglers upon the coast of Ayr.

SHORT CHRONICLE

OF EVENTS.

[JUNE 15. 1791.]

FOREIGN.

THE Russians continue pursuing their advantages against the Turks. After the taking of Mackschin, Prince Gallitzin marched to the peninsula of Kuchepany, opposite Brailow, where he found the flotilla under General Ribas, who had landed two battallions upon the peninsula, which induced the Turks to quit the redoubts, and throw great part of their cannon into the Danube: In their flight they set fire to every thing, and passed to an island opposite, where they entrenched themselves; however, the Russian troops pursued them, and having raised a battery in the night, began to fire upon them in the morning; and notwithstanding the Turkish fortification was covered by the heavy artillery of Brailow and the Turkish ships, yet the Russians took it by storm. All the Turkish vessels were either destroyed or rendered useless; the garrison were mostly either cut to pieces or drowned in the Danube; the Russians were employed two days in destroying the entrenchments. Out of twenty pieces of cannon,

the Russians have taken seventeen; besides which they took prisoners a Pacha of three tails, and a hundred other officers. The Turks had 4000 men killed or drowned, and twenty-two large and small vessels destroyed. After this important victory, the Russians returned to their post with twenty-six pieces of cannon, 9000 cartouche boxes, 5 standards, and 27 pair of colours.

In the beginning of May, the Grand Vizir, after reinforcing Brailow with 10,000 men, detached some corps against the Russians, which were distributed in different parts, and obliged them to raise the blockade of Zackanali, with the loss of 700 men, and 36 officers killed, besides many prisoners, and 19 pieces of cannon. The Turks destroyed or took all the vessels laden with provisions which the Russians had assembled at Zackanali.

The plague continues to spread in the Morea; and all that kingdom, two or three cities and a few villages excepted, is now infected with it. By the last advices it appears, that there have died of that disorder at Napoli of Romania

400, in Vostizza 150, and in Patrasso 50.

Warsaw, May 14. Yesterday a most important revolution took place here. At three o'clock in the morning, a numerous assembly of patriots was held in the royal presence; and at the opening of the sessions of the Diet destined to treat of the affairs of finance, his Majesty himself changed the business of the day, by saying that he had planned a constitution, and requested the States to sign it. The constitution was then read, and consisted of some pages—The basis was, That the Elector of Saxony be declared successor to the crown; and in case of his death without male issue, that the Princess his daughter be declared Infanta of Poland, and whom she shall marry (with consent of the republic) to be King, and their issue successors to the crown—the Queen to be regent till the King is of age, which is to be at 18 years.

Next to rendering the Crown of Poland hereditary in the family of the Elector of Saxony, the following are the principal points of the Constitution settled by the Diet:

1. The Catholick religion shall be the prevailing one in the State, and the King shall make profession of it. All other religions will, however, be admitted, and a general toleration, both civil and religious, shall constitute part of the fundamental law of the Kingdom.

2. The ancient privileges and rights of the Nobility are approved and confirmed.

3. All the rights renewed and guaranteed to the citizens during the present Diet are also confirmed and ratified.

4. All foreigners who arrive and settle in Poland shall enjoy full and entire liberty.

5. The peasants are taken under the protection of the Law and Government; they are freed from all arbitrary impositions, and shall for the future depend, in whatever concerns their rights and labour, on the contracts which they shall themselves have entered into with their Lords. All foreign husbandmen are at liberty to enter Poland and quit it, if they have discharged all the obligations of the contract which they shall have entered into with the owner of the land.

6. The King shall exercise the executive power with his Council. This Council shall consist of a primate and five ministers, who shall each have a department. None of the King's resolutions can be put into execution until they are signed by the Ministers, whose persons and property shall at each Diet be answerable for the resolutions they shall have signed. Whenever two-thirds of the Diet demand the change of the Ministers, the King must accede thereto, and appoint others in their places.

7. The election of a King can no longer fall on an individual. They shall elect one family when the Royal family is extinct. So that after the death of his present Majesty, the reigning Elector of Saxony shall succeed to the throne of

Poland; and in default of male heirs, the Princess Mary Augusta Nepomucene, his only daughter, from this time declared Infanta of Poland, shall be Queen, and the Consort whom the King and the assembled States shall choose for her shall wear the Crown, and form the stock from whence shall commence a new Royal Dynasty of Poland.

10. During the minority of a King, his tutelage, with the administration of Government, shall be entrusted to the Queen and the Council, who shall give an account of their charge at each Diet.

11. The education of the King's children is also entrusted to the Council.

12. A judicial Power shall be fixed for each Palatinate, Territory, and District; the Judges shall be elected at the Dietines.

When the constitution was read, the tumult in the Diet was very great, some for, and others against it. However, it was at last carried, and the King was requested to swear to it, which he did in the hands of the Bishop of Cracow, and was followed by most of the members. His majesty then said aloud, "Those who are friends to their country, follow me, and confirm this oath solemnly at the altar."—All the Bishops, all the Senators, and most of the members, followed the King, and took this important oath. An hundred cannon announced the swearing to the new constitution to the public. About thirty members were

left in the hall, who did not go to the church—eighteen of them have signed a manifesto.

His Majesty declared that the constitution had been framed out of the English and American forms of government.

The Congress at Czistove remain quite inactive. A conference had been opened there between the Grand Visir and the Russian Ambassador, which broke off after a very short conversation.

An English vessel, named the Powis, has arrived at Constantinople with fourteen Naval Officers, who immediately went on board that division of the Turkish fleet which sailed for the Black Sea.

A great number of French officers and marines passed through Frankfort on the 3d of May, on their way to Peterburgh, in consequence of an invitation from the Prince of Nassau to serve in the fleet of gallees.

The King of Sweden has published an order, forbidding all military officers from serving as volunteers in France; and his reason is curious, *on account of the troubles which now agitate that kingdom.*

Coin of every denomination is scarce in Russia—Copper money is at 3 per cent. and silver from 25 to 36 per cent. discount.

Rome, April 26. The King and Queen of Naples, after viewing every thing that is curious in this capital, and being daily entertained in a sumptuous manner by one or other of the Roman Nobility, left

this city yesterday. Their Majesties distributed a number of magnificent presents; among the rest a superb golden chalice to the Church of the Vatican, and a small statue of St. Januarius of gold, with the scarf of the Order set with brilliants, to Cardinal Braschi. Among a number of presents made by his Holiness to their Sicilian Majesties is the golden rose, which received the benediction this year, according to annual custom, on the 4th Sunday in Lent; two chaplets, the largest with a cameo, representing St. Januarius, for the King, and the other with a valuable cameo, representing the annunciation to the Queen."

On Sunday the 22d of May, the Protestant Church in Paris, opposite to the King's palace, was opened for the public performance of divine service, for the first time since the revocation of the edict of Nantes. M. Marrou officiated as Minister; his text was "*La nuit est passée, le jour est levé, &c.*" The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light." Romans chap. xiii. ver. 12, 13. He dwelt long on the goodness of the Divinity, that, in his wisdom, suffered man to be persecuted to try his faith; he expatiated on the philanthropic decrees of the National Assembly; and earnestly exhorted his auditory to prove their gratitude by a strict and uninterrupted obedience to the Law, the Nation, and the King. There were above two thou-

sand present on the occasion; all the English in Paris assisted; the attraction was irresistible.

A decree passed the National Assembly on the 23d of May, reducing the 86 Convents in French Flanders to 19.

So deplorable is the state of the French Finances, that the expenditure for the month of April exceeded the receipts, to the amount of 24 millions, 162 thousand livres.

There are some regulations of the National Assembly so unequivocally excellent, as to merit the imitation of all countries whatever. Among these may be numbered the privileges conferred on age; of two candidates, the eldest is, in all doubtful cases, to be preferred. Another regulation is, that the children of bankrupts, who have received any part of the fortune of their parents, without paying their proportion of their debts, are debarred from exercising the rights of citizens.

The Society of the Friends of the Constitution at Paris, have resolved to go into mourning for twenty-four hours, as a mark of respect to the memory of "Dr Price, the friend of the human race, and of liberty."

Preparations for celebrating the 14th of July are already begun in the *Champ de Mars* at Paris, where 8000 workmen are employed by order of the Municipality.

The French expected to convert into coin the bells of the suppressed churches and convents; on trial they are found not to be malleable.

The Abbe Rochon read a memoir on Optics to the French Academy on the 4th of May, in which he asserts, that M. Caroches has made a telescope superior to that of M. Herschel's.

M. Legun has demonstrated to the French Academy, that a man loses three pounds of moisture daily by transpiration, and that he consumes about 21 cubical feet of vital air in the same time.

M. Delalande has attempted to prove, that the Niger runs from East to West, and not in the contrary direction, as has been asserted by Danville, and all the geographers.

The Duke of York arrived in perfect health at Potsdam, on the 16th of May. His Royal Highness was graciously received by the King of Prussia. He sent the Duke two fine chargers as a present, and the reviews took place the two following days.

General Washington, while making a tour of America, was on the 25th of March nearly lost within a mile of the city of Annapolis. The vessel in which he and his retinue were embarked struck on the rock in the night, and continued in the most perilous situation for nearly eight hours.

Great advantages are expected from the proximity of our new Colony on the N. W. side of Botany-Bay to the Coast of Coromandel; it being nearer from this part of South Wales to Madras than from the ill of Mauritius to Pondicherry.

The Princess Royal East-Indiaman is arrived at London from Bombay, and brings the pleasing intelligence of the British forces having been joined by the whole country of the Mahrattas.

Colonel Hartley had on the 10th of December last, with his detachment, attacked a body of Tippoo's forces, consisting of 13,000 men, defeated them, killed a great number, and took 900 prisoners. Our loss during this action was very inconsiderable: No officers killed. Among the wounded are Captains Lawman and Blachford, Lieut. Steuart, and Lieut. Fireworker Powel; none of them dangerously, except the latter, who it is feared will lose his arm.

On the part of the enemy, besides the capture, the loss is estimated at about 1000 killed and wounded.

Their commanding officer Hussein Ally Cawn was taken. Golawn Maracen (the same who commanded at Palliacat-cherry against Colonel Humbertstone) was killed in the ditch of the fort, endeavouring to get in.—Rustam Sair, another great Sirdar, is wounded and taken. We have also taken upwards of 5000 pagodas in cash, 2 tumbrils, and 1 field-piece, and several guns, in the fort, some horses, and a good number of excellent draught and carriage bullocks.

The only man of consequence that escaped was Mutab Cawn, who retreated to Ferukabad, or New Calicut, a

place lately strengthened, and considerably improved by Tippoo. Colonel Hartley instantly pursued him thither; and on the night previous to the arrival of the detachment, he again fled, carrying with him, on elephants, all the treasure of the place.

The remainder of the garrison, consisting of 1500 men, laid down their arms, on the appearance of our troops, who then took possession of the fort, guns, &c.

One of the most pleasing circumstances attending this capture is the relief of Cornet Ridout, who was taken by some Moplas, on his passage from Cochin to Tellicherry.

Baypore, a sea-port, was also taken, with a considerable number of vessels and boats lying in the adjoining river.

The Princess Royal has also brought letters from General Abercrombie, dated at Cannanore, 4th of January, stating, "that having learned that the Bibby (or Queen) of Cannanore had declared against the English, he took the field against her with 3000 British troops, and 2000 auxiliaries; had attacked a fortified camp, which covered her country, forced it, and taken 5000 of Tippoo's troops, and had afterwards taken Cannanore and other fortified places in the Bibby's country, with 68 pieces of cannon, 5000 stand of arms, and a large quantity of stores, &c.

The dispatches by the Princess Royal also state, that Col.

Hartley having received orders to join Major-General Abercrombie, he was preparing so to do, and expected to enter the Mysore country, and will probably proceed against Bednore, as he will have 5000 British troops, besides auxiliaries; which will make the third British army Tippoo will have to encounter, besides those of the Nizam and the Mahrattas; the first of which has near 2000, and the latter 4000 British troops in their respective armies.

Colonel Frederick had joined the Mahrattas, and they were proceeding to the southward.

The Governor General was arrived at Madras.

General Meadows was still before Paliacatcherry.

Allum Shaw, the Great Mogul, who was dispossessed of his throne and fight by Goolauum Khader Khan, one of the Rohilla chiefs, in September 1788, and who has since been in confinement at Delhi, died in December 1790, 90 years old. This Monarch afforded a wonderful instance of the mutability of human affairs: When he ascended the throne of Delhi, his revenue amounted to upwards of 60,000,000*l.* per ann. and at the time of his decease, his allowance from Madajee Scindia did not exceed 1500 rupees per month.

Madajee Scindia, who is the most powerful of the Mahratta chiefs, has long been the most faithful and friendly of our Asiatic allies. By the expulsion of the usurper Goolauum Khader Khan, he had greatly increas-

ed his influence at Delhi; and having the chief management of the empire during the life of Allum Shaw, he has made such arrangements as must insure his accession to it: Added to this, he has constantly maintained an army of 50,000 cavalry and 20,000 foot to support his pretensions. Mantura, a town between Agra and Delhi, was his head quarters; and by this central situation he kept both cities in awe of his power, while, by acts of kindness, he endeavoured to conciliate the affection of the people.

The Nabob of Oude has finished his new palace at Lucknow. It is four miles in circumference, but is built so contrary to all order, that every apartment seems to belong to different persons. The last room that has been fitted up is the most magnificent thing that can be imagined—it is entirely of ivory and silver. The Nabob is particularly partial to hunting, and he is the only one of the Asiatic despots that hunts in the true eastern style of magnificence. His train in general consists of 750 elephants, 5000 horse, and 40,000 foot. Half a dozen tygers of a morning are to him a breakfast, and a rhinoceros, with two or three panthers, a luncheon before dinner.

DOMESTIC.

It is said that the British Ministry have received intelligence that a plot is formed for burning the English dock yards, and that six foreigners are actually arrived to execute the design. In consequence of which such

orders have been sent to the Commissioners at all the ports, as we hope will defeat the diabolical scheme.

Sir William Hamilton is arrived in England from Naples, where he has resided near 30 years. He is come home on leave of absence.

On the 18th ult. the Countess of Albany, daughter of the late Prince Charles Stuart, was presented at Court, and was received by the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Duke of Clarence, three Princesses, and the Duke of Gloucester, with affability and distinction. The Countess was in deep mourning, and accompanied by a number of Ladies who were also in sables. On being introduced to his Majesty, as if to contrast the severity of former times, he very gallantly saluted the Countess. To *imagine* such an embrace would, a few years since, have been regarded as little better than *treason*.

On the 17th of May, after a litigation of eight years, the claimants on the goods seized by Lord Rodney and General Vaughan, at St Eustatius, in the year 1782, were paid the full amount of their several claims, pursuant to a final decision of the Lords of the Privy Council. The whole came to a considerable sum.

Lieut. Riou, of the Guardian Frigate, arrived at London the 12th of May. He has brought home in the Sphinx the head of the Guardian, the only remains of that unfortunate ship. He also brought, as a present to the Queen, a great number

of roots and seeds of the most curious plants, &c. to be found at the Cape.

On the 18th of May, there was held a general court of proprietors of the Bank of England, called for the purpose of hearing the final adjustment relative to the unclaimed dividends upon the public stock. The Governor informed the meeting, that the business was now wholly settled with the Minister, who had agreed to withdraw the bill for appropriating 500,000*l.* of unclaimed dividends to the use of Government, on condition that the Bank gave a loan of an equal sum without interest, never to be repaid until those unclaimed dividends (which are at present nearly 700,000*l.*) should be reduced under the sum lent; and then the repayment not to be the whole sum, but only in proportion to the reduction. There is also a stipulation, that if the unclaimed dividends shall at any time amount to more than 700,000*l.* the Minister shall be at liberty to take the overplus for the use of Government. As it was understood that the list of unclaimed dividends, up to the latest period, would be published as soon as convenience would permit, no motion was enforced on that subject.

The Minister has disposed of the ensuing English lottery at the price of 16*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per ticket, to Mr Cope. Mr Cope has a new plan for the detail of the lottery, to which Mr Pitt has consented.

On the 31st ult. a sermon was preached in the Tron Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Hardy, before the Society lately instituted for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, from these words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The sermon was highly approved, that the Doctor has been requested by the Society and the congregation to publish it. The church was much crowded, and the collection at the church-door was 65*l.* 1*s.* and a considerable sum was afterwards sent by those who could not attend, amounting nearly to 100*l.*—The music was well conducted, and gave great satisfaction to every person present. This is the first society instituted in Scotland for this laudable and beneficent purpose.

On the 2d inst. twenty-two convicts from different parts of Scotland, were shipped on board a vessel in Leith Roads, which carries them to Portsmouth, where they are to embark for Botany Bay. Of these there are five from Edinburgh—three from Glasgow—seven from Jedburgh—five from Perth—and two from Dumfries.

Lately, a small sloop with passengers, destined for Greenock, owing to a sudden gust of wind, overset near Dumbarton, and went to the bottom. Some short time thereafter, a trunk and several of the passengers' hats floated ashore. The passengers were from England.

SHORT CHRONICLE

OF EVENTS.

[JULY 6. 1791.]

FOREIGN.

Paris, June 23.

IT had for some time been suspected that attempts to bring about a counter-revolution in France, would be made about the time fixed for a new election of Members for the National Assembly, which commenced on the 16th of June. In consequence, the strictest orders were given to all the officers of the National Guards to hold themselves in readiness to act on any emergency.—The guards round the King's Palace of the Tuilleries were increased, and the commanding officer on guard had orders to watch every motion of their Majesties through the day, and to see them in their apartment every night at ten o'clock, and every morning at eight.

Notwithstanding these precautions, on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock (June 21.) when M. la Fayette entered the Palace, he found that the King, Queen, Dauphin, Monsieur and Madame had fled. Notice was instantly sent to the Mayor of Paris and the President of the National Assembly, and the

whole city was thrown into the greatest consternation.

The gates and all the doors of the palace were immediately locked, and the domestics arrested, but no intelligence could be obtained of the way in which the escape had been effected.—The division of the guards on duty were suspected to have favoured the flight; but it was most generally believed, that it had been made by means of double keys to the apartments, and by a private subterraneous passage from the cellars to the river; that carriages had been hired and stationed in different places of the suburbs, and that the flight had taken place about 12 o'clock.

The whole National Guards of the city were under arms by eleven o'clock. The Assembly met at twelve, and continued sitting till five on Wednesday morning, having passed many resolutions, all tending to quiet the minds of the people, to preserve order, and to prevent an interruption to the public business.

The Ministers were ordered to continue in their places, and to form themselves into a Council of State, and do business as formerly.

General Rochambeau was ordered to put himself at the head of the army, and to march immediately to the frontiers.

On Wednesday, however, the alarm which their Majesties departure had occasioned, was suddenly removed, by the unexpected intelligence being brought to the Assembly, that the King had been stopped by the National Guards at a small town called Varennes, within 18 miles of the Luxembourg frontier. He had travelled 165 miles. A postmaster, while the horses were changing, recognised his Majesty, and gave notice to the municipality, who sent to the National Guards;—they immediately surrounded the carriage, and an express was sent off to the Assembly.

The Pope has positively refused, with the approbation of his Cardinals, to admit M. Segur as French Minister. His Nuncio has also quitted Paris, so that a formal rupture between the Pope and the French legislature has taken place.—His Holiness exhorts all the Bishops and Priests, who have refused to take the oath prescribed, to persevere in this holy disposition, and to perform divine service any where, and with unconsecrated vessels.

A very powerful resistance to the new government of France has appeared in Corsica, occasioned by the introduction of a new bishop and priests who had taken the civic oath.—The inhabitants of the island insist on their clergy remaining on the former establishment, subject to the Pope, and the old

laws of the Church. The National Assembly have passed some resolutions, requesting the King to take means to restore peace.

Marseilles, June 10. Upon reading the celebrated letter of the Abbe Raynal, the populace of this city became so furious, that they dressed up a figure, representing that venerable advocate of pure liberty, and placing it in the common vehicle which conveys the poor to the hospitals, they carried it through all the streets, and at length placed it in a public mad-house. It was dressed up in a ludicrous manner, something like the London Guy Faux, with a red night-cap, a strait waistcoat, a fool's bib, &c. and insulted with every epithet of ignominy and contempt. Thus, the man, who from the laudable spirit and principles of his writings, was once the favourite of every son of liberty, is now become the scorn of popular opinion and the ridicule of the mob.

In the National Assembly of France on the 16th May, M. Thouret presented the plan of a decree on the liberties of the Gallican Church, and the means of preventing the effect of the enterprises of the Court of Rome against the legislative power of France, which was decreed by the Assembly, after some debate, in substance as follows :

“ No briefs, bills, rescripts, or mandates of the Court of Rome can, on their own authority, be acknowledged, and have the force of law. They shall be reputed null and void

if they have not been presented to the legislative body, approved by it, and passed all the forms necessary for the promulgation of laws.

“ The Bishops, Curates, and all other public servants, whether ecclesiastic or civil, who, in opposition to the preceding article, shall cause to be read, distributed, published, posted, or otherwise made public, any briefs, bulls, or rescripts of the Court of Rome, not approved by the legislative body, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public peace, and deprived of their places and salaries.”

The Assembly also decreed, That persons holding the municipal, administrative, and judiciary offices, and the office of commander of the national guards, cannot be elected members of the legislative body.

A few weeks ago, the Duke of Orleans, being at a card-party at Paris, sat down to play and lost his money ; which when he was going to pay, he found his purse was gone. His Highness searched his pockets, and made enquiries of several persons near him, if they had in a joke taken it off the table ?

Which on their declaring very seriously they had not, his Highness insisted that the door should be locked, and every person searched, which was agreed to, as the only means of discovering the guilty person, and after preserving the honour and character of the rest of the company. One of the gentlemen proposed, that, to save the feelings of the person who had the purse, the candles should be

put out, and that they should walk two or three times round the table, when no doubt, upon the return of the light, the Duke would find his purse ; this being agreed to, in a few minutes they rung for candles, when, as the gentleman predicted, the purse was found on the table, but *the money was gone.*

The present Turkish Minister is so intent on prosecuting the war, that he would have dismissed M. Lascarrow, the Russian Envoy, from his camp, but for the news of fresh insurrections under the very walls of the seraglio. The exertions of the police are insufficient to supply the capital with provisions, and the spirit of opposition to the measures of Government is manifested in continual fires, which have extended to the suburbs of Pera and Galata. Thousands of houses have been consumed.

In the night of the 26th of May, a fire broke out in the city of Breslaw, in Germany ; the flames communicated with such rapidity from house to house, that notwithstanding the most speedy assistance was given, near seventy houses, two bridges, three churches, a convent, and many mills, filled with corn and flour, were burned.

Berlin, June 10. A very unaccountable robbery has happened here, which affords much conversation. The Secretary at war, whose name is Ahe, has been robbed by his own servant. The rascal administered to his master an opiate medicine, which made him

sleep for forty-eight hours: during this time he got the keys of all his master's desks, and made off with one hundred Louis d'ors, all the silver plate, and every article of jewelry in the house. To crown all, he had the impudence to leave a writing on his master's table, containing a couplet of well pointed verses in German to this effect:—"Adieu, my dear Ahe, if you wish to find me, you must come to Poland."—The medicine was made so strong that the gentleman's life was in some danger.

On the 31st May the King of Prussia gave a grand dinner at Charlottenbourg to the Duke of York, his Generals, and Ministers of State, and next day returned to Potsdam.

The King of Spain has given orders to the President of Castile, to inform the inhabitants of the kingdom and cities of Spain, that the deputies at the Cortes have received orders to consider of means for relieving the people, and to draw up a list of grievances; particularly of those which may tend to the general good, and restore the present system to the spirit of the Spanish constitution.

The effects of poor Cagliostro have lately been burnt at Rome by the hands of the hangman. This ceremony took place in the square called Minerva; and as the patents, ribbons, and other emblems of free masonry were cast into the fire, the populace rent the air with their shouts. The Italians are weak enough to imagine, that Cagliostro was a *conjuror*, who held

frequent communications with the *devil*!

We learn from Riga, that, about the 20th May, four British vessels were wrecked on the island of Ofel, whereof the one was the Hannah of Perth, Capt. John Murdoch, for Riga—the crew saved; the names of the others unknown.

The last winter in America was so severe, that most of the rivers were entirely frozen up. On the Delaware, many lives were lost, and multitudes suffered extreme distress.

DOMESTIC.

Lord Grenville is appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in room of the Duke of Leeds, who resigned some time ago.—Mr Dundas is appointed Secretary for the Home Department.—Thomas Steele, Esq; is appointed Treasurer of the Navy.

Dr Shute Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury, is promoted to the See of Durham, vacant by the death of Dr Thurlow.—Dr Douglas, Bishop of Carlisle, is promoted to the Bishoprick of Salisbury.—And Dr Vernon is elected Bishop of Carlisle.

A Committee of Inquiry sat in December last, at Madras, to inquire into the proceedings of the Messrs Hollonds, when it appeared that they had sold places to the amount of many lacks of rupees, and several English gentlemen, purchasers, had been dismissed the service.

The Attorney General has filed an information *ex officio*, upon the provisions of the last bill, against Mr Hollond, lately arrived in the Rodney, upon a

charge of having accepted of a present of 120,000*l.* Sterling from a single donor.

Mr Edward John Hollond has has given in his bail for 400,000*l.* The gentlemen who have stepped forward on this occasion are Mr Francis Fowke, of Wimpole street, and Mr William Holland, late of Bengal.

Accounts are received by Government, that Tippoo Saib has made propofals to Earl Cornwallis for a pacification. The terms are understood to be most eminently advantageous to the welfare of this country.

The mother, brother, and sister of the Duke of Orleans arrived at London the 17th ult.

The salary, including perquisites, &c. of Principal Secretary of State, is computed at 8000*l.* a-year. Besides this, he has apartments in all the Royal Houses, as well for his own accommodation, as for that of those who attend upon him; he has likewise the appointment of two Under-Secretaries and Clerks, whose places are of considerable profit. Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Secretary of State (there being but one at that time) did not sit in the Privy Council: he only prepared business for the Board in an adjoining room, and then produced his papers standing.

The employment of a King's messenger was once very moderate in estimation and profit. Since we are become the *weigh-masters* of the *balance* of Europe, it has increased very considerably in both respects, and is now little less valuable than that of a Colonel in the army.

On the 15th of June, an action was tried before Lord Kenyon in the Court of King's Bench, at the instance of Mr Morelton, merchant in Whitby, against Mr Clarke, a gentleman of property in the same town, for seducing and carrying off the wife of the former, when the jury gave a verdict, 3500*l.* damages. The defendant is 50 years of age, and has a wife and family.

Not long since, Lady Auckland was delivered of a son at the Hague; and, what is not a little singular, her ladyship can now produce *six children* born in as many *different* kingdoms.

A new coinage of guineas and half-guineas, from dies of the present year, is now going on at the tower to a very large amount, by an order from the treasury; but no orders have been given, nor are there any preparations for a silver or copper coinage.

The celebrated republican historian, Mrs Catharine Macaulay Graham, died on the 22d of June, at her house in Windfor Forest.

A plan has been submitted to the consideration of Government, for raising a permanent fund for the support of the widows and children of clergymen in Ireland. One of the principal parts of the plan is, the appropriation of one year's revenue of every bishopric that may become vacant by decease or translation, to this very useful purpose, until the fund arising from these accumulated sums amount to 100,000*l.* and the interest to be disposed

of in annuities to the widows of clergymen not having been possessed before their death of livings or cures to the amount of 100*l.* per annum; the quantum of this pension to be proportioned to the number of children.—A plan somewhat similar to this was proposed some time ago by the Rev. Sir H. Moncrieffe, for increasing the stipends of the Scots clergy.

An Esquire, as also his eldest son, and all who rank above Esquires, are qualified by law to kill game. In the court of King's Bench, therefore, it was last week decided, that the eldest son of a Doctor is qualified; because Doctors, whether of law, physic, or divinity, rank above Esquires.

In consequence of the late regulations respecting the vending of spiritous liquors in Ireland, no less than 2000 whisky houses have been shut up, since the 25th of March last.

Lord Uxbridge's celebrated sailing yacht, *Mona*, is preparing in the river for an expected visit from their Majesties: She has a superb suite of state-rooms, decorated with two changes of elegant linen furniture, and is in all other respects the most perfect vessel that ever swam; her prime cost, out of the builder's hands, was 14,000 guineas.

There has been another alarming breach of the sea, near Winterton, in Suffolk. The former breach, made in February last, when a large dwelling-house was carried away, was only 30 yards wide, but is now increased to 120. The conse-

quence is, that many thousand acres of march land are rendered useless; and the poor farmers obliged to sell their stock at any price, their cattle not being able to exist, on account of the ditches being filled with salt water. Since the blowing of a north-east wind, the breaches are growing deeper and wider every day.

The following is a very remarkable instance of quick sailing: The Bridget, Capt. Platt, sailed from the coast of Africa to Dominica in twenty-one days. In the last six days of the passage she sailed, as appears by her log-book, one thousand three hundred and twenty-two miles, which, on an average, is more than 220 miles a day.

On the 28th ult. at Newcastle, a match for 500 guineas each, one four-mile heat, was run for by the Earl of Lauderdale's bay horse Ostrich, and Sir Hedworth Williamson's bay horse Whitelegs, which was won by the former.

On Sunday the 22d May a charity sermon was preached in St Mary's Church, Dublin, for the support of the poor children of the parish of St. Nicholas Without, by the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, at which was collected the sum of *four hundred and ten pounds!*

The Sub-Treasurer and Steward of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, has lately absconded to America, with no less a sum than 14,000*l.* belonging to the Society, and a few individuals who had entrusted him with sums of money. He had re-

ceived the rents of the Society to the latest date, and had borrowed money wherever he could raise it. He had previously destroyed the books of the Society, and sold every article of his own furniture. He had been absent some time before his elopement was discovered, under pretence of going to Margate for his health.

Mr. Whitbread, who for many years has offered a present of ten thousand pounds to any person purchasing his brewery at a fair estimation, has at length found customers for it. A company of persons have bought it, at the price of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The following singular circumstance lately happened at Everdon, in Northamptonshire: The house of Mr Warr, a farmer of that place, has been greatly infested with rats; Mrs Warr, in clearing away the earth they had scratched from the foundation of a pantry under a stair case, discovered several guineas; and upon further search, found a large tea-pot with upwards of 250 guineas more in it.

On the 16th ult. a vessel on her way to Scotland from London, being wind-bound in Yarmouth Roads, some of the passengers, amongst whom was a lady, finding themselves sea sick, requested to be set on shore, which being complied with, the boat had just got within a few yards of the shore, when a breaker, dashing against the boat, overset it, and the lady was unfortunately drowned;

the others with difficulty escaped the same fate.

On the 16th ult. the passengers in the mail coach from Glasgow to Carlisle had a very narrow and most wonderful escape from destruction, at Kirtlebridge, near Ecclefechan. By the negligence of the driver conversing with the guard, who had imprudently shifted from his seat to the coach-roof, the reins slackened, the fore horses flew over the bridge, and the coach falling at least ten feet upside down, was dashed to pieces! Of three passengers, only one, a gentleman from Glasgow, received any personal injury. One of the fore horses was killed on the spot, and the pole of the carriage shivered to atoms!

On the 20th of June, came on before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, the trial of John Paul, James Stewart, and Alexander Ballantine, for robbing a gentleman in Nicolson's Street, on the night of the 3d of May last, of his watch, hat, and twelve shillings in money, when they were all found guilty, and sentenced to be executed at Edinburgh on the 27th July.

On the 27th of June, Thomas Wilson was brought before the same Court, for stealing from a haberdasher in Edinburgh, muslins to the value of 200l. He pled guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for life, to suffer death if he return.

On the 21st ult. an extract of the will of Baron Vryhouven was received by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and

Islands of Scotland, by which it appears that he has left 20,000*l.* in the 3 per cent. consols, for the purposes of the Society. The above donation is distinct from the 10,000*l.* lately given to the Society by a person who wishes to remain unknown.

Estates in Scotland still continue to sell at very high prices—One estate, let indeed upon an old rental, was lately sold at eighty years purchase! Other estates have lately sold at from thirty to forty years purchase.

At the sale of the late General Watson's stock, a few days ago, at Aberdour, who kept a most excellent breed of cattle, one cow was sold at 48*l.* another above 35*l.* and a calf, not many months old, at 13*l.* 13*s.* Such prices are seldom obtained in this country.

On the 24th of June the Magistrates of Edinburgh lowered the price of bread a full assize, or 2*d.* in the peck loaf.

On the 24th of June, the University of Edinburgh conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on 14 gentlemen, after the usual trials.

Mrs Buchan, the leader of a few deluded people, and who for a time resided in the neighbourhood of Thornhill, near Dumfries, died about the beginning of May last. Her followers were greatly reduced in number; but Mr White, once a relief minister, continued till her last. Finding she was going the way of all the earth,

she called her disciples together, and exhorted them to continue steadfast and unanimous in their adherence to the doctrine which they had received from her. She told them she had still one secret to communicate to them, which was, that she was the Virgin Mary, the real mother of our Lord; that she was the same woman mentioned in the Revelation as being clothed with the sun, &c. who was driven into the wilderness; that she had been wandering in the world ever since our Saviour's days, and for some time past she had sojourned in Scotland; that though she here appeared to die, they needed not to be discouraged, for she would only sleep a little, and in a short time would again visit them, and conduct them to the New Jerusalem. After she died, it was a long time before her enthusiastic votaries would straight or dress the corpse; nor did they coffin her untill they were obliged thereto by the smell; and after that, they would not bury her, but built up the coffin in a corner of the barn, always expecting that she would rise again from the dead, according to her promise, to conduct them to Jerusalem. At last the people in the country around, shocked with these proceedings, interfered, went to a justice of peace, and got an order that she should be buried. So that the famous Mrs Buchan of the west, is now lodged in the *house appointed for all living.*

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ERRATA VOL. III.

- p. 2. l. 1, for to, read of
 p. 3. l. penult. for history, read history
 p. 4. l. 25, for correct, after, read correct, till after
 p. 6. l. 16, for Adam Bell Clym, of the Cleugh, read Adam Bell, Clym of the Cleugh
 p. 12. l. 25, for yor, read your
 p. 16. l. 20, for exclamation, read explanation
 p. 48. l. 4, for table, read fable
 p. 49. l. 1, for rom, read from
 p. 58. l. 1, for teud, read tend
 p. 61. l. 13, for rudeness, read rudeness
 p. 66. music, last note but one, tenor, for G, read E
 p. 66, music, last note but one, bass, for E, read G
 p. 67. l. 20, for for, read fou
 p. 74. l. 34, for theit, read their
 p. 81. l. 8, for direction, read director
 p. 84. l. 6, for af a rs, read affairs
 p. 86. l. 18, for hedge—rows, read hedge-rows
 p. 97. l. 9, for to Congress, read to the Congress
 p. 100. l. 16, for institution, read instruction
 p. 115. l. 9, for his, read This
 p. 121. l. 27 delete 14th September
 p. 147. l. 26, for Elmina, read Elmine.
 p. 157. l. 1. put a full point after the word intrudes
 ib. l. 4 from bottom, for when read where
 p. 174. l. 2, for basmat, read bass mat
 p. 177. l. 21, for trial of a drop, read trial, a drop
 p. 186. l. 18, for Edwin, read Edmund
 p. 187. l. 31, for exclaim, read exclaim'd
 p. 205. l. 1, for seel, read seal
 ib. l. 2, for effects that, read effects of that
 p. 210. l. 1, for Eelizaeth, read Elizabeth
 p. 225. l. 3 from bottom, for his read her
 ib. l. penult, for comparison of his happiest, read companion of her happiest
 p. 249. marked 241. l. 4. for theic read those
 p. 257, marked 249, l. 18. for materials read material
 p. 258, marked 250. i. 9, delete the whole sentence
 p. 226, marked 180, l. 9 from bottom, for 314, read 214
 p. 309, marked 293, l. 20, for Amphitryton, read Amphitriton
 p. 317, marked 309, for de read du
 p. 338, marked 330, l. 8 from bottom, for being, read beat
 p. 339, marked 331, l. 10 from bottom, for minims, read minims. The same three times repeated in this sentence
 p. 340, marked 332, l. 14 from bottom, delete the whole line
 p. 342, marked 334, before the music, insert Tammy a favourite new song
 p. 351, marked 343, l. 11, for has read have
 p. 354, marked 346, l. delete 7
 p. 358, marked 350 (the back of the table) l. 10, for legislator, read legislature
 ib. l. 8 & 9 from bottom, for does interfere, read takes no concern
 N. B. From page 232 to the end, the whole is marked eight pages behind what it ought to be; and the last 40 pages are so irregular, as to admit of no proper directions for correcting it, but to begin with the pen there, and carry it regularly forward.

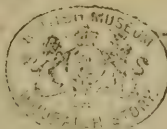
TO THE BINDER.

Observe letter F f is twice repeated. That F f which begins the Number follows the other.

The Plates. Adam Smith to front page 1st,
 Lochleven Castle to front page 113.
 The scenes in Caffraria to front page 256 marked 248

The three half sheets of the Chronicle to be bound up at the end, immediately before the Index.

End of Vol. III.



Transf. P. B. D.
 FEB 11 1845

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